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MACMILLAN'S TEACHING IN PRACTICE FOR INFANT SCHOOLS

PROJECTS AND PICTURES

EDITED BY

E. J. S. LAY

*In Five Volumes, with a Portfolio
of Seventy-five Coloured Class Pictures*

VOLUME TWO



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CENTRE OF INTEREST— THE HOME

X. TEA AND RICE FOR THE HOME

(continued from Volume I).



"I AM A BADGER TEAKETTLE."

A STORY TO READ OR TELL

THE TEAKETTLE

A PRIEST sold a teakettle to a tinker and got for it twenty copper coins.

"It's a mighty fine bit of bronze," says the priest. "Mind, I'm giving it away to you, I'm sure I cannot tell why." Ah, he was the one for a bargain! The tinker was a happy man and carried home the kettle. He turned it this way and that, and upside down, and looked into it.

"A pretty piece," says the tinker; "a very good bargain." And when he went to bed that night he put the kettle by him, to see it first thing in the morning.

He awoke at midnight and fell to looking at the kettle by the bright light of the moon.

Presently it moved, though there was no hand near it.

"Strange," said the tinker; but he was a man who took things as they came.

A hairy head, with two bright eyes, looked out of the kettle's spout. The lid jumped up and down. Four brown and hairy paws appeared, and a fine bushy tail. It came quite close to the tinker and laid a paw upon him.

"Well?" says the tinker.

"I am not wicked," says the teakettle.

"No," says the tinker.



BADGER

"But I like to be well treated. I am a badger teakettle."

"So it seems," says the tinker.

"I think I shall settle down with you."

"Shall I keep you in a lacquer box?" says the tinker.

"Not a bit of it, keep me with you; let us have a talk now and again. I am very fond of a pipe. I like rice to eat, and beans and sweet things."

"A cup of rice wine sometimes?" says the tinker.

"Well, yes, now you mention it."

"I'm willing," says the tinker.

"Thank you kindly," says the teakettle; "and, as a beginning, would you object to my sharing your bed? The night has turned a little chilly."

"Not the least in the world," says the tinker.

The tinker and the teakettle became the best of friends. They ate and talked together. The kettle knew a thing or two and was very good company.

One day: "Are you poor?" says the kettle.

"Yes," says the tinker, "middling poor."

"Well, I have a happy thought. For a teakettle, I am out-of-the-way—really very accomplished."

"I believe you," says the tinker.

"My name is Bumbuku-Chagama; I am the very prince of Badger Teakettles."

"Your servant, my lord," says the tinker.

"If you'll take my advice," says the teakettle, "you'll carry me round as a show; I really am out-of-the-way, and it's my opinion you'd make a mint of money."

"That would be hard work for you, my dear Bumbuku," says the tinker.

"Not at all; let us start forthwith," says the teakettle.

So they did. The tinker bought hangings for a theatre, and he called the show Bumbuku-Chagama. How the people flocked to see the fun! For the wonderful and most accomplished teakettle danced and sang, and walked the tight rope as to the manner born. It played such tricks and had such droll ways that the people laughed till their sides ached. It was a treat to see the teakettle bow as gracefully as a lord and thank the people for their patience.

The Bumbuku-Chagama was the talk of the countryside, and all the gentry came to see it as well as the common people. As for the tinker, he waved a fan and took the money. You may believe that he grew fat and rich. He even went to Court, where the great ladies and the royal princesses made much of the wonderful teakettle.

At last the tinker retired from business, and to him the teakettle came with tears in its bright eyes.

"I'm much afraid it's time to leave you," it says.

"Now, don't say that, Bumbuku, dear," says the tinker. "We'll be so happy together now we are rich."

"I've come to the end of my time," says the teakettle. "You'll not see old Bumbuku any more; henceforth I shall be an ordinary kettle, nothing more or less."

"Oh, my dear Bumbuku, what shall I do?" cried the poor tinker in tears.

"I think I should like to be given to the

temple of Morinji, as a very sacred treasure," says the teakettle.

It never spoke or moved again. So the tinker presented it as a very sacred treasure to the temple, and the half of his wealth with it.

And the teakettle was held in wondrous fame for many a long year. Some persons even worshipped it as a saint.

Grace James (abridged).

STORY AND PLAY

STORY—A CUP OF TEA

Introduction.—This original story lends itself to dramatisation by the Seven-year-olds. Read the story straight through, then discuss with them how to act it. Consider the setting, write the names of the characters on the board and allot the parts. Read the story once again, so that the chosen children can pay particular attention to their parts, and then let them act it. Reread parts of the story if the children are at a loss to proceed. A dramatised version in two scenes, which may be used at a school concert, is given at the end of the story.

Story.—Once there lived a wealthy merchant who travelled from one country to another selling his goods. He had a beautiful wife whom he loved and who loved him. His wife used to travel with him, and because he was such a rich man, they always rode the finest horses, while their servants and goods were carried behind them on camels. Wherever they went, the merchant and his wife ate only the richest food and drank the best wine of the country. You may be sure that they led a pleasant life.

But one day the merchant's wife fell ill. She was too weak to sit up on the saddle of the fine horse, and the jolting of even the smoothest carriage wearied her. She could not eat the tempting food her servants

brought, nor drink the fragrant wines she used to like. She was forced to rest in the country where they were, which happened to be India. Her loving husband would not leave her, but took the largest house in the neighbourhood, and furnished it splendidly, for them to live in till she was well again.

The merchant sent for doctors from near and far, and offered them large sums of money if they could cure his wife. Some said one thing and some said another; all gave nasty medicines, and all agreed that she could not get well if she did not eat or drink. The merchant then sent for the cleverest cooks, who prepared delicate soups and tit-bits for his wife, but she would not touch them.

With all his money the merchant could buy nothing that made his wife any better. Hour after hour she lay on the couch in the great house, growing thinner and paler as the days went by. The merchant was distracted with grief. He stayed by the couch night and day, ready to fulfil her lightest wish, but she seemed to care for nothing.

One day, however, she roused herself and said, "I am thirsty. Bring me something good to drink. Then I shall get well."

The merchant was delighted. At once he ordered his servants to bring the best wines to his wife. But alas! after one sip, she would not drink them. Then the merchant

PROJECTS AND PICTURES

sent out messengers to ride through the countries round about, offering a great bag of gold to anyone who could bring a drink that his wife would like.

People came from far and near, bringing rich and rare drinks of every kind. Men and women from Asia, Africa and Europe—even from England—came with bottles and barrels hoping to please the merchant's wife and earn the bag of gold. The merchant's wife sipped each drink as it was brought, but none could be found to please her.

Now in a village near by there lived a poor Indian girl with her widowed mother. All they owned was a bare room and a small patch of ground near by. On this ground there grew a fine tea bush. Each year the girl, whose name was Moya, used to pick and dry the young leaves from the bush, to make a few cups of tea for herself and her mother.

One day as Moya was walking home from the fields where she worked, she met one of the merchant's servants. She stopped to chat with him, and heard how the merchant had promised a bag of gold to anyone who would bring a drink that would please his wife.

Moya ran home and begged her mother to let her pick the leaves from their tea bush to make the merchant's wife a cup of tea.

"I am sure that all the poor lady needs is a cup of tea," said Moya.

"A cup of tea!" cried her mother. "She must be far too grand a lady to drink tea."

However, Moya begged so hard and so earnestly that her mother gave way and said, "Very well, my dear. Do as you wish."

So Moya carefully picked the young and tender tea leaves and dried them in the hot sun. She gave two of her bangles in exchange for some sugar and milk from a neighbour, and set out for the merchant's house carrying a tray laid with her own tea set.

When she came to the house, she found a crowd of strange people all waiting, with

bottles and flasks in their hands, to visit the merchant's wife. Many of the strangers laughed at Moya when they saw her tea tray, but she did not care. She went to the cook and asked him for some boiling water. Just before her turn to go in she heated the tea pot and made the tea. Then she took it in to the merchant's wife.

But the poor wife was tired out and lay with her eyes closed. She had sipped twenty-three soups, forty-five wines and a hundred and two other drinks that day. She had liked none of them, and she refused to taste any more.

Moya poured out a cup of tea and held it near her nose. The merchant's wife sniffed.

"It smells quite nice," she murmured, but she did not open her eyes.

"It tastes even better than it smells, madam," cried Moya.

The wife opened her eyes and looked at the cup of tea.

"I don't like the colour of it," she said.

"Take just one sip, madam," said Moya.

"To please me, my dear," pleaded her husband.

So the wife took one sip to please her husband.

"Ah!" she said. Then she took another sip and said "Aha!" And then she drank it all up.

You must know that no one before had thought of bringing the merchant's wife such a cheap and common thing as tea.

"What do you call this?" asked the merchant's wife.

"Tea, madam," said Moya, pouring out another cup.

"It is delicious," said the merchant's wife. "I feel better already." And she finished the second cup.

The merchant was overjoyed. He at once ordered several chests of tea to be brought to the house, and gave all his servants a day's holiday.

From that moment the merchant's wife began to get better; she drank tea every day and by the end of the week she was well.

STORY AND PLAY

At last Moya, the merchant gave her the gold bag of gold, and his wife took a fancy to her that she took her for a maid when they set out on their travels. Moya's mother, who could not be left behind, also went with them to darn the merchant's socks.

PLAY A CUP OF TEA

This is a dramatised version of the following story suitable for the Seven-year-olds. The scene is laid in India, and there is scope for many gaily-coloured costumes, which, however, need not be expensive or difficult to make. (See Notes at the end of the play.)

Persons in the play. MOYA (an Indian girl). MOTHER. MERCHANT. MERCHANT'S WIFE. FRENCHMAN. ENGLISHWOMAN. ITALIAN BOY.

SCENE 1. A room in Moya's home in India. There is an open doorway and the room is bare except for some waterpots and rush mats.

[Moya's Mother lies on a mat fanning herself with a palm leaf.]

Mother. Ah me! It is hard to be as poor as we are.

[Moya runs in.]

Moya. Oh, Mother! Such news!

Mother. What news, dear?

Moya. A rich merchant is staying in the town. His wife is ill and will drink nothing. He offers a bag of gold to anyone who can give her a drink that will please her.

Mother. Well, Moya, what of that?

Moya. People are coming from far and near bringing wine and oil and fruit juice to the merchant's house. But his wife will not even taste them. Now I am going to take her something.

Mother. What can you take? We are too poor to buy wine or fruit.

Moya. I shall pick all the leaves from the tea bush in our garden, and make her a nice cup of tea.

Mother. A cup of tea! She must be too grand a lady to drink tea. And that tea bush is all we have in the world.

Moya. It is our only chance, Mother. Please let me try. I am sure if I make her some of our own tea in your pretty teapot, she will like it.

Mother. Very well, my dear. Do as you wish.

Moya. I will go now to pick the leaves, and dry them. Then I shall take them to the merchant's house.

Scene 2. In the Merchant's house. The room is bedecked with rugs and cushions. A couch is placed in the centre with a small table near by.

[The Merchant's wife lies on the couch. The Merchant sits cross-legged on cushions near by.]

Merchant (calling out). Next one, please.

[Frenchman comes in with a bowl and spoon.]

Frenchman. I am a Frenchman, madame. Here is some frog soup from my country. Will you try it?

Wife. Oh, I hate frogs! I could not bear to touch it. Go away!

[Frenchman goes out.]

Merchant (calling out). Next, please.

[Englishwoman comes in with tumbler and spoon.]

Englishwoman. I come from England and have brought some dandelion wine which I know you will like. Let me give you a spoonful.

Wife (tasting the wine). It is too sweet. Take it away.

[Englishwoman goes out.]

Merchant. Oh dear! (calling out). Next one.

[Italian Boy comes in with bowl and spoon.]

Italian Boy. I have come from the sunny land of Italy with some clear macaroni water. Take one sip, and you will be charmed with it.

Wife (sipping from the spoon). It tastes of nothing at all.

Merchant. I'm afraid it will not do. You may go.

[Italian Boy goes out.]

Wife. I am weary of trying. Please leave me alone. I shall never drink again.

Merchant. Come, my dear. Try just one more. Who knows? You may like the next one.

Wife. This day I have tasted twenty-three soups, forty-five wines and a hundred and two other drinks, and there is not one I like.

Merchant. To please me, try just one more, my dear.

Wife. Very well, to please you, I will try one more. But this shall be the last.

Merchant (calling out). Next, please.

[*Moya comes in with teapot, sugar, milk, and cup and saucer on a tray.*]

Wife. What is this? Must I drink out of that spout?

Moya. Oh no, madam. The pot only keeps the drink hot for you. I will pour it into a cup. (*Pours out the tea.*)

Wife. It smells quite nice.

Moya. It tastes even better than it smells, madam.

[*Hands Wife the cup.*]

Wife. Oh no! I don't like the colour of it.

Moya. Take just one sip, madam.

Merchant. To please me, my dear.

Wife (sipping). Ah! (*Taking another sip.*) Aha!

Merchant. Well? Do you like it?

Wife. I think I do. (*Drinks it all off.*) Yes, I like it very much. Oh! How thirsty I am! Another cup, please.

Moya. Certainly, madam. (*Pours out another cup.*)

Wife. What do you call this?

Moya. Tea, madam.

Wife. Why did no one bring me tea before?

Moya. Tea is grown here, and we all have so much that nobody thought of it.

Wife. It is delicious. I feel better already.

Merchant. I will order some chests of tea for us to take on our journey.

Wife. What is your name, my dear?

Moya. Moya, madam. I am a girl of this country, India.

Merchant. Here is the bag of gold I

promised to the one who would bring my wife a drink she likes. It is yours Moya.

Wife. I have taken a fancy to this little girl. She shall come with us and always make my tea.

Moya. If you please, madam. I have a poor mother. I could not leave her.

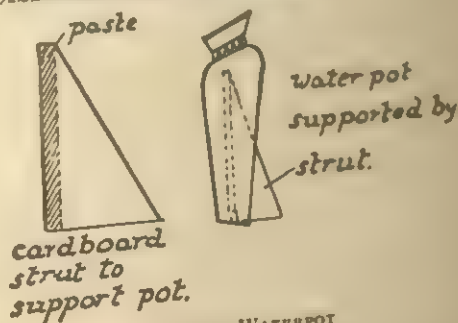
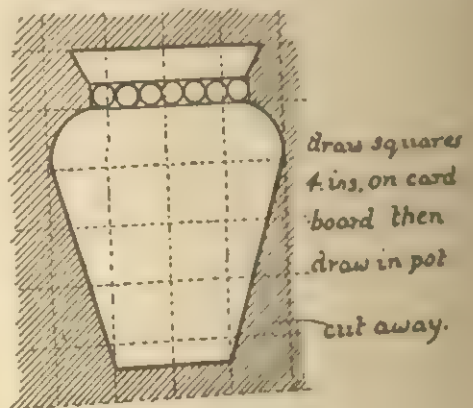
Wife. Ask her to come too. She shall darn my husband's silk socks and sew on his buttons.

Moya. Oh, thank you, madam!

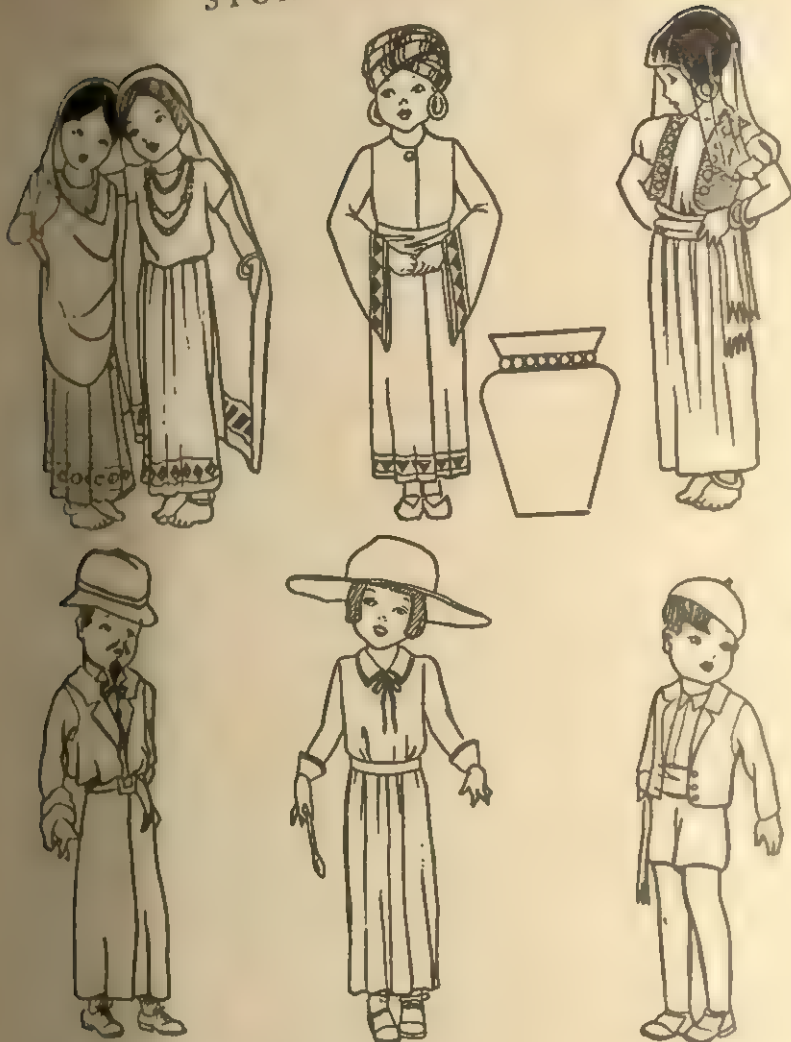
Kate Lay

SUGGESTIONS FOR A FULL PRODUCTION OF "A CUP OF TEA"

Scenery. Scene 1. The plain grey back-cloth is used to indicate the interior walls of the hut, while the opening serves as the doorway. Behind the door, at some distance



CUT-OUT WATERPOT



MOYA AND MOTHER
FRENCHMAN

MERCHANT
ENGLISHWOMAN

MERCHANT'S WIFE
ITALIAN BOY

from it a dark curtain is hung, or the adapted clothes horse, -see page 38—draped with a cloth, is placed there. A rush mat and some cut out cardboard waterpots supported on struts are all that is required to furnish the hut. To make a waterpot as shown in the sketch first draw six squares measuring about 4 in. each on some fairly stout cardboard. If a small waterpot is required the squares will be smaller. By carefully noting where the outlines of the pot touch

the squares the pot can be correctly and easily drawn. Now cut out the pot with a sharp knife and paint with some lacquer colour. This is obtainable from Woolworth's at 6d. a tin; it dries quickly, leaving a beautiful gloss. To make the pot stand upright cut out a strut. This is a triangular piece of thin card about three-quarters the height of the pot (see sketch). One edge of the strut is folded back $\frac{1}{4}$ in. and glued to the back of the waterpot.

Scene 2. Gaily-coloured cloths, rugs and cushions are needed for this scene. To conceal the opening in the backcloth the clothes-horse hung with a curtain is placed in front. A couch is made of two forms side by side, covered with cloths and cushions. A little table stands near, covered with a bright cloth, and there are rugs upon the floor, with a hassock or cushion upon which the Merchant sits. The properties consist of the Frenchman's bowl and spoon, the Englishwoman's tumbler and spoon, the Italian Boy's bowl and spoon, and Moya's tray and morning tea set.

Costumes.—Sketches of the children in costume are given on page 395. *Moya* wears a loose coloured cotton robe with magyar sleeves and a differently coloured long scarf around the head and shoulders. The robe may be decorated at the bottom with a simple stencil design. Potato cuts can be used for making the stencils. The scarf can be made from a length of coloured cotton material 45 in. long by 19 in. wide. She wears several strings of coloured beads and bangles. *Moya's mother* wears a costume similar to Moya's but of different colours.

The *Merchant* wears a long loose robe the shape of a dressing gown with wide sleeves and high at the neck. The edges of the robe and the sleeves can be stencilled with

a simple triangular shape. A differently coloured sash ties round the waist. If material cannot be spared for this, crêpe paper measuring 20 in. by 12 in. will make an effective substitute. The robe is fastened with an ordinary button, which, by a touch of sealing wax, is made to match the colour of the sash. The turban is a piece of striped material or a small gaily-coloured bath towel. The earrings are brass curtain rings fastened over the ear with a loop of string.

The *Merchant's Wife* wears a long full nightdress with elastic at the edge of the short sleeves. It is gathered in at the waist with a sash of crêpe paper 25 in. by 12 in. and cut in a fringe 2 in. from each end. Over this she wears a brightly-coloured, short, open waistcoat trimmed with buttons which have a touch of bright sealing wax. She wears bangles, brass curtain rings as earrings, and a short length of muslin on her hair.

The *Frenchman* wears a paper collar, a long overcoat, black felt hat, pointed beard and a moustache.

The *Englishwoman* wears a summer frock, and large white hat swathed in white muslin.

The *Italian Boy* wears dark knickers, a coloured sash and a dark coat over a coloured blouse, and a bérét.

RHYMES AND POEMS

HANDY PANDY

Handy Pandy, Jack-a-Dandy,
Loves plum cake and sugar candy;
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And out he came, hop, hop, hop.

Old Rhyme.

MOLLY MY SISTER

Molly, my sister, and I fell out,
And what do you think it was about?
She loved coffee and I loved tea,
And that was the reason we couldn't agree.

Old Rhyme.

GENERAL STORE

Someday I'm going to have a store
 With a tinkly bell hung over the door,
 With real glass cases and counters
 wide

And drawers all spilly with things inside.
 There'll be a little of everything:
 Bolts of calico; balls of string;
 Jars of peppermint; tins of tea;
 Pots and kettles and crockery;
 Seeds in packets; scissors bright;
 Kegs of sugar, brown and white;
 Sarsaparilla for picnic lunches,
 Bananas and rubber boots in bunches.
 I'll fix the window and dust each
 shelf,

And take the money in all myself,
 It will be my store and I will say:
 "What can I do for you to-day?"

Rachel Field.

Note.—This poem can be recited by one of the older children to a class about to embark on a store's project. The poem is written by an American poet, hence the inclusion of *sarsaparilla*, a mild tonic made from the cordlike roots of a vine which grows freely in Mexico and South America. A *bolt* of calico is a *roll*.

Country children and many town children will be familiar with the shops where general stores, such as those mentioned in the poem, are sold. There is a pleasant jingle in the verses, and the first four lines are sufficiently easy for reading preparation with the Fives.

GOING ON AN ERRAND

"A pound of tea at one-and-three,
 And a pot of raspberry jam;
 Two new-laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
 And a pound of rashers of ham."

I'll say it over all the way,
 And then I shall not forget;
 For if I chance to bring things wrong
 My mother gets in a fret.

"A pound of tea at one-and-three,
 And a pot of raspberry jam;
 Two new-laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
 And a pound of rashers of ham."

There in the hay the children play;
 They're having such jolly fun;
 I'll go there, too, that's what I'll do,
 As soon as my errands are done.

"A pound of tea at one-and-three,
 A pot of—er—new-laid jam;
 Two raspberry eggs, with a dozen pegs,
 And a pound of rashers of ham."

There's Teddy White flying his kite,
 He thinks himself grand, I declare;
 I'd like to try to fly it sky-high,
 Ever so much higher
 Than the old church spire,
 And then . . . and then. . . . But there—

"A pound of three at one-and-tea,
 A pot of new-laid jam;
 Two dozen eggs, some raspberry pegs,
 And a pound of rashers of ham."

Now here's the shop; outside I'll stop,
 And run through my orders again;
 I haven't forgot, no, not a jot;
 It shows I'm cute, that's plain.

"A pound of three at one-and-tea,
 A dozen of raspberry ham;
 A pot of eggs, with a pound of pegs,
 And a rasher of new-laid jam."

Anon.

Note.—It would require a very bright child of Seven to learn this poem and recite it with emphasis and meaning. Perhaps a child from the junior school could be prevailed upon to learn and recite it, for children in infant schools are always interested to hear older children recite or sing to them. If no child is available to recite the poem, it should be done by the teacher, who will need to learn it carefully in order to impart to the children all the fun of the poem.

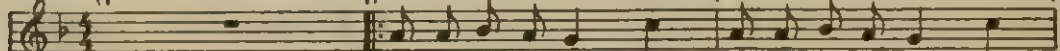
SONGS

THE JOLLY TESTER

OLD RHYME

Arranged by
PERCY G. SAUNDERS

Doh = F || : | : || m . m : f . m | r : s | m . m : f . m | r : s |

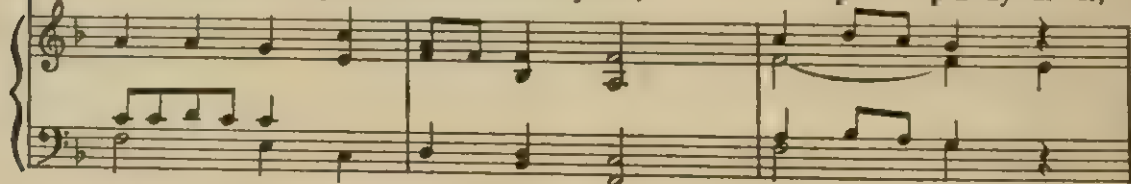


1. ☐ my lit-tle six - pence, pret-ty lit-tle six - pence,
2. ☐ my lit-tle four - pence, pret-ty lit-tle four - pence,
3. ☐ my lit-tle two - pence, pret-ty lit-tle two - pence,



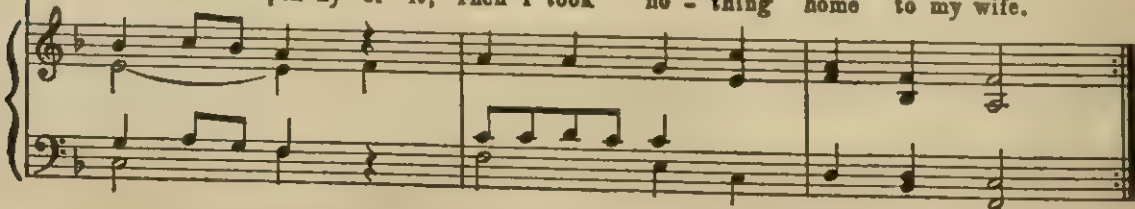
|| m : m | r : s | m . d : d . d | d :- | s : l s | f . m : r . m |

I love six - pence bet-ter than my life; I spent a pen-ny of it,
I love four - pence bet-ter than my life; I spent a pen-ny of it,
I love two - pence bet-ter than my life; I spent a pen-ny of it,



|| f : s . f | m . r : d . r | m m : m | r : s | m : d . d | d :- ||

I lent a pen-ny of it, Then I took four - pence home to my wife.
I lent a pen-ny of it, Then I took two - pence home to my wife.
I lent a pen-ny of it, Then I took no - thing home to my wife.



4. 0 my lit - tle no - thing, pret - ty lit - tle no - thing.

What will no - thing buy for my wife? I have no-thing.

I spend no-thing, I love no-thing bet-ter than my wife.

BLACKBOARD DRAWINGS

HOW TO DRAW THE TIGER

THE full plate on the opposite page shows, at the top, two stages in drawing a tiger. The lines are of assistance in drawing the figure in correct proportion. The general shape of a tiger is much like that of a domestic cat. The beautiful coat is a bright tawny colour on the upper parts, with white underparts and white markings on the face and ears. The transverse stripes are black. Two tigers at rest are shown in the lower drawing. The head is seen to be much like a cat's, the difference being that the nose is considerably longer, the eyes are smaller and closer together, and the ears are rounded at the tip. With the exception of the lion, the tiger is the largest animal of the cat family; a fine male

specimen measures about six feet from the tip of the nose to the root of the tail, which is about three feet long. The tiger is solitary in its habits. It keeps to its lair in the daytime and preys at night upon cattle, deer and other animals, and sometimes upon natives, when it becomes a dangerous pest.

The half plate below shows:—

1. The striped markings on the body of the tiger. The stripes vary considerably in number and form.

2. A tiger cub. From two to five cubs are born in a litter, and they usually keep with their parents for three years, when they become adult.

3. The open jaws of a tiger yawning. This shows the enormous mouth and terrible teeth with which the tiger tears its prey.



1. THE STRIPED COAT

2. A TIGER CUB

3. THE TIGER YAWNS



HOW TO DRAW THE TIGER

POLLY, PUT THE KETTLE ON

OLD RHYME

PERCY G. SAUNDERS

Doh = F || : | s .l :s .f | m .d :d | f .l, :r .d |

Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on, Pol - ly, put the

ket - tle on, Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on, And let's drink

tea. Su - key take it off a - gain, Su - key take it off a - gain,

Su - key take it off a - gain, They're all gone a - way.

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system starts with a Doh = F note. The second system ends with a repeat sign. The third system ends with a repeat sign. The fourth system ends with a double bar line.

CENTRE OF INTEREST— THE HOME

XI. SUGAR FOR THE HOME



CUTTING SUGAR CANES IN JAMAICA
Drawing in Outline of Picture No. 14 in the Portfolio

Introduction.—Before introducing *Picture No. 14* in the portfolio, let the children tell all they know about sugar. Children living near the beet fields of eastern England will know that some sugar is made from sugar beet. It will be advisable to mention the two main sources of sugar—the cane and the beet. The difference between the manufactured product of the two kinds cannot be ascertained by one person in a million. Some children will have seen their mothers make toffee or other sweets at home, and it will add greatly to the interest of the talks if the teacher makes a little toffee in school and the children eat it. The recipe for making lemon toffee is as follows:—

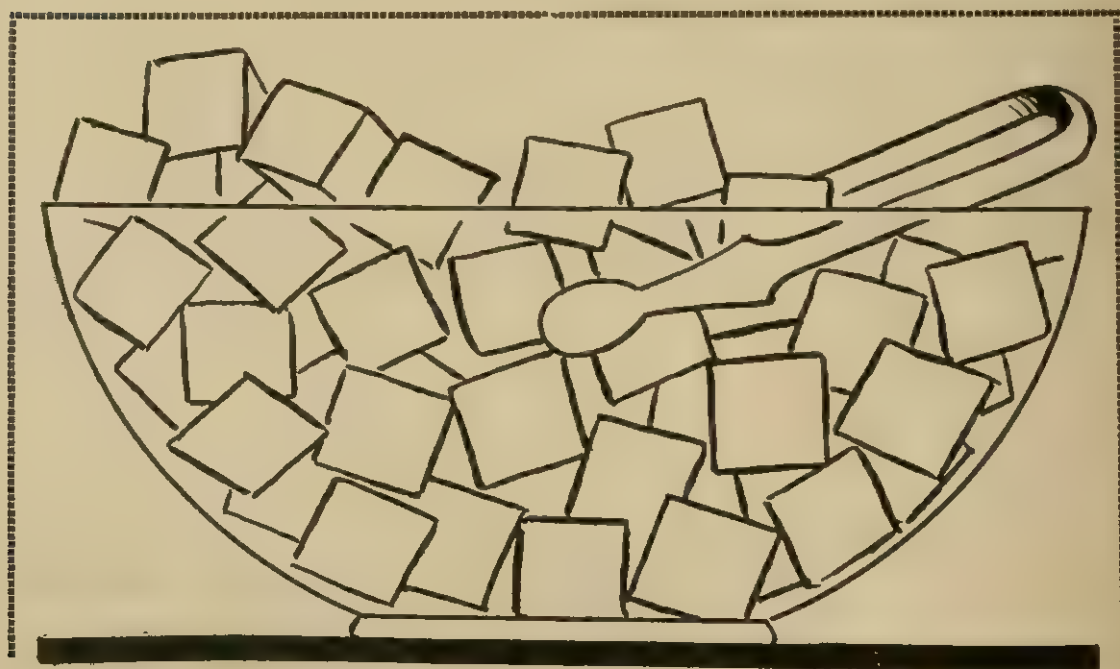
Ingredients.—1 lb. granulated sugar, 4 oz. butter, the juice of 1 lemon, essence of lemon.

Method.—Melt the butter in a stewpan, add the sugar, boil up slowly, stir and boil

for a few minutes, and add 1 teaspoonful of lemon juice; continue boiling to 312°F.; add the rest of the lemon juice and a few drops of essence of lemon, and pour at once on to a buttered or oiled tin.

N.B.—To test the heat approximately, dip the forefinger into cold water, then into the toffee, and again quickly into the water. If the toffee breaks short and brittle, and does not stick to the teeth when bitten, it is boiled sufficiently.

After the conversation on the picture, reference should again be made to the talks on the negroes who work in the cotton plantations—see *Section VIII*. If the story of these people has not been told it can be readily adapted to describe the negroes who work in the sugar plantations. In this section the story is told of *Christopher Columbus*, the first white man to discover America.



TRACE-OUT FOR FRIEZE—BOWL OF SUGAR

Trace this Drawing for part of the Frieze, Picture No. 14.



TRACE-OUT FOR FRIEZE—JAR OF SWEETS
Trace this Drawing for part of the Frieze, Picture No. 14.

LANGUAGE AND SPEECH TRAINING

Description of Picture No. 14.—The sugar cane is a giant grass, a near relation to wheat, maize, and other cereals. It resembles maize in appearance, only the joints of the sugar cane are shorter and the leaves narrower. The stem grows to a height of from six to twenty feet, and the flowers spring from the top of the stem in a plume. The stem has a tough, outer rind. Within the rind are pith and fibres soaked in sweet sap. The sap is at its fullest and best when the flowers are fading, and it is then that the sugar cane is cut. The stalks are cut close to the ground and the canes are tied in bundles and sent immediately to the mill, for they quickly deteriorate. After the stalk has been cut, new shoots spring from the roots, and these, later, yield the new crop.

The picture shows a crop of sugar canes in Jamaica at harvest time. The native workers, clad in loose, cotton clothes, are at work among the canes. Two men have short, curved knives; one is cutting a growing cane, and the other is dividing a stripped cane into lengths. A child carries lengths of cane to a woman who ties them in a bundle on her knee. A second woman bears on her head a bundle of canes ready to be despatched to the mill. The workers are ankle deep in the leaves of the cane.

In the mill the canes are crushed between rollers and the syrup is extracted. It passes through various refining processes and is finally crystallised.

The frieze for the classroom wall is made up of a bottle of coloured sweets and a bowl of sugar. Outline sketches for tracing these shapes are given. Half the children, those colouring the sweet bottle, will require whole sheets of drawing paper; and half sheets will be needed by the others, who are to tint the sugar bowl. The light washes required for the glass of the bottle and bowl,

and the colour of the sweets are shown in the picture.

After colouring, the children may cut out their segments along the guiding lines so that they may be mounted, edge to edge, on the back of a strip of wall paper.

The children should freely discuss and describe the picture. To stimulate thought and observation, and to bring to the notice of the children any point overlooked, the teacher may make some of the following suggestions:—1. How many people can you see? 2. How many men are there? How many women? How many children? 3. What is strange about their heads and faces? 4. What is the colour of their hair? 5. Is the little boy's hair straight or curly? 6. How do you know that these are not English people? 7. Name the colours in their clothes. 8. Look at their clothes. Do you think their land is hot and sunny or cold and snowy? 9. Look at the plants growing in the picture. What plant do you know like them? 10. The man on the left holds the stem of a plant in his left hand. What has he in his right hand? What do you think he is going to do? 11. The man near the boy holds a cut stem in his hand. What do you think he is going to do with it? 12. Tell what the little boy is doing. 13. One woman is bending down. What is she doing? 14. Tell what the woman standing up has on her head. 15. What lies on the ground? 16. Name the different kinds of sugar. 17. Of what is treacle made? 18. Of what is golden syrup made? 19. Of what are sweets made?

During the conversation on the picture the leading words may be written on the blackboard; e.g., faces, hands, black, brown, red, blue, yellow, grass, wheat, maize, knife, tie, bundle, leaves, bottle, sweets, sugar, bowl, sugar tongs.

The older children may copy these words into a book as a writing exercise, and the more familiar of them may be learnt as an exercise in spelling. Some of the less familiar words can be put in the *Scrapbook Dictionary*.

Flash Cards.—The following sentences might be written on strips of card:—

1. Sugar is got from sugar canes.
Sugar canes are tall grass plants.
The sweet juice is inside the canes.
The sugar canes grow in hot lands.
2. Black people cut down the sugar canes.
The black people are negroes.
The negroes wear pretty cotton clothes.
They do not mind the hot sun.
3. The sugar canes are taken to a mill.
In the mill the sweet juice is squeezed out.
The juice is sent to England.
The juice is made into sugar.

4. Some sugar is made into sweets.
Sweets are good to eat.
We must not eat too many sweets.
Too many sweets give us bad teeth.

Individual reading cards.—This description of *Picture No. 14* can be hectographed for children's individual reading cards:—

This picture shows a field of tall grass in the land of Jamaica. You see the black people of Jamaica at work. They wear loose cotton clothes, for the sun is very hot.

The tall grasses are sugar canes. It is harvest time and the canes are ready to be cut.

Two men have knives. One cuts down a tall cane. Another is cutting a piece of cane into smaller pieces. A woman ties the pieces into a bundle. The other woman carries a bundle of canes on her head.

The canes are full of sweet sap. The canes will be taken to a mill and crushed between rollers. The sweet sap will flow out. It will then be boiled to make sugar.

ACTIVITIES AND CONSTRUCTIVE WORK

Paper cutting.—The Fives can tear or cut out the following shapes from coloured paper and mount them:—bowl of sugar, bag of sugar, bottle of sweets, iced cake, sticks of barley sugar, a beetroot, etc., some of which are shown in the sketch opposite.

Plastic model.—bundle of sugar canes and knife.—The Fives can make a bundle of



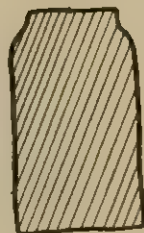
bowl of sugar.



beetroot.



box of sweets.



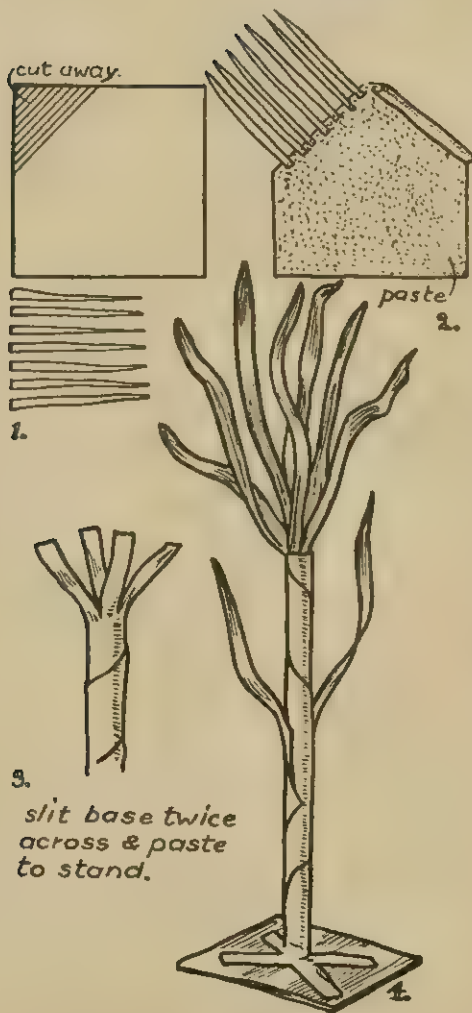
bag of sugar.



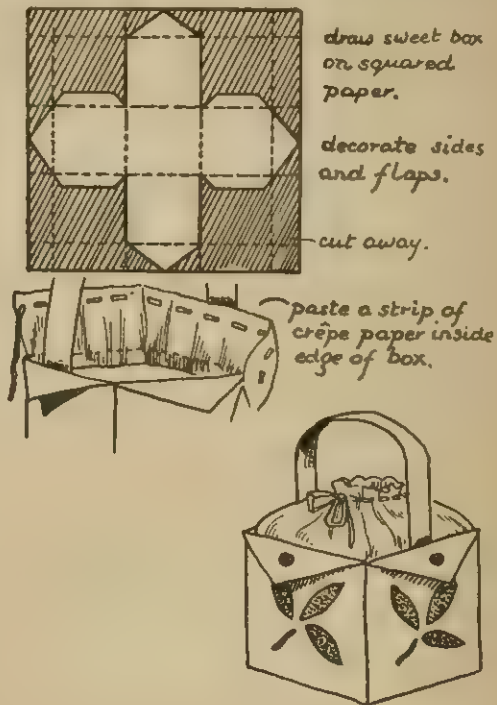


canes from a number of short "worms" of clay or plasticine, marked with the pointed end of the modelling tool to represent the joints. The canes are held together by a thinner, longer "worm." The knife is made from one short, thick roll which forms the handle, and a longer, flattened, curved one which forms the blade.

Plastic model—sugar bowl and tongs.—Make the bowl from a ball of clay or plasticine. Hollow the ball with the thumb and work up the sides with the fingers. Make the tongs from a "worm," bend it in half and attach a flattened pellet to each end.



Paper model—sugar cane.—Cut a square of brown paper, and cut off one corner. Cut a number of pointed leaves, like grass, from green paper, and paste them in a row by the ends along the cut corner of the brown paper. Paste the inside of the brown paper and roll it up from either corner not facing the cut corner. The result will resemble a stem with a crown of green leaves. Stick



draw sweet box on squared paper.

decorate sides and flaps.

cut away.

paste a strip of crepe paper inside edge of box.

a number of leaves at intervals down the stem. Cut the bottom of the stem across twice about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. up, open out the 4 strips, paste them on the inside and stand the plant upright on a green base.

Paper model—sweet box (see page 408).—Cut out a square of stiff paper and turn under a margin on all sides. With the margin still turned under, fold the paper into 3 both ways, thus creasing it into 9 sections. Open it out, and draw and cut out the plan of the box shown in the diagram. Decorate the sides of the box with a simple laurel leaf pattern in paints or crayons. Turn the box over to the other side, and decorate each flap with a berry. Bend the shape at

the dotted lines and paste it together. Cut a strip of paper for the handle, and paste it at each side of the box on the inside. Now cut a long strip of coloured crêpe paper and thread silk or ribbon through one long side with a bodkin. Gum the lower edge of the crêpe paper and fix it inside the top of the box, gumming the two ends of the crêpe paper where they meet.

Co-operative group model—sugar plantation.—The paper sugar canes already described may all be put together on a base of cardboard sprinkled with snippings of raffia. This makes an effective little model to which paper or plastic figures may be added.

GEOGRAPHY TALK

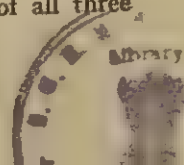
SUGAR

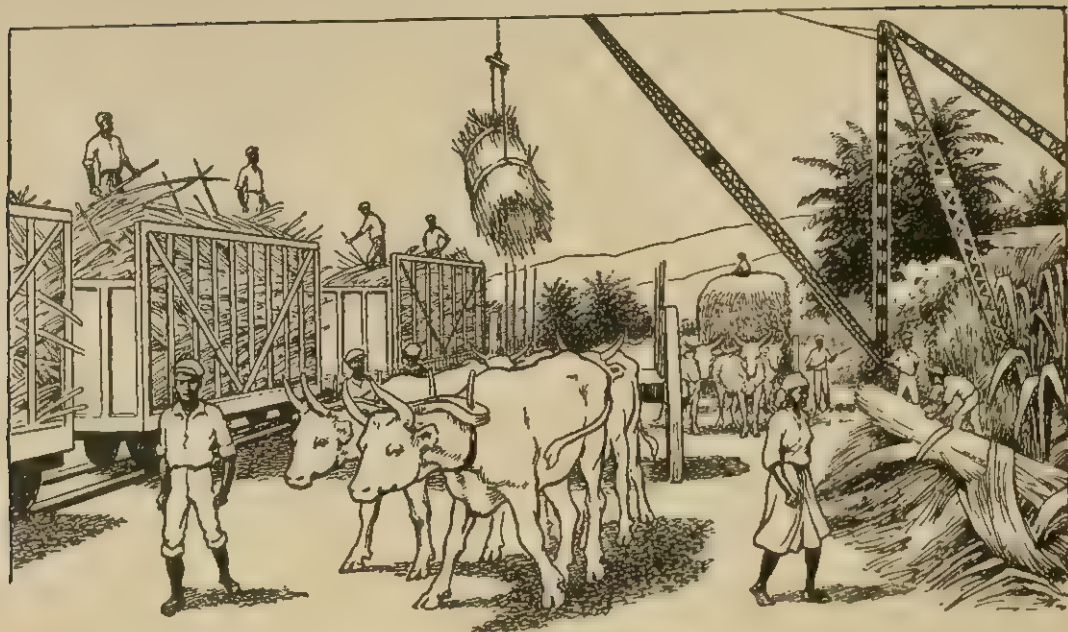
THE sugar we use at home is of two different kinds, cane sugar and beet sugar. Cane sugar is made from the sugar cane, a tall grass which is found in hot grasslands. Beet sugar is made from the sugar beet, which grows in England and other cool countries. Some of the hot grasslands which grow sugar in our Empire are found in a large island called Jamaica. Every sugar cane has a root, stalk and leaves, and some kinds have feathery tufts of flowers which bear seeds. The stalks are jointed, like bamboo canes, and some grow twenty feet tall. Every joint has a tiny bud in it. The leaves spring out in great numbers from the joints. They look like large blades of grass, bending over at the top, and their edges are as sharp as razors. You must not think that the canes are hollow like water pipes; they are solid and heavy.

Cuttings from the tops of ripe canes are used for growing new plants. When the ground has been ploughed into long rows,

the cuttings are laid in furrows, and lightly buried. The buds in the joints soon spring up, and young canes begin to grow. They must grow for sixteen months before they will be ready for harvesting. When the canes are well grown, they are hidden amongst their own leaves, which block up the rows and make it impossible to move about in the fields. This tangle of leaves is called *trash*. The trash has to be removed. It is difficult to clear away by hand, because the leaf blades are very sharp; so the workers set fire to the trash. You would think that the whole crop must be burnt up, so high and fierce are the flames, but they destroy only the trash, and the canes are left standing unharmed.

After trash clearing comes the harvest. The canes are reaped with cutlasses. Each cane is cut off close to the ground, and then beheaded. The long bare pieces of cane are taken to a mill to be crushed; the top joints are kept for planting; the feathery heads are given to cattle for food. The canes are yellow and green, or purple in colour, and some have stripes of all three





LOADING SUGAR CANES IN JAMAICA

colours in them. At the factory they are crushed between heavy rollers, and a greenish yellow liquid flows out, sweet to taste and pleasant to smell. This liquid is cane juice, and will later be made into sugar. It is strained clean of all dust, and then treated to make it clear and pure. The clear juice is next boiled into a thick syrup, and passed through a machine which separates the grains of sugar from the sticky

syrup. The raw sugar comes out of one side of the machine, and the syrup or treacle flows from the other side.

The raw sugar is sent over the sea to factories, where it is refined into white sugar as we see it. The largest sugar-refining factory in England belongs to Messrs. Tate and Lyle, in London. You have all seen the name TATE on the neat cartons of sugar that mother buys.

A STORY FROM HISTORY

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

Historical note.—Christopher Columbus, a weaver's son, was born, probably at Genoa in Italy, about 1446. The facts of his early life are not known with certainty, but he appears to have had a good education, and to have studied astronomy and geography at the university of Pavia. At an early

age he became a sailor. About 1478 he settled down in Lisbon and married the daughter of a sea captain who had been in the service of Prince Henry the Navigator. He probably employed his time in making maps and charts for a livelihood, and he had many long talks with old seamen about their voyages, and about the mystery of the western seas. Among his books was a printed

copy of Marco Polo's travels, and we know from his comments written on the margin of the book how interested he was in Polo's accounts of Cathay (China) and Cipango (Japan). Columbus gradually came to the conclusion that the world was round, and that by sailing due west, farther than any ship had yet dared to go, China and India might be reached, but he of course did not know, or suspect, that the American continent lay between. Columbus was so sure that his ideas were right, that he went from court to court to get money for an expedition. At last, after years of weary waiting, Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain agreed to assist him. The queen was so convinced that this humble sailor did know how to find the way to the unknown land, that at last she persuaded the king to supply the money for fitting out three small ships.

Much difficulty was experienced in finding men for so hazardous an undertaking, and Columbus was obliged to take one or two criminals from prison among his crew.

The expedition consisted of the *Santa Maria*, which carried a crew of fifty-two men and was commanded by the admiral in person, and two other tiny vessels, the *Pinta* and the *Niña*, each with a crew of eighteen men. On the 3rd of August, 1492, at eight in the morning, the little fleet weighed anchor from Palos. Day by day the trade wind blew them steadily westwards, till the sailors began to lose heart, and thought that they would be carried on and on till they died of starvation. Columbus had much trouble to prevent a mutiny among some of his crew, and finally he was obliged to promise, that if land were not sighted within three days, he would turn



COLUMBUS WENT FROM COURT TO COURT



TRACE-OUT OF A NEGRO WOMAN FOR THE
CHILDREN TO COLOUR

back. But by that time there were numerous signs that land was near. Birds that were known never to go far from shore were seen, pieces of wood that had been carved by men, and a broken branch of a tree with fresh berries on it floated by, "and with these signs all of them breathed and were glad." At two o'clock on the morning of October 12th, 1492, the booming of a cannon from the *Niña* told that land had been sighted. The land was an island, which Columbus named San Salvador. (It is generally identified as Watling Island.)

The same morning Columbus landed, richly clad, and bearing the royal banner of Spain. When they all had "given thanks to God, kneeling upon the shore, and kissed the ground with tears of joy, for the great mercy received," the admiral named the island and took solemn possession of it for their Catholic majesties Ferdinand and Isabella. After many adventures, among which the *Santa Maria* ran aground on one of the islands and was lost, Columbus arrived back in Spain and proceeded to the court, which was then at Barcelona. He entered the city in a triumphal procession, related his story and showed the "rich and strange" spoils of the new-found lands—the gold, the cotton, the parrots, the curious arms, the mysterious plants, the unknown birds and beasts, and the "Indians" he had brought with him for baptism. Columbus was given the title of Don; he rode at the king's bridle, he was served and saluted as a grandee of Spain. Although Columbus had found only an island he felt sure that the mainland of India was not far distant. Ever since his day, the islands off the American coast in the Gulf of Mexico have been known as the West Indies, and the native races of North America as American Indians.

Columbus made three other voyages to the New World, but misfortune attended him in his last two expeditions. Queen Isabella died in 1504; the ungrateful King Ferdinand neglected him, so that Columbus died in poverty, 1506.

Children's story.—When we look at the sun we see that it looks round and flat like a plate. The full moon, too, looks round and flat, and the earth on which we live appears to be flat.

Wise men have found out that the sun, moon and earth are not round and flat like plates, but round and solid like balls. Once upon a time men did not know this. They thought that, if you kept on sailing across the flat sea, you would meet giant fish and strange animals, and men so big that they would swallow up the ship and all the sailors; but that if you sailed very fast and got away from them, you would then tumble off the edge of the world and be lost for ever.

At last some brave sailors found out that this was all nonsense. They built ships and sailed away to the east, where the sun rises in the morning, and after days and days of sailing they came to India. They were very glad to reach India, for there the pepper tree grows. Whatever did these men want pepper for? Why, they wanted it to eat with their salt meat just as we eat it now. In those days men in England had to eat much salt meat, because there were no turnips with which to feed their oxen and sheep in winter. Just before winter came, they had to kill nearly all their oxen and sheep, and salt the meat down to eat in the cold weather. To make their very salt meat taste nice, they wanted pepper, and to get this pepper brave sailors sailed eastwards day after day to bring pepper from India. But there were many bold pirates in those days, and the pirates fought the sailors for their ships, so that it became very hard to get pepper into England.

One very clever sailor named Christopher Columbus, who thought and thought about things, said to himself, "I don't believe that the world is flat like a plate. I believe it is round like a ball. Now if it is round like a ball, I can sail *west* to India, just as well as I can sail *east*. Then if I sail west, I shall get the pepper, and there will be no pirates to stop me."

Now if you look at a big ball, or a globe, you will see that Christopher Columbus

was right, for on a ball you can sail east, west, north or south just as you please. Christopher Columbus had no ships, for he was a poor sailor who lived in Spain. But he was so sure that he was right about the round world and the way to get the pepper, that he started walking from town to town with his little son Diego, and asking rich men to give him money to buy ships, so that he could sail west to India. Many people laughed at Columbus, men thought that he was crazy, and for a long time nobody would help him. One day, tired and hungry, Columbus and his son came to a big house in which lived many kind monks. The monks gave them food and warm beds, and in the morning they listened to the tale of the round world and the pepper trees of India. The monks said to Columbus, "Why don't you go to the king and queen? They are wise and good. Perhaps they will give you ships and sailors."

This seemed good advice, so Columbus went to the court of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella. The king and queen sat on their thrones and the courtiers stood round to hear what Columbus had to tell. The courtiers did not believe the story of the world being round like a ball. They were all quite sure that it was round and flat like a plate, so they told the king that he would be wasting his ships and money if he helped Columbus. Luckily for Columbus, Queen Isabella really did believe his story. She was not a rich queen, but she was willing to sell her jewels to get money for the ships. However, the king fitted out three ships and the queen did not have to sell her jewels. Then Columbus was ready to set out on his great adventure.

In those days ships had sails and were blown along by the wind. They were not much bigger than the fishing boats that you see to-day at the seaside. Only a very brave man like Columbus would have dared to sail in such tiny ships right across the ocean. He had a great bother to find sailors to go with him, for most men were afraid of the monsters that they had heard about.

However, one day Columbus stood proudly on the deck of his ship, the *Holy Mary*, all ready to sail. Flags were flying and crowds of people laughing, shouting and cheering. The sailors hauled up the anchors, the sails were unfurled and away they went.

Day after day they sailed westwards towards the setting sun. Not a monster fish or giant beast was seen. Nothing but water, water, water. The sailors grew restless. "The captain is surely mad," said they. "We certainly shall fall off the world if we keep on like this. What is the use of it? We want to go home. We don't want to die out here on the ocean, and die we shall soon, for our food and water are running short." Captain Columbus spoke soft and kind words to them. "Cheer up," he said. "Keep brave hearts. I know that I am right, and one day when we get back home everybody will praise you for your bravery."

The sailors mumbled and grumbled, but still they went on ever towards the west and the setting sun. Then one happy day they saw some birds. How excited they were! How they laughed and talked and stared to the west! Birds live near the land and they must be nearing the land.

Then a branch of a tree with berries on it floated by. Now everyone was sure that land was near. How they changed their talk! They forgot that they had thought their captain mad, and now called him brave, and noble, and clever.

One morning very early, two months after the three ships had left Spain, there was a tremendous bang. Every sailor asleep in his bunk jumped to his feet and rushed on deck. The lookout man on the smallest ship had sighted land, and a cannon had

been fired to let those know in the other ships. "Land! Land!" they shouted. "We are round! We have conquered!" Later in the day they dropped anchor; but what a surprise they had! There were only a few people on the shore, and these were doing their best to hide behind the trees. They were red people, for they painted their brown bodies red. The land was so warm that they did not wear clothes.

Columbus put on very rich clothes which he had brought purposely for this wonderful day. Then he stepped ashore, carrying in his hand the flag of Spain.

The sailors followed, and then all knelt down on the sands, and Columbus spoke a prayer to thank God for taking care of them, and for helping them to find this land of the west.

Columbus made one mistake. It was not found out until nine years afterwards. He had not found India at all. He had found a new land which no one had ever thought of. This new land came to be called America, and ever since that time the red people of that land have been known as Indians, Red Indians or American Indians.

You can be sure that when Columbus and his men got back to Spain the king and queen and all the people gave them great honour. They took with them some of the Red Indians, and they also took cotton, parrots and other strange things. Then everybody said, "What a wonderful man is Christopher Columbus. He is the greatest of all Spaniards." So the king made him a *Grandee*, then he rode next to the king; wherever Columbus went people saluted him, for a *Grandee* of Spain is a very important person.

STORY AND PLAY

STORY—THE BLACK BOY

Introduction.—This well-known story is one which the children can readily drama-

tise. Read the story straight through, then discuss with them how to act it. Consider the setting, write the names of the characters on the board and allot the parts. Read the

story once again, so that the chosen children can pay particular attention to their parts, and then let them act it. Reread parts of the story if the children are at a loss to proceed. A dramatised version in two scenes, which may be used at a school concert, is given at the end of the story.



Story.—A rich man once had many white servants. They had to wait on him, cook his food, and keep his house clean and tidy. He treated them kindly, and expected them always to keep themselves as neat and fresh as they kept the house.

One day a friend sent him a new servant as a gift. The new servant was a negro boy, with a black skin. The master had never seen a negro before, and held up his hands in horror when he looked at him.

"What a dirty boy!" he cried. "He cannot have washed for months! Servants! put him into a tub of water, and scrub him clean and white."

The servants carried off the black boy, and put him into a large tub of water. Then they scrubbed and scrubbed him, but of course they could not make him white. The poor negro shivered with cold in the bath, caught a bad chill, and was soon very ill.

The master then found out his mistake. "What a foolish man I am," he said. "I am trying to do an impossible thing because I know no better."

Adapted from *Æsop's Fables*.

PLAY—THE BLACK BOY

This is a play for little boys of six or seven, based on the preceding *Æsop's* fable. The letter in Scene 1 should be actually written down so that the child may read it.

People in the Play.—MR. NOSENSE. PARKER (a manservant). JOE (a negro boy). DOCTOR.

Scene 1. The study of Mr. Nonsense, in the morning.

[*Mr. Nonsense is reading the newspaper. Parker comes in with a letter on a tray.*]

Parker. Many happy returns of the day, sir!

Mr. Nonsense. Thank you, Parker.

Parker. Here is a letter for you, sir.

Mr. Nonsense (*reading the envelope*). "Fred Nonsense, Esq." Yes, that is I. Now I wonder what this letter says?

Parker. I should open it, if I were you, sir.

Mr. Nonsense. What a good idea! I will (*reading*). "Dear Fred, As you know, I am in Jamaica, working on a sugar plantation." Where is Jamaica, Parker?

Parker. In the West Indies, sir.

Mr. Nonsense (*reading*). "For your birthday I am sending you a splendid servant from this country. He will travel on the same boat as this letter. With all good wishes. Believe me, Your affectionate friend, Harry Betts." Well! Well! How kind of Harry!

Parker. Yes, indeed, sir.

[*There is a ring at the door.*]

Mr. Nonsense. That must be my new servant. Bring him in here to see me.

Parker. Yes, sir.

[*Goes out and returns with Joe.*]

Mr. Nosense. Dear me! What a strange boy! Are you my birthday present?

Joe. Yes, sah.

Mr. Nosense. What is your name?

Joe. Joe, sah.

Mr. Nosense. Joe, you are very dirty. Your face is quite black.

Joe. My face is made like that, sah.

Mr. Nosense. Nonsense! And your hands, they are black, too!

Joe. Yes, sah.

Mr. Nosense. Parker, take Joe away at once. Put him in a hot bath and scrub him till he is white.

Parker. Yes, sir. Come along, my boy! (*Hauls Joe out.*)

Joe. Oh! Oh! Oh!

Scene 2. The same, in the evening.

[*Mr. Nosense is playing Patience. Parker comes in.*]

Parker. Your new servant is very ill, sir. The doctor is with him now.

Mr. Nosense. Ill? How did he fall ill?

Parker. I scrubbed him hard for three hours in hot water as you told me. Perhaps he caught cold.

Mr. Nosense. Did you make him nice and white?

Parker. No, sir. The black would not come off. He is the same colour as before.

Mr. Nosense. Dear! Dear! We must try something else. Perhaps petrol would clean him. I will ask the Doctor about it.

[*Doctor comes in.*]

Doctor. Good evening, Mr. Nosense.

Mr. Nosense. Good evening, Doctor. How is my servant?

Doctor. He is very ill indeed. But I came just in time, and I think he will pull round.

Mr. Nosense. What is the matter with him?

Doctor. He has a nasty chill. He tells me that he was in a hot bath for three hours this morning.



COSTUMES FOR "THE BLACK BOY"

Mr. Nosense. Yes, I have never seen anyone so dirty. His face was quite black.

Doctor. Black! Of course he is black all over. He is a negro boy!

Mr. Nosense. There now! What a foolish man I am! If only I had known!

Kate Lay.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A FULL PRODUCTION OF "THE BLACK BOY"

Scenery and furniture.—A frieze pasted or sewn on the backcloth and the addition of two or three paper pictures will suggest the interior of a room. The furniture required is a table and a chair.

Costumes.—The characters are shown in costume in the illustration.

Mr. Nosense wears a dressing gown.

Parker, a manservant, wears a black coat with tails of black crêpe paper or material stitched at the back to give the appearance of a frock coat.

The Doctor wears spectacles and carries a bag. The spectacles are made from two circles of stiff brown paper with a small half circle joining them. The side pieces of the spectacles are made of wire. The bag consists of two pieces of cardboard 13 in. by 8 in. with rounded ends. Cut a strip of stiff paper 38 in. by 4 in., notch the edges, turn in and gum to a side of the bag. When this is dry attach the other side of bag in the same way. The handle is a piece of paper 9 in. by 1½ in. gummed at the ends and joined to the bag at the top.

Joe, the black boy, has his face darkened with burnt cork (this will be found quite easily removable with cold cream or vaseline). He wears black gloves to save darkening his hands. His costume consists of a striped cotton coat and trousers and white shirt—striped pyjamas may be worn. A rough straw hat turned up in front will complete the costume.

P-VOL. II—C

A NEGRO LULLABY

The following poem is a well-known lullaby of Negro children in the cotton lands. The lullaby is a favourite song of Paul Robeson, and is recorded on record No. 8060, *H.M.V.* Teachers who use a gramophone in their schools will find a number of Paul Robeson's songs, which are suitable for children, recorded by *His Master's Voice*.

SHORT'NIN' BREAD

Put on de skillet, put on de lead,
Mammy's goin' to bake a little short'nin'
bread,
Dat ain't all she's goin' to do,
Mammy's goin' to make a little coffee, too.

Mammy's little baby loves short'nin',
short'nin',
Mammy's little baby loves short'nin'
bread,
Mammy's little baby loves short'nin',
short'nin',
Mammy's little baby loves short'nin'
bread.

Three little darkies lyin' in bed,
Two wuz sick an' de other mos' dead.
Sent fo' de doctor, de doctor said,
"Feed dose darkies on short'nin' bread."

Mammy's little baby loves short'nin',
short'nin',
Mammy's little baby loves short'nin'
bread,
Mammy's little baby loves short'nin',
short'nin',
Mammy's little baby loves short'nin'
bread.

I slip to de kitchen, slip up de lead,
Slip ma pockets full of short'nin' bread.
Stole de skillet, stole de lead,
Stole de gal to make short'nin' bread.

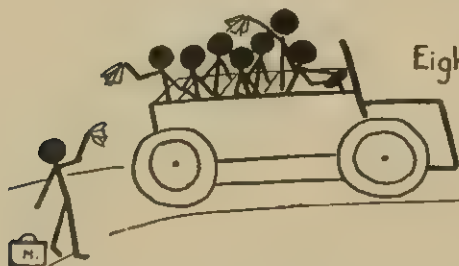
Repeat chorus.

Ten Little Nigger Boys.



Ten little nigger boys
going out to dine;
One over-ate himself,
and then there were
nine.

Nine little nigger boys
staying up too late;
One over-slept himself,
and then there were eight.



Eight little nigger boys
travelling in Devon;
One said he'd stay
there,
and then there
were seven.

Seven little nigger boys
chopping up some sticks;
One chopped himself in half,
and then there were
six.



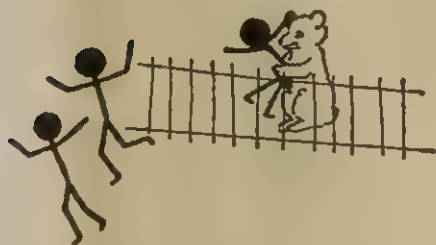
Six little nigger boys
playing round a hive;
A honey-bee stung one,
and then there were
five.

50.

Five little nigger boys
going in for law;
One got in Chancery,
and then there were four



Four little nigger boys
going out to sea;
A red herring swallowed
one, and then there were three.



Three little nigger boys
walking in the Zoo;
A big bear hugged one,
and then there were two.



Two little nigger boys
sitting in the sun;
One got frizzled up,
and then there was one.



One little nigger boy
living all alone,
He got married,
and then there was none.

SONG

TEN LITTLE NIGGER BOYS

OLD RHYME

PERCY G. SAUNDERS

Doh = F ||

: | s, .d ,d :t, ,t, .r | d ,t, .d ,m :s . }

1. Ten lit-tle nig-ger boys go-ing out to dine;

||f .r ,r :m ,m .d ,d | r ,d .t, ,l, :s, . | s, .d ,d :t, ,t, .r }

o-ver-ate him-self, and then there were nine. Nine lit-tle nig-ger boys

||d ,t, .d ,m :s . | f .r ,r :m ,m .d ,d | r ,r .t, :d . }

stay-ing up too late; One o-ver-slept him-self, and then there were eight.

CHORUS

||s, d, d :t, .r, r | d .m, m :r .f, f | m d, d :r .t, | d : }

One lit-tle, two lit-tle, three lit-tle, four lit-tle. five lit-tle nig-ger boys

||d .m, m :r .f, f | m s, s :f l, l | s .s, s :s .t, | d : ||

six lit-tle, seven lit-tle, eight lit-tle, nine lit-tle, ten lit-tle nig-ger boys

2. Eight little nigger boys travelling in Devon;
One said he'd stay there, and then there were seven.
Seven little nigger boys chopping up some sticks;
One chopped himself in half, and then there were six.
One little etc.
3. Six little nigger boys playing round a hive;
A honey-bee stung one, and then there were five.
Five little nigger boys going in for law;
One got in Chancery, and then there were four.
One little etc.
4. Four little nigger boys going out to sea;
A red herring swallowed one, and then there were three
Three little nigger boys walking in the Zoo;
A big bear hugged one, and then there were two.
One little etc.
5. Two little nigger boys sitting in the sun;
One got frizzled up, and then there was one.
One little nigger boy living all alone;
He got married, and then there was none.
One little etc.

CENTRE OF INTEREST— THE HOME

XII. COCOA FOR THE HOME



GATHERING COCOA PODS ON THE GOLD COAST
Drawing in Outline of Picture No. 15 in the Portfolio

Introduction.—The following geographical notes on the *Gold Coast Colony, Sierra Leone, Cocoa* and the *Kola Nut*, are included for the teacher's information:—

The **Gold Coast Colony** includes the Ashanti Colony and the Northern Territories Protectorate. The Gold Coast Colony might well be called the "cocoa coast," for within recent years cocoa has been the chief production and export. Gold, which is obtained partly by dredging and partly by mining, ranks next to cocoa in order of value.

About 30,000 square miles of the Colony and Ashanti are covered with dense forests, and the lumber industry is progressing. There are excellent timber trees, such as silk, cotton, mahogany, ebony, cedar, etc., as well as trees yielding palm oil, rubber and gum opal.

The prevalence of the tsetse fly makes the use of horses or mules impossible, consequently head transport still prevails on numerous forest tracks. A surprising change in transport methods, however, has been brought about in recent years, for many well-engineered roads have superseded the rough and narrow paths which were formerly universal. The most notable system of waterways is that formed by the Black Volta and the White Volta, the united stream of which is known simply as the Volta. Native craft of many kinds can navigate some 900 miles of these waterways.

The chief coast towns are Accra, the capital; Cape Coast, Sekondi and Takoradi. The latter port, which was opened for trade in 1928, is joined by rail with Kumasi, the capital of Ashanti.

The market place of Kumasi is of considerable importance, for it is the distributing centre for the whole of Ashanti. Market day is a lively and brilliant scene. Hundreds of women in gaudy clothes barter their gorgeously coloured fruit and other wares amid a deafening hubbub. Fine goldsmith's work is done in Ashanti; spinning and weaving and dyeing are carried on mainly in the Northern Territories; silk garments

of great beauty and value are a speciality of Ashanti.

Maize is an important crop. Even before daybreak the women in the villages may be heard pounding the corn in huge wooden mortars until it is reduced to a coarse flour. The moist, hot climate makes the Gold Coast and Ashanti unhealthy for Europeans.



POUNDING MAIZE INTO FLOUR

The most prevalent disease is malaria. The Northern Territories, being drier, are less unhealthy, but here diseases of the respiratory organs, like bronchitis, are common, owing to the cold nights during the period of the dry easterly *harmattan*, which blows in the cool season.

Sierra Leone was so named by the Portuguese who, about the middle of the fifteenth century, discovered a high range of hills at the mouth of a river on the west coast of Africa. This range they named the *Sierra Leone*, which means *Lion Mountain*. The name has since been given to the river and to the country through which the river flows. For many years the slave ships of European countries came to the broad estuary and carried back negroes, who had been brought to this point and sold by the

chiefs to the whites, for work on the sugar and cotton plantations of America. Later, the colony was used as a settlement for freed slaves, hence the name of its important city is Freetown, which is the greatest seaport in West Africa, and a second-class imperial coaling station, with an excellent harbour. The principal trade is in palm kernels, kola nuts and oil. In Freetown are English and other white people who have been attracted by trade and commerce. Many have their residences on the hills, which rise in a mountain shaped like a sugar-loaf to a height of over 4,000 feet. Pagans, Christians, Mohammedans; black, white and mixed races; natives and foreigners; labourers, traders and professional men, all mingle in Freetown. The Krubois do most of the labour in the town and along the water front.

Rice forms the staple food of the country; fish is plentiful and in great demand. It is no uncommon thing to see the Sherbro waters about the port limits boiling over, as it were, with immense shoals of moving fish.

Cocoa.—It is interesting to notice that the beverages tea, coffee and cocoa have been in use in Western Europe only for a few centuries. They are products of hot wet lands, and it was not until the "age of discovery" that the beverages became known to white peoples. This product is frequently referred to as "cacao," which is an imitation of the word which the Mexicans used for the commodity as early as 1500. When the great Swedish scientist Linnæus was naming and classifying trees and plants, in about the year 1735, he

named the plant *Theobroma Cacao*, by which name it is known to-day. *Theobroma* is Greek for "Food of the Gods."

The original home of the cacao plant, and a region where it still grows wild to-day, is the northern part of South America. When Columbus discovered the New World he brought back to Europe this product, with many others. Cortes, when he penetrated Mexico in 1519, found that the Aztecs took no other beverage than chocolate flavoured with vanilla and spices. Another people who share with the Aztecs the honour of being the first great cultivators of cacao are the Incas of Peru. Cacao was used by the Aztecs not only for the preparation of a beverage but also as a medium of exchange. For example, they could purchase a good slave for 100 beans. The Spaniards were the first European people to adopt the beverage, and its use spread into France and thence into England.

Kola nut.—The kola or goora nut is the seed of an evergreen tree which is a native of tropical Africa. The tree is about forty feet high, and has large, leathery, oblong leaves pointed at each end, and sprays of pale yellow flowers. The seeds, which are about the size of horse chestnuts, are contained in pod-like seed vessels. The natives greatly prize the seeds for chewing, as they contain drugs which rouse them to action and help them to endure fatigue. The seeds are also used as a condiment with food. As the kola nut tree grows in the tropical south, the nuts are carried to the northern towns in baskets by donkeys. Great care is used in transport to ensure that the nuts do not dry up and spoil.

LANGUAGE AND SPEECH TRAINING

Description of Picture No. 15.—Nearly all the cocoa we drink and the chocolates we eat are made from the cacao of the Gold

Coast, where there are the largest plantations of cacao trees in the world. The handsome cacao trees, shown in the picture, grow

from ten to forty feet high. They bear clusters of tiny pink and yellow flowers, which, curiously enough, grow out from the trunk and main branches. The flowers give place to reddish fruits like small, plump marrows, which in the picture can be clearly seen growing. When ripe, the fruits within reach are picked by hand or cut off with cutlasses, those out of reach are gathered by knives fastened to the top of long bamboo canes. A native can be seen using one of these canes in the background of the picture. Native women and children gather up the pods as they fall. The women pile them in baskets and carry them on their heads to a clearing in the trees as the woman in the picture is doing. When a huge pile is collected, the workers gather round to slash open the pods with their cutlasses. The picture shows a man about to cut open a pod. Inside each pod is a pulpy mass containing twenty to thirty hard seeds, the cocoa "beans." The men scoop out the pulp of the pods with their knives. A woman and child in the picture can be seen emptying the pulp from pods into a basket in the foreground. The women then divide the pulp into the separate beans (shown in the second basket), which they heap upon plantain leaves. The beans in their pulpy cases are left for about six days during which time the pulp liquefies and runs away, and the colour of the beans deepens to brown. After drying, the beans are ready for market. They are then packed in bags and shipped to other lands. In the factories the beans are cleaned, roasted and crushed. During the milling the fat in the beans melts, and the powder changes to a thick liquid. The liquid, mixed with sugar and flavouring, is run into moulds and sets as chocolate; filtered, it separates as cocoa and cocoa butter.

The frieze for the classroom wall is made up of a brightly-coloured cocoa pod and a bar of chocolate. Outline sketches for tracing these shapes are given. Half the children, those colouring the pod, will require a whole sheet of drawing paper,

while the others, who are to paint the chocolate, will need half sheets of paper. The colours for the frieze are shown in the picture. The children should first moisten their papers with a brush filled with clean water and apply the colours with broad, sweeping strokes. After colouring, the children may cut out their segments along the guiding lines, or, as the outlines are simple, the older children may cut round the shapes. They may then be mounted on the back of a strip of wall paper.

Conversation on Picture No. 15.—The children should freely describe and discuss the picture. To stimulate thought and observation, and to bring to the notice of the children any point overlooked, the teacher may make some of the following suggestions:—1. Think of words which tell you about the *skin* of these people; e.g., dark, brown, black, shiny, greasy, etc. 2. Think of words which tell you about their *hair*; e.g., black, short, curly, frizzy, etc. 3. Tell how the men are dressed. 4. Tell how the women are dressed. 5. This is the land of *Africa*. Does it look a hot or a cold land? 6. Look at the piles of red fruits like marrows. These are *cocoa pods*. At the back of the picture you can see them growing. Tell how cocoa pods grow. 7. Say carefully: "They grow from the trunks of tall trees." (Practice in *th* and *t*.) 8. A man in the picture is picking a pod. Tell how he picks it. 9. Look at the woman standing up. What does she carry on her head? What do you think is in this basket? 10. Tell what the boy standing up is doing. 11. Look at the man with a knife. Tell what he is going to do. 12. The pods are full of sticky stuff. Tell what the boy and woman bending down are doing with the sticky stuff. 13. Say carefully: "The seeds are inside the sticky stuff." (Practice in *s*.) 14. Tell what you see in the basket in front. In this basket are little *cocoa beans*. They were inside the sticky stuff which comes out of a cocoa pod. 15. The beans are crushed to make cocoa and chocolate.

Say carefully: "Crushed beans make cocoa and chocolate." (Practice in *c.*) 16. Tell what you see in the border under the picture. 17. Tell in your own words the story of cocoa.

During the conversation the leading words may be written on the blackboard; e.g., dark, brown, black, shiny, greasy, skin, short, frizzy, curly, hair, bright colours, cotton clothes, Africa, cocoa pods, tall trees, long stick, piles, heaps, knife, basket, cut open, sticky stuff, beans, chocolate.

The older children may copy these words into a book as a writing exercise, and the more familiar of them may be learnt as an exercise in spelling. Some of the less familiar words can be put in the *Scrapbook Dictionary*.

Flash Cards.—The following sentences might be written on strips of card:—

1. The cocoa tree grows in hot wet lands.
Cocoa pods grow on the tree trunks.

The pods look like small coloured marrows.

Inside the pods are cocoa beans.

2. Black men and women gather the cocoa pods.

They cut open the pods with sharp cutlasses.

Women and children scoop out the seeds.

The seeds are dried in the sun.

3. The seeds are put into bags.

The bags are put on to ships.

The ships carry the bags to England. In England the beans are made into cocoa.

4. Most white men do not like living in hot wet lands.

Negroes like to live in hot wet lands.

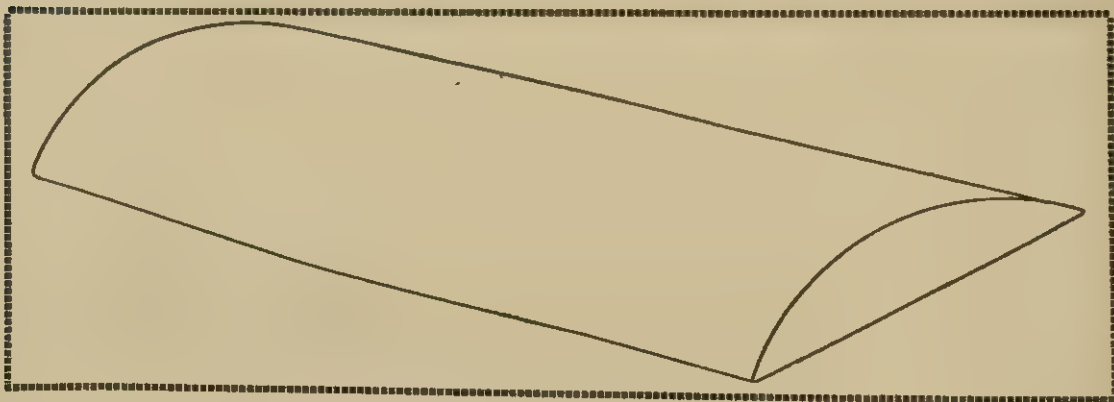
They wear pretty cotton clothes.

They do not wear shoes and stockings

ACTIVITIES AND CONSTRUCTIVE WORK

Paper picture—trunk of cocoa tree.—This may be either a group or an individual model. Cut a brown paper trunk with an irregular

outline and stick it on a coloured mount. Let the children cut out cocoa pods of various sizes and colour them. The pods



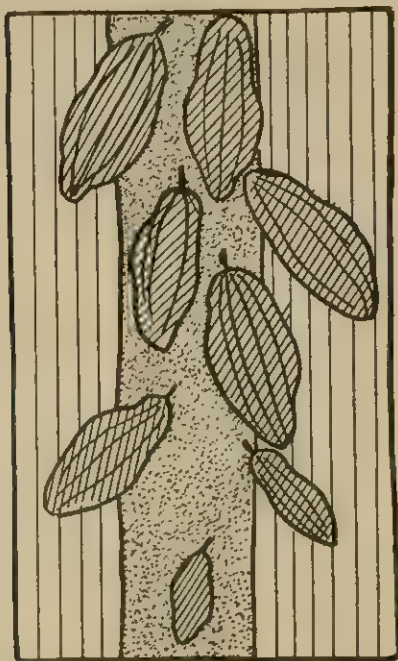
TRACE-OUT FOR FRIEZE—BAR OF CHOCOLATE

Trace this Drawing for part of the Frieze, Picture No. 13.

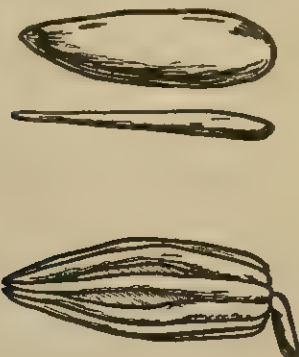


TRACE-OUT FOR FRIEZE—COCOA POD
Trace this Drawing for part of the Frieze, Picture No. 15.

are stuck to the trunk and the stalks added with paint or crayon.



Plastic model—cocoa pod.—The Fives can make the pod with clay or plasticine. Start with a narrow cylinder and add a short stalk. Make a number of "worms" the length of the cylinder and attach them all round it, pressing them together at the ends and making a slight "waist" near the base.

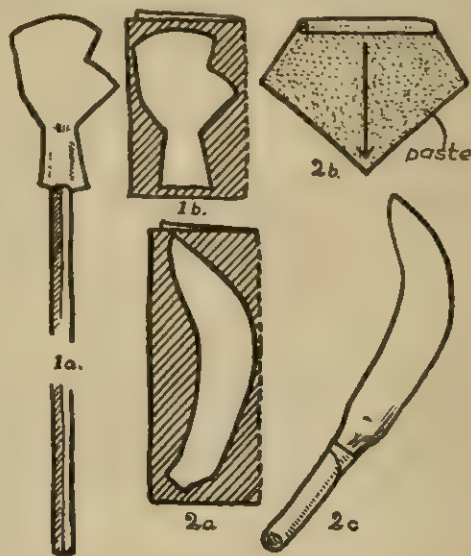


Plastic model—cocoa nibs.—The Fives can make a saucer of clay or plasticine and place a number of brown flattened pellets in it.



Paper model—cocoa picker and cutlass.—For the handle of the cutlass roll up a small square of brown paper pasted on the inside, and trim the ends. The blade may be made of white paper or tinfoil. If tinfoil is used, seccotine, or some other strong adhesive, is necessary. Cut the blade from folded paper, paste or seccotine the inside and press the sides together to enclose the end of the handle.

The handle of the picker is a long twig or kindergarten stick. Cut the blade from double paper, paste the inside and press the sides together to enclose the end of the stick.



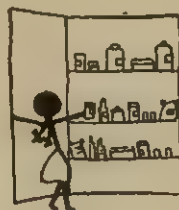
Making a Cup of Cocoa.

Jane fills the kettle.



She puts it on the gas stove to boil the water.

Dot goes to the cupboard for the tin of cocoa



Peter brings the sugar and Dick brings the milk.

Jane pours the boiling water



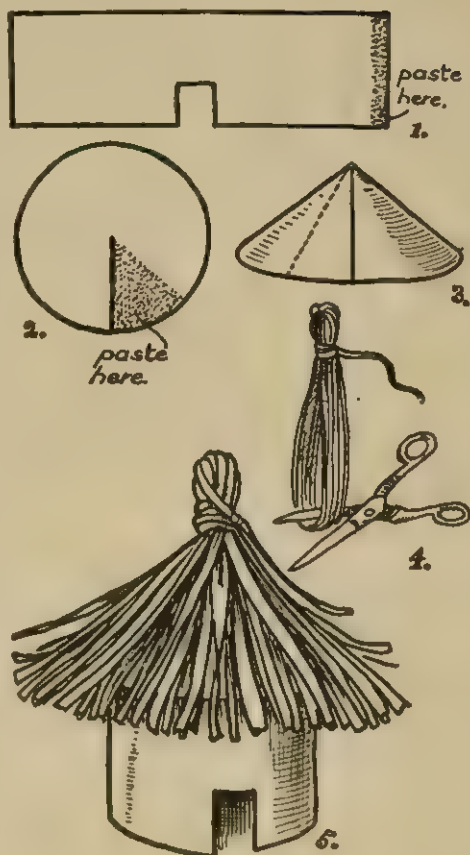
on the cocoa and sugar and milk in the cups while Dot stirs it up.



They all have a cup of cocoa before they go to bed.

Model with odds and ends—African hut.

For the walls take an oblong of paper or thin cardboard and cut a door on one long side. Paste one of the short sides and fasten the ends together. For the roof draw a circle on stiff paper from a box lid. Cut out the circle and make a cut from the edge to the centre. Pull one cut side over the other and paste them together. Wind strands of raffia round the hand, slip off the strands and cut one end, as shown in the sketch. Bind the uncut ends together in a knob. Gum the outside of the roof and place the raffia over it, standing the knob upright on the top. Place the roof on the hut and trim the raffia to make a projecting thatch.



Co-operative group model—African village.—The children's models of huts described above may be grouped to make villages on sand trays. Group about a dozen huts together, then make a surrounding hedge to keep off the wild beasts. The hedge may be made of broken pieces of twig stuck into a base of plasticine, or of paper pulp moulded to shape and coloured brownish green. Fill the bare spaces on the tray with palm trees. Make the trees in the same way as the sugar canes on page 408, using wider leaves fringed at the edges by scissors, and leaving out the leaves on the lower part of the stem.

GEOGRAPHY TALKS

THE COCOA TREE

NOW that we have seen the picture and talked about cocoa and chocolate I will tell you the story of this wonderful tree and of the black people who work so hard to send us cocoa beans. Let me show you on a map where the cocoa tree grows. (A blackboard sketch of Africa will answer the purpose.) The country across this part of Africa (the equatorial regions), is the hottest part of the world, because

this part of the world is nearest to the sun. All day and every day it is burning hot. In some parts it is not only hot but wet. Here along this long curving coast (the Gulf of Guinea) the winds blow from the sea, and for nine months out of every twelve they bring rain. Rain, rain, rain, it pours day in and day out. Some living things grow well in rain and hot sun. Trees especially grow well. Not the oak trees and elm trees that we see in England, but the cocoa trees, the palm oil trees and the rubber

trees. Instead of the trees giving us acorns as the oaks do, they give us cocoa pods or nuts full of oil. The rubber trees have milky white rubber under their bark, and all these things, cocoa pods, oil nuts and rubber, the negroes gather for us in England.

One of the most wonderful trees that grows in the forest lands of the Guinea Coast is the cocoa tree. There are so many plantations of cocoa trees along this coast-land that the country is known as the *Cocoa Coast*.

The leaves of the cocoa tree are oblong, smooth and pointed. They are bright green in colour, and sometimes grow eighteen inches long. Tiny pink and yellow flowers spring in clusters from the trunk and main branches of each tree, and these give place to fruits looking like small marrows. In three or four months the little fruits swell into large pods, and their green colour changes to red or yellow. When they are ripe, the fruits within reach are cut through their stalks with cutlasses. A cutlass is a large knife with a broad blade which is curved at the point. The pods growing out of reach are cut off by men using a long bamboo cane with a knife fastened to the top of it. Women and children gather up the pods as they fall, pile them in baskets, and carry them off on their heads to an open space between the trees.

When a huge pile is heaped up, the workers gather round to break open the pods. Men slash them open with cutlasses, and scoop out the insides with the curved points. Then they throw the tough rinds on one side, and pile the contents of the pods in a heap in front of them. Inside the pods are sticky masses of white pulp, in which are arranged about thirty beans in rows. Women take the sticky masses in their hands, and break them into separate beans. They cover the heaps of beans with plantain leaves. After a few days the beans turn a dark, chocolate-brown colour; they are then either spread out in the sun to dry, or taken to hothouses, where they are fanned with hot air from machines. Now



TRACE-OUT OF
NEGRO WOMAN
FOR THE CHILD-
DREN TO COLOUR

the beans are ready for market. They are packed in bags, and shipped to many other countries.

When the cocoa beans arrive from over the sea, they are placed in a machine which cleans them and sorts them into sizes. They are then roasted for an hour, and afterwards put through a machine which splits off their shells and crushes them into small pieces called nibs. The nibs are showered into a mill which turns them to powder, but they leave the mill as thick liquid. This is because the grinding of the millstones warms the nibs and melts the fat in them. This fat is called cocoa butter. The liquid flows through cloths which filter the cocoa butter, leaving a brown powder behind. The brown powder is the cocoa which we buy in tins and packets at any grocer's shop.

Some of the cocoa butter is mixed with

sugar and flavouring, such as vanilla, to make chocolate. Thus we get both food and drink from the cocoa tree. Remember this story and tell it to your mother when you offer her a piece of your next chocolate Easter egg.

THE NEGROES OF THE COCOA COAST

DO you remember what I told you in the story of sugar about the negroes who were brought from Africa to work as slaves? It was from the country now known as the Cocoa Coast that many poor negroes were taken to America. Black chiefs used to collect the negroes and sell them to white traders, who carried them far from home over the sea. But black men and white men are now friends, and



PUTTING ON THE ROOF OF A HOUSE IN THE COCOA COAST

black men in Africa work for white men by growing cocoa trees and gathering the pods. It is so hot and wet in the forest lands that white men do not like living there very long. They may become ill with fever, or nasty flies may bite them and make them very ill.

In some parts of the forest it is almost as black as night, for the trees grow so close together that the sun cannot shine through them. Few animals live in these parts, flowers cannot grow, and no birds are seen. But where the forest is not so thick, monkeys chatter in the tree tops, brightly coloured birds and beautiful butterflies flit backwards and forwards, snakes hurtle through the grass or twine round the branches.

It is only black people who can live happily in the hot, wet forest lands. Many of them build their houses of the red clay soil. They dig up large lumps, mould them into rough bricks and dry them in the sun. Then they mix more clay with water into a soft mass, build their huts with the bricks and smear the soft wet mud over them to join them firmly together. The roofs of their huts are thatched very carefully with large leaves and tall grass so as to keep out the heavy rain. Some people who live near the rivers build their houses on piles or posts, so that they live up in the air. Can you guess why they build their huts on piles? In the forests are wild beasts that might break into their houses at night, and in the rivers are hungry crocodiles and great river-horses.

Crocodiles are nasty creatures. Have you ever seen them at the Zoo? They are long slippery animals with very long tails, short legs and, oh my! such tremendous jaws with sharp teeth. Their long bodies and tails are covered with thick knobby skin. All day long they lie buried in the mud beside the rivers with only their noses showing out. If you were walking that way you would not see them. You would say, "Pooh, that's a lump of mud. It can't be anything alive." But don't you dare go too near that lump of mud! If you do—

TRACE-OUT OF CROCO-
DILE FOR THE CHIL-
DREN TO COLOUR



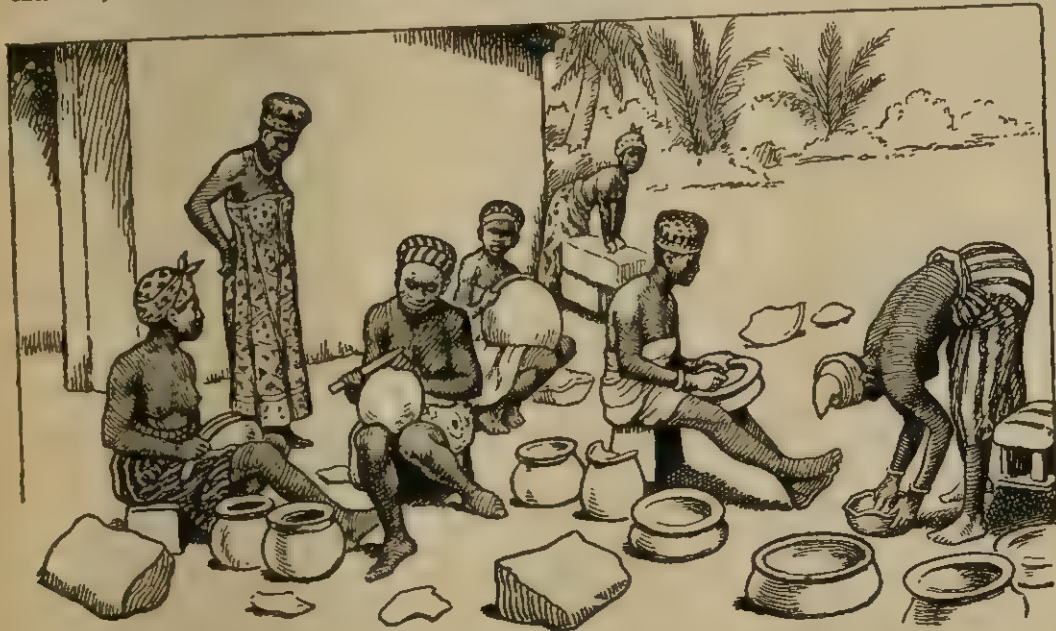


TRACE-OUT OF RIVER-HORSE FOR THE CHILDREN TO COLOUR

snap! The lump has been watching. The terrible jaws open, and before anyone can help you, the crocodile will drag you off to the water and make a meal of you. No wonder the people build their houses on piles! There is only one creature that is friendly with the crocodile. It is the crocodile bird. And what do you think this bird does? It cleans the crocodile's teeth! When the crocodile has had a good meal it wants its teeth cleaned, so it opens its jaws and the crocodile birds hop along and pick out any pieces of meat left in the crocodile's teeth. Did you know that crocodiles lay eggs? Yes; like snakes, hens, ducks and other birds, crocodiles lay eggs. The mother puts them in a muddy hole, covers them up and leaves them for the hot sun to hatch out the young crocodiles. The mother does not feed her babies as fowls and ducks do, she does not need to, for directly the babies hatch out of their shells off they shuffle to the water and begin snapping their jaws ready for something to eat. No, I do *not* like crocodiles.

What about river-horses! Are they nasty too? No, river-horses are big, lazy animals that live all day in the water, and go on land to eat grass during the night. They are like giant pigs with very thick skins and the most ugly faces you can think of. In the Zoo the river-horse is called the hippopotamus, which means exactly the same thing. The chief way in which it is like a horse is that it eats grass. When the negroes go out in their canoes, which they make by hollowing out tree trunks, they take care never to go near a river-horse. He is a friendly creature so long as no one spoils his sleep. But if you dare go too near and wake him up, he becomes angry. Quickly he swims for your canoe. He dives underneath it, and then, when his great bulky body comes up, over goes the canoe, and out you go too, into the water. Yes, and before you can swim to safety along comes a nasty crocodile and—snap!—nobody will ever hear of you again.

Of course the negroes get used to crocodiles and river-horses. They know how to



MAKING POTS ON THE COCOA COAST

keep out of their way, and get on with their work. The negro women are very hard-working people. They are tall and strong and carry heavy loads on their heads. Sometimes, for the white traders, they carry baskets of cocoa beans, at other times oil nuts or rubber. Besides the baskets on their heads they often carry their babies, too, slipped in a cloth on their backs. When the women are not busy carrying loads they help to build houses, make pots and pans from the red clay, and weave their own cotton cloth. Sometimes the young men do weaving, too, and to help them hold the cloth out firm and straight they use their toes as well as their fingers. To make their

clothes look pretty they dye them in the juice of a blue plant. Some of them earn enough money to buy gay cotton cloth which is made in England. They do not make shirts and blouses, but wrap the cloth round them as we do shawls. In their gardens they grow rice, sugar canes and sweet potatoes. There are plenty of fruits to be had from the trees, and fishes from the water. They do not smoke like the negroes in America but they chew betel nuts, which make their lips and teeth a bright red colour.

We should have to go without a great many nice things if the negroes of the hot wet forests did not work for us.

PROJECTS FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

By HILDA K. F. GULL

Introduction.—The project method is still comparatively new in our schools, but its rapid rise to popularity proves that it is founded upon sound principles.

Apparently it came to England by way of America, where Professor Dewey's famous centres of interest were bringing new life into the curriculum, and the curriculum into vital touch with life.

Projects, however, did not originate in the Dewey Schools.

If we examine the underlying principles of the method, we shall see that they are very much in line with the theories of Friedrich Froebel, founder of the kindergarten, and author of *The Education of Man*.

Froebel was a biologist as well as a great educator and was the first to realise that nature has much to teach about education. He called his own system the "Developing Method," because he felt that development is the only true goal of education, and he studied growth in nature in order to apply nature's laws to the development of human beings.

The great truth which he thus learned is that all living things develop only through self-activity. The young seedling puts forth activity in response to rain and sun; the young animal develops through muscular activity induced by the stimuli of its environment, and if we would promote healthy growth in the young of human beings we must give them the kind of environment which will stimulate that self-activity most suited to aid harmonious, all-sided development.

To test this truth in relation to human beings it is only necessary to look back through the ages and trace the rise of man from primitive times to the position that he now occupies in the world. Many factors influenced development, but always we shall find that each step towards civilisation was made only in response to a felt need.

It has been said that necessity is the mother of invention: most certainly necessity has always been the stimulus to self-activity. First man becomes conscious of need, then he puts forth energy in order

to satisfy it. By so doing he learns to think constructively and to carry out thought in action.

Physical and mental activity by which mind and body work together to achieve a pre-conceived course of action, are of the greatest value in development. It is this type of self-activity which the project method seeks to stimulate.

The realisation of purpose as the strongest and most natural stimulus to self-activity is the basic principle of the method, and constitutes its special contribution to present-day education.

All modern methods consider the child's point of view and use interest as a spur to effort, but whereas they attempt to make the subjects of the curriculum *interesting to the child*, the aim of the project method is to let the subjects of the curriculum *arise out of the interests of the child*.

Interest and purpose are closely allied, but although interests have been carefully investigated and used for educational ends, purpose has been neglected.

This seems strange when we consider the importance of purpose in life, and its relation to character. Purposive activity is man's essential privilege, shared by none other of the higher animals. Through it man has progressed towards civilisation, and by its means he is still developing his powers and daily gaining new mastery over his environment. The value and strength of a man's purpose is in no small measure the index to his worth, and to train children to conceive a worthy purpose and to strive whole-heartedly in its attainment is one of the best ways of strengthening and developing character.

When education is based on the *felt* needs, or purpose, of the child we are following nature's plan and fostering development of the individual in the way in which nature provided for the development of the race.

Considered in this light, far from being new, projects are the oldest and most educational methods in the world.

The study of nature reveals yet another truth of profound value to the teacher. Whilst purpose is nature's method of development for men, nature trains children by means of play.

Karl Groves, the psychologist, says that play is of the utmost value, since through play the young of all the higher animals perfect themselves in those activities in which they must seriously engage in later life. Play then is the natural preparation for maturity, and the purpose of childhood is play.

Froebel was by no means the first educationist to recognise the value of play, but it is to him that we owe our modern conception of its nature and function. He is responsible for our realisation that whilst the very young child plays for the sheer joy of the activity itself, he comes later to regard the *outcome* of the activity as its chief attraction. At this stage it is the end rather than the means which is valued.

Froebel taught us to bridge this step in the child's development by a combination of work and play by means of which the best in both may be used for educational ends, and the child's whole-hearted absorption in play may be used in such a way as to develop concentration in work.

He did not use *projects* to this end, but in the project method we find a new application of his principles which seems peculiarly suited to present-day needs.

Projects teach children to think, and through play and purposive self-activity to acquire the knowledge and skill which will be needed in later life.

The new report on the *Infant and Nursery School* states that for little children "the play-way is the best way". When play and work are combined in purposive self-activity, play often takes the form of imitation of adult life, and a child thereby begins to desire certain knowledge and power without which his play purpose is hampered.

Through imitative play he is stimulated to learn to read, to write and to count, since all these things are necessary if he would

copy faithfully the activities around him. Thus, urged by his own purpose he sets to work to acquire knowledge in order that it may be put to immediate use. Because it is gained vitally, through purposive self-activity, it is retained.

The project or purpose is usually known as the centre of interest, and because of this the method is sometimes mistaken for a revived form of the old type of "correlation." This is unfortunate, for, apart from the centre of interest, the two methods have little in common.

In "correlation," the purpose was the purpose of the teacher; the aim to show the connection between the various subjects of the curriculum.

Froebel had pleaded for "connectedness" whereby the child may see "unity in diversity and diversity in unity." "Correlation" was an attempt to put this principle into practice.

In a correlated scheme of work, reading, writing and number, story, poetry and song, constructive work and even dancing and games were taught in relation to the central idea. Sometimes the method worked admirably, since for little children subjects taught in isolation are a mistake, but where there was no natural connection between the various lessons the method became strained and artificial, thus defeating the ends for which it was intended.

In "projects" there is no effort to push the subjects of the curriculum into the centre of interest. Instead there are vital problems to be solved as the central thought expands naturally and joyously, embracing various aspects of life and activity in response to felt needs.

Little children must learn by personal experience, and for them the "subjects" of the curriculum should be those which are necessary to their immediate interests.

The Report on the Primary Schools states "the Curriculum should be thought of in terms of activity and experience, rather than as knowledge to be gained and facts to be stored." Rightly used the project

method is well fitted to give the kinds of activity and experience necessary in order to promote all round development.

Choice of projects.—Much depends upon the choice of project, and the question of choice is a difficult one. Ideally the children should select their own centre of interest, which should arise quite naturally out of their activities. Practically, however, the matter is not so simple.

Children's interests are apt to be fleeting and are not all of equal value. Their experience too is limited, so that they have not a wide field of alternatives from which to choose. If unaided they are left to decide upon their project, the centre of interest may be incapable of providing the necessary training, and, be therefore worthless for education.

Wise guidance from the teacher does not hinder free choice, rather, guidance facilitates it, for free choice depends upon a knowledge of alternatives, and this is where the teacher's greater knowledge and experience are needed if the children are to be freed from their own limitations.

For the same reasons children's activities also need guidance. Interests, if not developed, soon begin to pall. The teacher must know when to introduce new aspects of a subject and when to give definite instruction.

Some teachers are so afraid of hampering the children's purpose that they fail to use the educational opportunities afforded by the method. Browning's words in *A Death in the Desert* are a help in reminding us of the necessity of progress:—

"Progress is man's eternal end alone,
Not God's and not the beasts'.
God is, they are, man never is
But always hopes to be."

In order to follow the laws of development the purpose of the children must be progressive, that their interests may thereby be widened, their will power strengthened, and their knowledge increased.

The project method in relation to other methods.—Teachers often ask, "Is the project method alone sufficient to give the knowledge necessary as a foundation for future work?" Personally I do not think that it is.

Projects create an interest in acquiring certain forms of knowledge and skill, but if teaching follows only along the lines of a project there may be serious gaps in the child's training.

Even the best chosen project may fail to provide sufficient for all-round progress, and where each step is taken only in response to a felt need on the part of the child, graded sequence will be almost impossible.

A judicious combination of class teaching and individual work with apparatus, taken in conjunction with projects, seems to be the ideal, for in this way the limitations of each method are overcome.

Individual work places great emphasis on the need for a graded course of instruction and relies upon attractive apparatus to induce the necessary self-activity on the part of the child.

The *means* rather than the *end* are the attraction, and in the joy of the activity itself the child may easily lose sight of the end towards which he should be striving. Thus the means tend to become an end in themselves.

Projects concentrate on ends rather than on means, and encourage the child to undergo a certain amount of drudgery willingly, if it is necessary to the attainment of his goal.

Used together the two methods make an ideal whole, for projects offer the motive and use for the systematic instruction which individual apparatus provides. Thus both ends and means are used rightly, and the child's will power and initiative are strengthened and encouraged.

When the project does not branch out into certain necessary subjects of the curriculum, individual work and other methods can be used without spoiling the centre of interest. This is much better than forcing

into the project subjects which do not naturally belong to it, and which are not needed for its completion.

Ordinary lessons, unconnected with the centre of interest, are not unwelcome to the children, and give the teacher an opportunity to fill up gaps in their knowledge and to ensure that they are gaining a sound foundation.

Individual work has other practical advantages. A large number of children cannot all work at every part of the project at the same time, neither can one teacher attend adequately to fifty children all at once.

Educational apparatus provides a means of keeping a whole class profitably employed while the teacher gives definite instruction to small groups.

Time tables.—Time tables are much less rigid than in the past and most teachers are at liberty to make slight variations.

Certain periods such as those devoted to religious instruction, physical training, singing and recreation are necessarily fixed, but the times in between are usually allotted so as to provide a continuous period for the 3 Rs, and times for nature study, poetry and stories, homework and so forth.

The continuous period for the 3 Rs can be used for project work whenever the centre of interest demands such activities. As nearly every project necessitates reading, writing and arithmetic in some measure, the period may be left on the time table and used for project work when suitable, and for definite training in the 3 Rs when the project fails to provide sufficient practice in these subjects.

Handwork, too, is allotted a long continuous period in the modern time table, and since children's interests are nearly always practical, the project is certain adequately to fulfil all the demands of this subject of the curriculum.

The other subjects may or may not arise out of the project—but if they do not arise they should not be omitted altogether, since all-round development is the aim of education

and children must be brought into contact with as many suitable experiences as possible.

A time table will be found indispensable at the beginning of project work, for projects are of slow growth. Purpose must be allowed to develop, and if waste of time and effort are to be avoided, the children need definite occupations until their project itself *projects* them into those of their own planning.

As the project progresses it will embrace more and more of the day's activities, but proportion must be maintained, and some form of time table is a help towards this end.

Types of projects and their value.—*Homes.*—Experience shows that with the youngest children projects connected with the home and family are the most popular and the most educative. The home comprises the child's world until he comes to school, therefore school should be a natural extension of the home environment.

In the free play of the little ones lies the key to their interests. Simple home projects arise naturally out of play activities based on family life, including domestic activities, shopping and gardening.

Play houses are a great joy and provide many and varied opportunities for development. By means of playful imitation of home occupations the children learn to speak easily and fluently, and gain valuable sense experiences.

One class of Five-year-olds spent many happy hours in a "project kitchen" where they made a big "gas" stove and cooked "rashers" of paper bacon, cabbages, and potatoes made of clay.

Another set of Fives planned a home corner in their classroom, which they furnished with a table and chairs made of boxes. Hessian cushions were stuffed with torn paper, and decorated with tiny pieces of coloured felt arranged in floral designs.

Pictures for the walls were also floral—Michaelmas daisies, coloured in pastel and

cut out by the children, were arranged in the form of a vase of flowers and mounted on a piece of grey paper. Strips of cardboard, painted gold, were glued round for a frame. Other kinds of flowers and leaves, the result of nature lessons and expression work, were similarly used and made an effective wall decoration.

Curtains, complete with a tiny frill, framed imaginary windows, and an all-over design was printed on the muslin by means of potato cuts, the units having been prepared by the teacher.

The beginnings of weaving were learnt in connection with the making of a mat from an old straw hat and strips of felt. Paper table mats were also carried out in woven strips.

A dresser held an array of carton cups decorated with stick-printing, or coloured paper shapes. Saucers and bowls were made of paper pulp similarly ornamented.

Flour and salt mixture makes excellent cakes which may be painted with water colours and used for tea parties. Such activities necessitate counting, and give ideas of size and shape, thus laying a good foundation for future work in number.

Where space is limited, dolls' houses can be used instead of play houses. The simpler the form the better, since half the value of the project consists in the encouragement which it gives to ingenuity and initiative.

With older infants home projects may take the form of story-book homes, or dwellings of long ago, thus leading the child to an interest in literature and history. Geography may arise out of projects connected with homes in other lands, and a miniature garden in a sand tray gives experiences connected with both geography and nature study.

It is not possible in this article to give complete accounts of home and garden projects, but these are fully dealt with in my book *Projects in the Education of Young Children*, which gives detailed descriptions of such work with instructions for making indoor gardens, etc.

Shopping projects arise naturally out of home projects and are full of possibilities. Each type of shop has its own contribution to make towards the child's store of knowledge, and offers its own unique set of experiences.

Possibly there are few projects so rich in opportunities for work in the 3 Rs. Number and measurement grew out of the need for exchange and barter, and there can be no better way of teaching them than by using them in the activities for which they were originated. Writing seems also to have had its beginnings in the necessity for some form of record whereby the salesman could keep count of his wares and check his takings.

One problem which all teachers experience in teaching weights and measures is the difficulty of getting little children to realise the reason for fixed units of measurement. Tables of weights and measures have been a bugbear to most of us in our youth, but shopping projects solve this difficulty simply and naturally.

The youngest children will at first play happily measuring sand in tins and exchanging each tinful for a cardboard penny. Soon, however, they come to realise the need for larger or smaller measures in exchange for more or less pennies. So ideas of value begin.

Further experience leads them to find tins of various sizes unsatisfactory as measures, and imitation prompts them to demand scales and weights.

Shopping projects are suitable for children of all ages in the infant school. The difference between projects with Fives and projects with Sevens will lie rather in treatment than in the actual type of shop, though a post office or library is naturally more suited to the needs of the Seven-year-olds than to those of the Fives.

A confectioner's shop is a delight to the younger children, who can make cakes, buns and bread of every description from flour and salt paste, and gain experiences in labelling and pricing their goods correctly.

The grocer's shop introduces the pound and its parts. Empty tea and other packets look very realistic if refilled with sand or sawdust, and have the advantage of being full size. In weighing the correct amounts the children will gain ideas connected with volume and size.

A dairy is a good beginning for a farm project in a town school, for since most schools now provide mid-morning milk, the subject has immediate interest for the children.

Pint, quart and gallon are learned as the "dairyman" measures his "milk." If real bottled milk is supplied, the children can themselves be responsible for its daily distribution, as was done by a class of Six-year-olds in a city school.

The "dairy" ordered the correct number of milk bottles each morning, delivered them to the various classes, collected the pennies and made up the accounts. It also provided biscuits to eat with the milk.

Milk products, such as butter and cheese, were also sold and the children made butter by shaking cream in a bottle.

They gained practice in counting, and learnt to do money sums far beyond the range of the usual work for Sixes; moreover they realised the use of money and bills in real life, and their activities were intensely purposeful. (See drawing from a photograph on page 442.)

A draper's shop necessitates the use of a yard measure and teaches the meaning of pairs and dozens. Children love measuring and are interested in the history of the standard units. Measuring with their own arms, hands, thumbs and feet soon leads to a realisation of the need for standard measures if fair dealing is to be obtained.

Measuring materials for actual use will provide a motive for accuracy—a quality seldom found in young children.

The stock-in-trade offers experiences with many and varied materials:—



THE DAIRY

Ribbons may be made from the lengths of paper found in real ribbon rolls. The children can decorate them with crayons or stick-printing, measure them out in given lengths, and sell them according to the prices obtaining in real shops.

Buttons may be made of clay and painted. The children can stick them on to cards in dozens and half-dozens. Hooks and eyes, dress-fasteners, safety pins, etc., may be similarly treated.

Pairs of socks, gloves, and shoe socks are easily cut out of paper, and the children can measure their own feet and mark their work with its correct size.

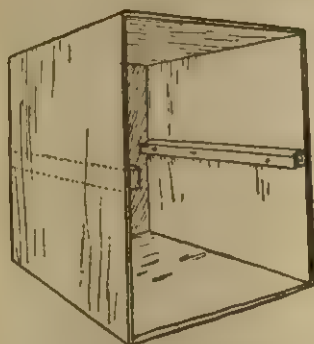
Paper handkerchiefs provide exercises in pattern making and can be boxed in dozens, whilst cut paper d'oyleys may be made and arranged in the same way.

Reels of silks and cottons, consisting of empty reels painted to the required shade and labelled with their colour, teach the

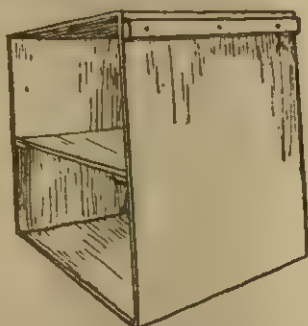
names of colours and how to read and write them.

Paper patterns for dolls' clothes stating the required amount of material, give further opportunities for measurement, and rolls of cheap wall or lining paper, or even newspaper, are quite satisfactory for "fabrics."

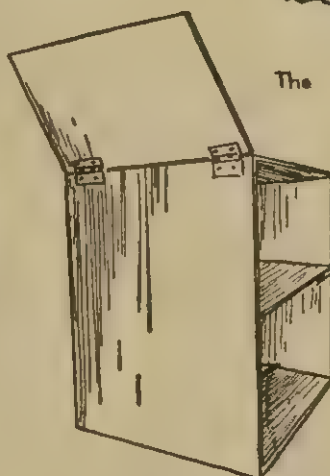
The children's experience will be increased by contact with patterns of real textile materials which they can make into pattern books, labelling them with correct names and prices per yard. The story of the production of such textiles will widen their horizon and bring the class into touch with geography and nature study.



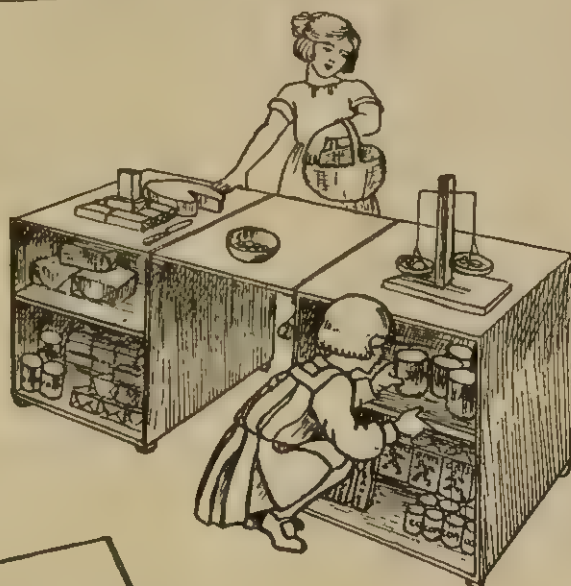
1. Laths fixed to either side of box to support a shelf.



2. Lath to support plywood flap.



3. Flap hinged to top edge of box.



The counter assembled



Fix domes of silence at corners

Reckel Reck.

PROJECTS AND PICTURES

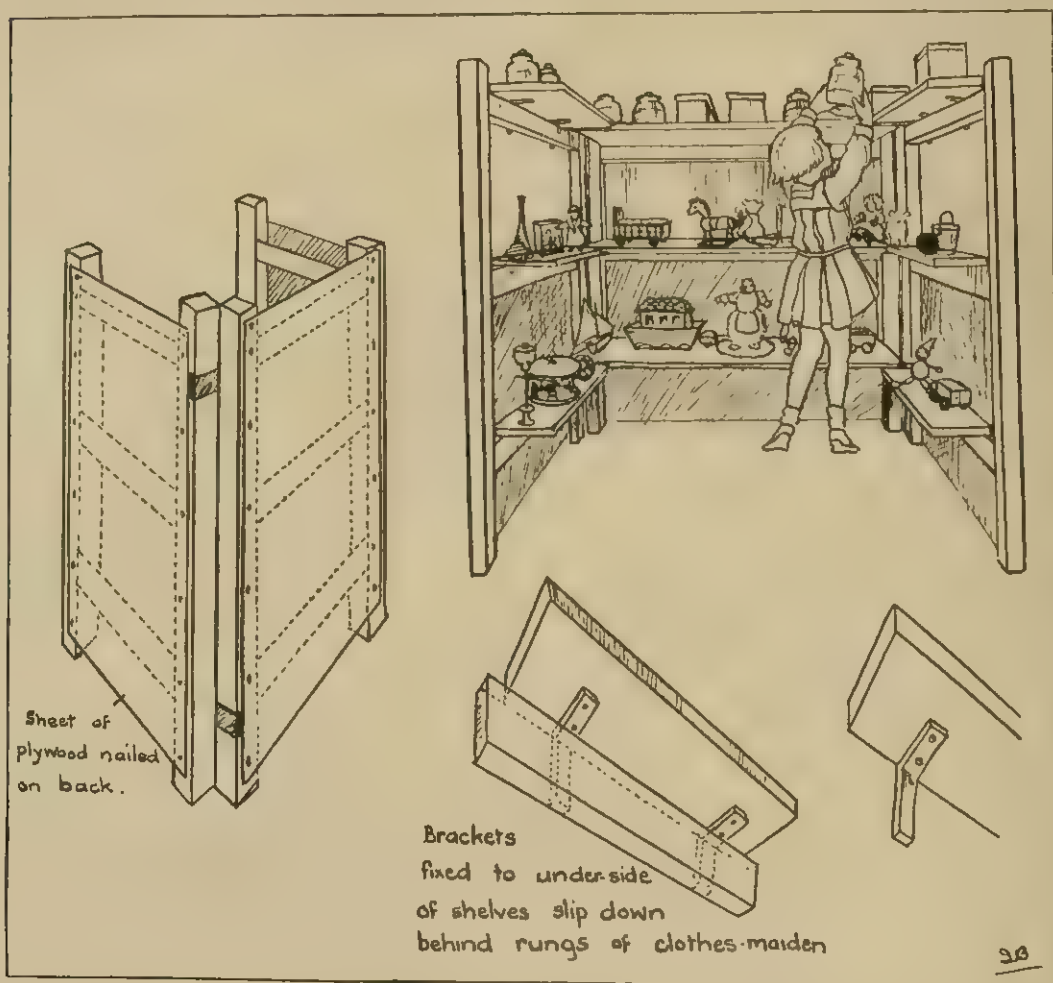
A *post office* is an ideal centre of interest for the older infants or Standard I., since it introduces so many activities and covers so wide a field of interest. Making and selling stamps and postal orders, keeping savings bank books, weighing parcels and writing telegrams are all educational occupations, and call for accuracy in counting and money transactions.

The writing of telegrams provides a splendid exercise in composition. It is especially suitable at this stage as young children cannot write much. The necessary

terseness of a telegram is an ideal foundation for *précis* writing in later years, as well as a good exercise in clear self-expression.

Simple ways of making shops.—Where space is limited, or the school is used for other purposes in the evenings, shops which are easily packed away are the most convenient.

To make such a shop obtain two tea chests from a grocer. These will serve for a counter. Turn the chests on their sides



A TOY SHOP FROM A CLOTHES-HORSE

so that the openings face the inside of the shop. Take a piece of plywood and hinge it on to the top of one of the chests so that it falls just over the edge of the second chest, so forming a movable top.

A shelf may be fitted inside each of the chests by gluing or nailing small pieces of wood at each side to support a piece of plywood.

A wooden clothes-horse makes a good back to the shop. It may be filled in with sheets of plywood or strawboard and then fitted with wooden shelves.

Each shelf should have a small bracket screwed to each under side. These brackets fit between the rungs of the clothes-horse and the plywood back. They hold the stock-in-trade during school hours, and are easily taken down and stored with their contents in the cupboards provided in the tea chests.

Domes of silence will facilitate removal, and since the clothes-horse folds flat against a wall, and the tea chests can be pushed into a corner there is no difficulty in storing and little space is required.

Caravans, barrows and bakers' carts are other ways of overcoming unfavourable classroom conditions.

A caravan fitted with pedlar's wares can be made of a box mounted on wheels. Painted corrugated paper can be used for the roof.

Cartons and pill boxes of various kinds make excellent pans if given a coat of aluminium paint, whilst discarded tooth-brushes may be fitted with dowel or old wooden knitting needles for handles, and turned into household brooms.

Tapers cut into short lengths and tied up in bundles look like candles, and soap is readily fashioned from glitter wax or clay.

Such commodities offer scope for varied kinds of handwork and the project is entirely self-contained.

A fruiterer's barrow is easily made out of a baker's tray or shallow box.

A stout wooden rod screwed and glued underneath the tray with the end protruding

about 1 in. beyond the edge will form an axle for the wheels which may be cut out of plywood by the teacher if the operation is beyond the powers of the children.

Additional pieces of wooden rods are used for the front legs and shafts and the whole may then be painted a pleasing colour.

In addition to the convenient form of this type of shop it is useful in that the wares which it displays may be almost full size. Flour and salt mixture is useful for apples and oranges; bananas and potatoes can be made of clay and painted, whilst cabbages look attractive when made in green paper. Flour and salt makes realistic cauliflowers when set in the centre of paper leaves.

Bakers' carts may be made of plywood or on the same principle as the caravan and fitted with movable shelves which the children can fill with real or imitation bread, buns and cakes.

Some practical suggestions for carrying out shopping activities.—Few activities require more careful planning than shopping. Well arranged it gives most valuable training, but if the procedure is left to chance the children become either disorderly or bored, and so gain nothing.

It is wise not to attempt a shopping game with more than half-a-dozen children at a time. This is not difficult to manage, as there are many things to be done in connection with a shop, and even if no practical work is needed, individual apparatus connected with buying and selling will prepare the rest of the class for the visit to the shop which they know will shortly take place.

Everything in the shop should be labelled with its name and price, and it is an advantage to have large lists hung about the room stating what may be bought and at what cost.

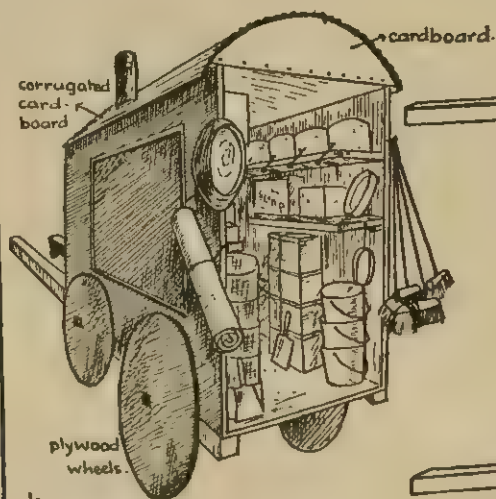
From these posters the children can make their own shopping lists and find out how much money they will need to spend, and what change they should receive. Advertisements are always useful, and provide

PROJECTS AND PICTURES

opportunities for descriptive work and for reading, writing and art of various kinds.

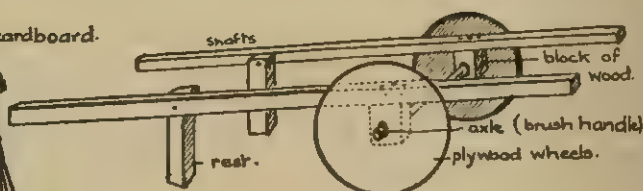
Sometimes shopping may be done by

telephone. With the dial system excellent practice in notation may be given. The children can make toy telephones out of



1.

Pedlar's Caravan basis as in '2.' with two sets of wheels and no rest. Box nailed on.



2.

Underneath the baker's tray to make fruit barrow; & under box for baker's van.



3.

Fruiterers Barrow.



4.

Baker's Cart
Basis as in '2.'
Box nailed on

Roof of corrugated card-board

Trays slip along laths fixed as in the 'Tea-Chest' Counter.

Isabel Bask

cardboard rolls, mounted on paste bottle lids or cardboard cheese boxes. Cartons make good mouth and ear pieces, and a cardboard disc may be used for the dial and numbered clock-fashion, from 0 to 9. The holes in the outer disc must be made by the teacher, but this can easily be done with a large punch. A paper clip or small nail holds the two discs together and facilitates the revolving of the upper one.

The children should each be allotted a telephone number, and a telephone list should be hung in a prominent position.

Each child should write his own order and have it in readiness to dictate over the phone.

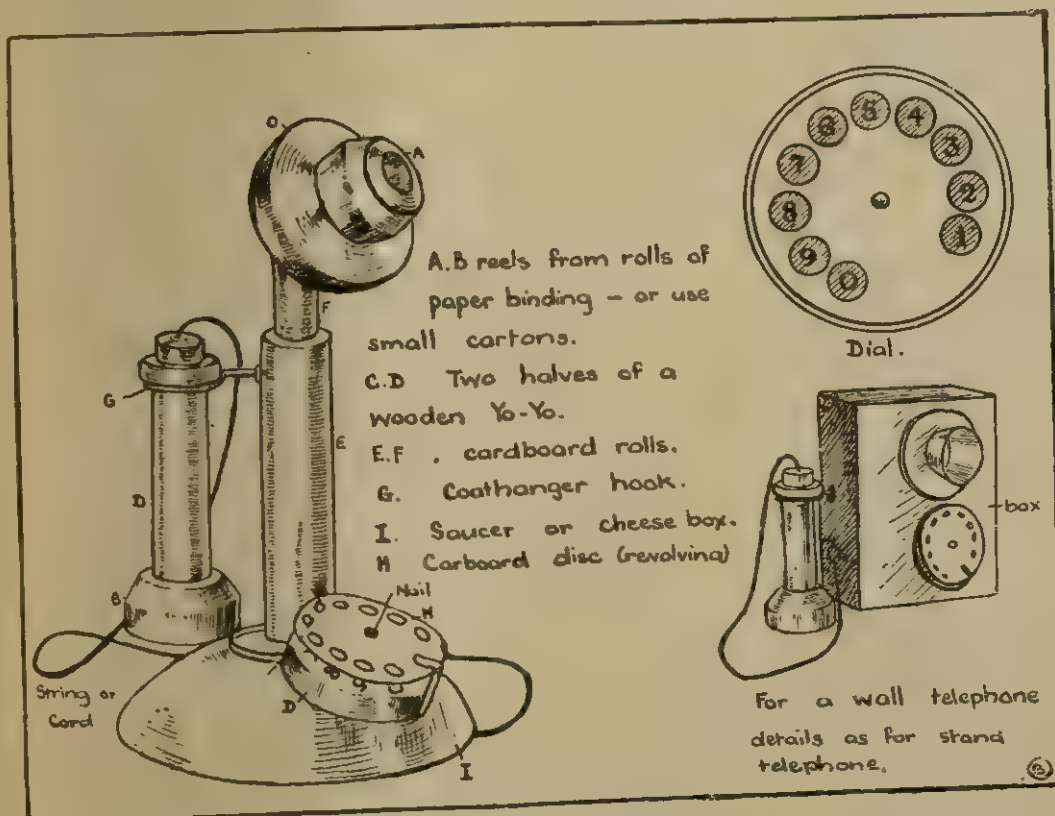
The shopkeeper may then write on the blackboard the number which he intends to ring up, and the child to whom the

number belongs telephones his order. The order is taken down by an assistant who makes out the bill, puts the goods together, addresses them and packs them into a delivery van.

By having a separate assistant for each order many children are kept profitably employed.

A variation of the game may be made by ringing up all sorts of imaginary shops, garages, etc., the teacher dictating the number and all the children writing it down and checking it from the blackboard before one child is asked to operate the dial on a large class telephone.

Toy cash registers provide additional practice in notation and quick reckoning, but many other devices will readily suggest themselves to the teacher and children once



MODEL TELEPHONE

the fascination of shopping projects is experienced.

Possibilities of means of communication for project work.—Shopping projects should widen the children's interests and introduce them to aspects of life outside their own immediate environment.

The goods sold in the various shops come from many different places and reach us by road, rail, air and water. Means of communication make valuable projects and may start from the local tram or railway station, or even from a carrier's cart.

A railway station project, which is described fully in my book,¹ led the Sixes and Sevens to read about other countries and to study plans and simple maps.

In a seaport town a class of children took a dock for their centre of interest, and learnt much about shipping and its value in commerce. Another group made a toy aeroplane, using it for imaginary journeys to foreign countries.

Holidays and amusements as centres of interest.—The immediate surroundings of the children make the best starting point for projects, and each school must have its own line of approach. For this reason, general subjects only have been mentioned and the treatment has been purely suggestive.

Holidays and amusements are of general interest to everyone—their treatment, however, will differ according to circumstances and individual interests and needs.

A zoo project.—A zoo makes a delightful centre of interest, as nearly all children love animals and like to learn about them. The subject is one which embraces many kinds of activity, and is capable of great extension.

A class of Seven-year-olds chose a zoo project because one of the children had visited a zoo. His description was so vivid and enthusiastic that the subject fired the

imagination of the others, and it was decided to turn the whole classroom into a zoo.

The animals were the first consideration. The children collected pictures of animals and read all they could find about them.

After much discussion and various experiments the cages were arranged on the walls. The picture of an animal was cut out and pasted on the wall. Bars of white paper were then cut out and pasted over the animal in the form of a cage. This treatment was most realistic, as it gave the impression of cavities in the wall. It was also practical as no floor space was needed. The window ledges were turned into pits for polar and brown bears. The polar bears lived amongst stones, chalked or painted white to look like snow, whilst the brown bears had a warmer home provided with a climbing pole.

An aviary stood on top of a low cupboard. It was made of a cardboard box wired in front, and contained trees made of twigs and green paper. Gaily-coloured parrots perched on the branches. A monkey-nut formed the parrot's body and dyed feathers were used for plumage.

Below strutted peacocks, turkeys and ducks made from larch or fir cones with heads of plasticine, tails and wings of coloured paper, and legs made of pipe cleaners.

Half larch cones coloured yellow were used to make baby ducklings swimming on a pond, and a swan was similarly made of half a pine cone, the tail and wings being cut out of white paper and glued in place, whilst the neck and head were modelled in white plasticine.

The monkey house was placed near the aviary. Monkeys of various sizes were made of pipe cleaners and swung realistically from the branches of miniature trees.

Reptiles were accommodated on the door panels with a protective cover of cellophane to prevent accidents.

Under each cage the name of the occupant was printed in bold type, together with a

¹ *Projects in the Education of Young Children*, published by McDougall's Educational Co.

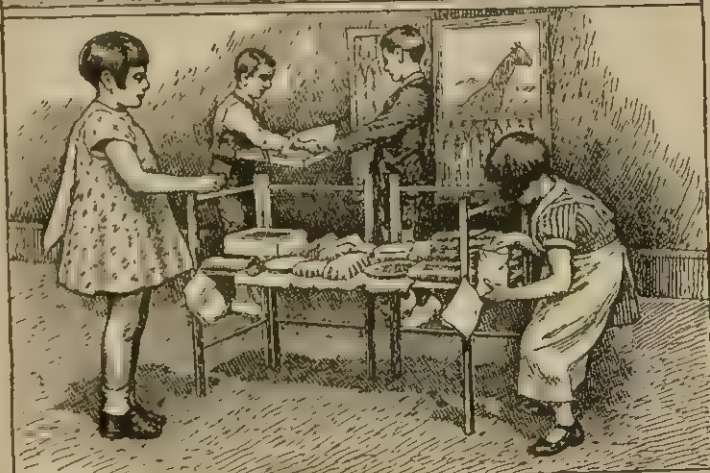
short description of its native home and habits.

This provided much scope for reading and writing and created an interest in other countries, thus widening the children's horizon and preparing them for later lessons in geography.

The opening of the zoo was announced by sandwich men (see illustration) who paraded the school and visited each classroom. A pay box was made of a clothes-horse filled in with brown paper, and a small stall was stocked with flour-and-salt buns, and monkey nuts, in order that visitors might feed the animals.

Illustrated guides were also on sale. They consisted of booklets containing pictures and accounts of the animals. Such a booklet was made by each child during reading and writing periods, and a first lesson in book-binding was given in response to a request for help in stitching the leaves together and fastening them into a limp cover.

Number entered naturally into the project, since each visitor had to plan his expenditure, pay entrance money and receive correct change. The pricing and selling of booklets, post cards, nuts and buns also necessitated counting and



SCENES FROM THE Zoo

money operations, and the children became keenly interested in this aspect of the work.

Measurement was needed in connection with the spacing of the cages and cutting of the bars.

Cinema and theatre projects.—Cinemas make excellent projects and are especially popular amongst town children.

Together with toy theatres or puppet shows they provide valuable opportunities for speech training, and it frequently happens that children who are too shy to take part in ordinary dramatic activities, will forget themselves in the excitement of speaking on behalf of the puppets, or providing the matter for a "talkie."

The making of scenarios, programmes, tickets and so forth provides practice in spelling and writing, and a motive for careful work, whilst the numbering of seats, issuing of tickets and sale of programmes and sweets give training in arithmetic.

Literature, poetry and current events will all play their part in projects of this nature, and even the percussion band may be used to provide the musical features

without which no modern performance is really complete.

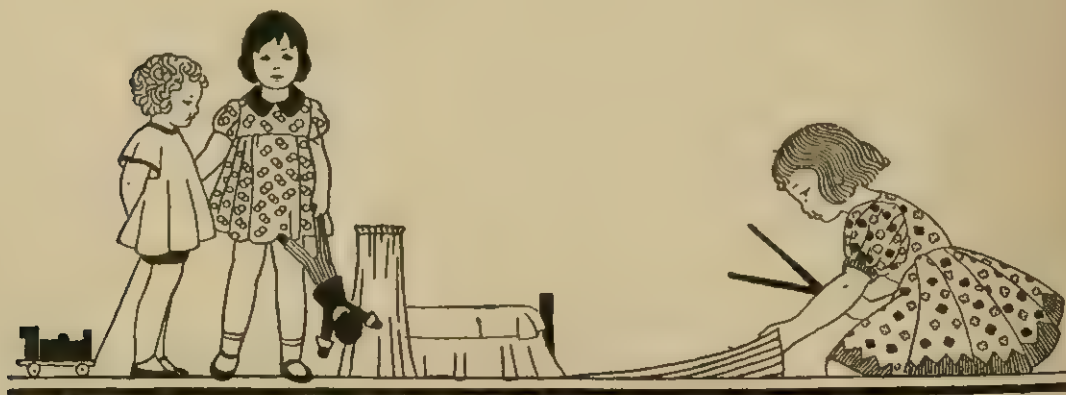
Suggestions for other Projects.—Holiday projects connected with a sea-side, farm or motor tour make delightful centres of interest, whilst purely local subjects will sometimes provide excellent material.

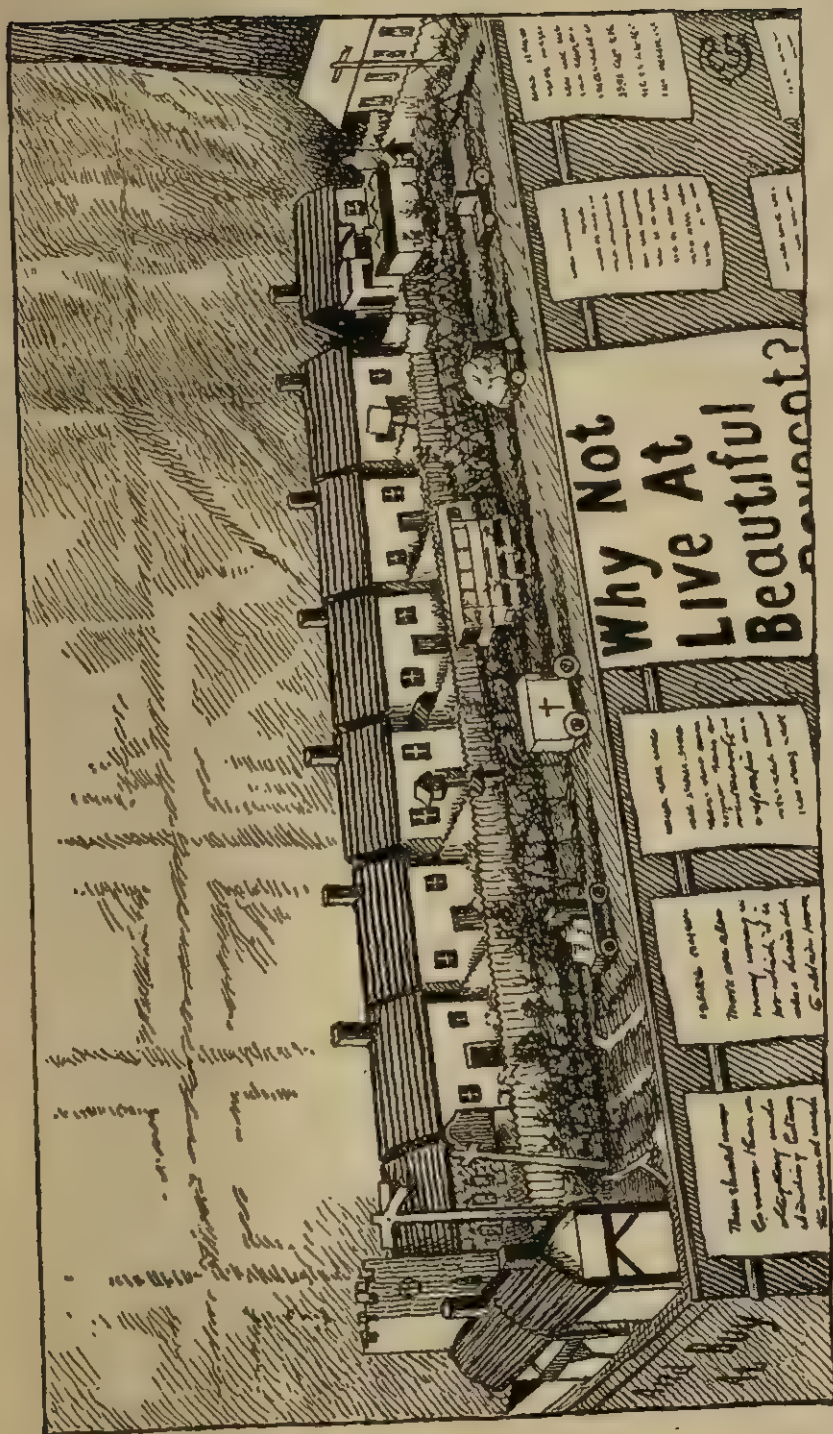
The illustration of a new housing estate is an example of the latter type of project; but canals, coal mines, docks and so forth, would afford equally valuable experiences.

There are infinite possibilities in the method, provided it is wisely handled. It must, however, be remembered that it is psychological rather than logical: a natural way of giving experiences rather than a definite means of imparting information.

When this is clearly understood, impossibilities will not be expected. Projects will be used to kindle interest and widen experience, whilst a judicious combination of other methods will be introduced to overcome their limitations.

By this means children will be given a solid, systematic foundation for the future, through a joyous life of purposive self-activity in the present.





A NEW HOUSING ESTATE

CENTRE OF INTEREST— CARE OF PETS

XIII. DOGS, CATS AND RABBITS



NAUGHTY BONZO

Drawing in Outline of Picture No. 16 in the Portfolio

Introduction.—Dogs, cats and rabbits are the most common children's pets. The youngest children will be able to tell a good deal about them. During the talks in connection with the pictures, stories and poems in this section, it will be advisable to tell the children how best to look after their pets. Sometimes a dog can be brought to school and its little owner can demonstrate how to brush it. When opportunity occurs to show any pet animals to the children, they should be allowed to draw or make plastic models of them. The following notes are intended for the teacher's information.

The care of dogs.—Almost every household has a pet, and dogs are the most common. Most dogs seem to be cared for in rather a haphazard fashion. Children can be taught a few simple rules which will make their dogs happier and more healthy.

Feeding at regular times is one of the chief aids to a dog's health. He should be given one or perhaps two good meals daily and have no scraps of any description in between. His food should be given to him at a set time each day, and if he does not eat it then, it should be taken up and given to him at his next feeding time. His plate should be washed regularly and there should always be plenty of cool, fresh water, to which some flowers of sulphur may be added in hot weather.

The amount of food should be sufficient to keep the dog at a steady weight which is correct for his size. The principal meal should consist of meat, bread and vegetables in equal parts, and the second meal of dog biscuits. The meals are best given dry, especially if the dog is fat, but gravy or soup may be added to one of them. No rabbit or poultry bones should be given, but the dog may gnaw at a good rounded marrow bone, for half an hour after food, two or three times a week. Very often a dog may be seen eating grass. This is a sign that he needs a condition powder.

All dogs, except those which are old or

delicate, are better for being regularly washed, and this should be done every week in the summer and every two or three weeks in the winter. The bath should be lukewarm,—it is most important not to have it too hot as this causes the dog great discomfort. Special dog soap or a dog shampoo should be used, which acts as a disinfectant and a deterrent to fleas. After washing, the coat should be thoroughly rinsed and then rubbed with a rough towel. In winter great care must be taken that the dog does not catch cold. He must not be let out or put in a cold kennel till some hours after the coat is thoroughly dry. A dry shampoo can be obtained to use on delicate dogs or on those afflicted with rheumatism.

All dogs need to be groomed daily. The dog should be taken out-of-doors every morning and his coat thoroughly combed and brushed. The comb used should not have sharp teeth, which scratch the flesh and cause sores. Dogs with thick hair should have it thinned out by an expert during hot weather.

A dog's eyes sometimes need bathing with boracic in water. His ears are liable to have canker and should be watched to see that they are cool and dry. His feet should be inspected daily to see that no tar from the roads, thorns or little stones are fixed between the pads or toes, as these will cause sores.

If the dog sleeps in a kennel, care must be taken to see that it is not damp or draughty. The bedding should be of straw and changed every week, and any soiled parts removed every morning. A dog that sleeps in the house should have his own box or basket, which should be slightly raised from the floor out of the draught. Straw bedding, which is changed every week, is preferable to a cushion, which is hot and gets dirty.

If a dog has to be fastened up in the daytime, he can be given a wider space in which to move about by fixing his chain to run on a long cord. House dogs must be

consistently and carefully trained in house manners. They should be sent for a run first thing in the morning, last thing at night and after every meal.

Every dog needs exercise, which must be regular, but not overtiring to the animal. An hour's walk morning and afternoon, with an occasional gallop after a ball or stick, is sufficient for a dog the size of a terrier.

The care of cats.—Cats usually receive less attention than dogs and are left to take care of themselves. This may be partly due to the fact that they are difficult to doctor, as they use their teeth and claws to resist any doses of medicine or other interference. They should, however, be just as wisely and thoughtfully cared for as any other pet.

A cat should be fed at regular times, twice or three times a day. She should have her own plate, which should be taken up and washed immediately after a meal. She loves meat, either cooked or raw, unsalted fish, and rabbit. The diet should be varied, being sometimes raw and sometimes cooked. Small, sharp bones should not be given, and the inside parts of rabbits or birds should always be well boiled as these are liable to contain the eggs of worms. Boiled liver, which acts as a slight aperient, may be given once or twice a week. Many cats are fond of biscuits. A supply of clean, cold water should be within reach at all times.

Cats are very fond of grass, it is a natural medicine and they should be always able to get at it. In the town, grass for the cat may be grown in flowerpots. Even in winter the grass will grow if the pot is kept in a warm room and placed near a window for light. The proper cat grass is Cocksfoot Grass (*Dactylis stomerator*) which may be bought in packets from Messrs. Sutton & Sons, of Reading.

Cats kept in the house should have a box in some convenient, but out-of-the-way, place filled with sand, earth or sifted

cinders. The box should be regularly emptied and refilled.

A cat keeps her own coat in condition by licking it, but some long-haired cats may need the assistance of a comb to prevent the hairs from becoming matted. A condition powder should be given occasionally, especially at moulting time in the spring.

The care of rabbits.—Brown rabbits seen in the fields should never be kept in captivity, for they will die. Tame rabbits do not belong to this country, but are imported. Some are white, with fluffy hair and pink eyes, some are black with white feet, some are black and white, and some brown and white. The most highly prized rabbits have long ears. Rabbits should be over six weeks old when bought, and should be kept in a large, airy hutch with plenty of room for exercise. Young rabbits can be cheaply and easily reared in movable hutches or pens on a grass plot in summer. Tame rabbits can be taken out and exercised each day, but care must be taken that they are out of the reach of dogs, cats, rats and foxes.

Rabbits should never be lifted by the ears, as is commonly supposed, but should be handled by gripping the loose skin of the back close behind the shoulder. Heavy animals must be supported by the other hand placed under the rump.

The animals require attention twice a day. In the morning the hutch must be cleaned out and the floor sprinkled with fresh sawdust. The water vessels must be rinsed and refilled, and the food put in the hutch. A supply of grass or hay should always be kept in the rack in the hutch while the other food should be put in a trough. Almost everything grown in a kitchen garden—except potato plants and raw tubers, rhubarb, and onions—may be given as food. It is important to supply a wide variety of food, as too much of any one kind of vegetable gives a rabbit indigestion. Small carrots, swedes, mangolds and acorns can be stored for food in the winter.

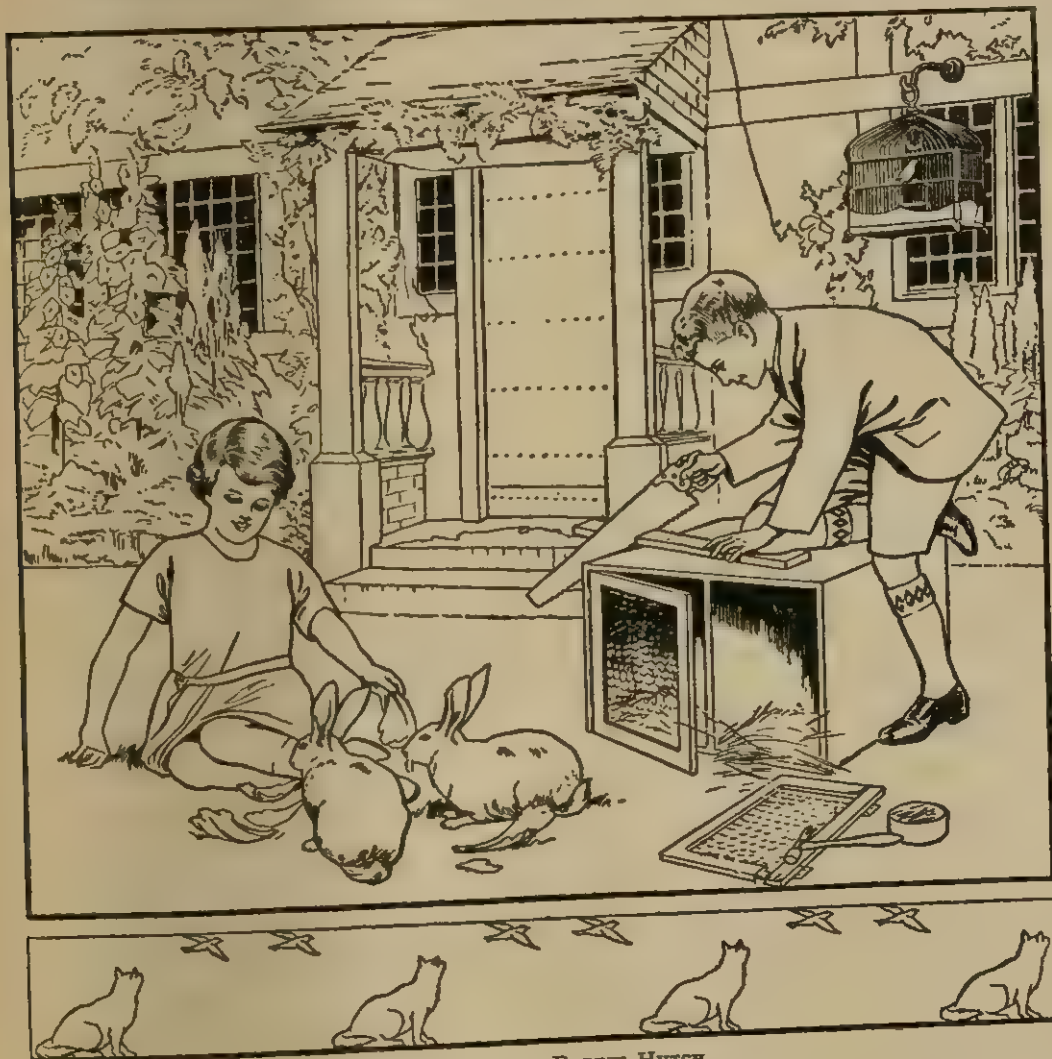
Bran, dried grains, meal of pea, bean, barley or maize, may be given soaked in milk or water.

In the evening it will be necessary only to look at the rabbits and give extra food or water if it is needed.

A movable nest is preferable to having one side of the hutch shut off, as the former can be removed for cleaning. The doe will line the nest with her own fur before her

young are born. The buck should be taken out of the hutch while the little ones are there. The young ones should not be handled, and should be left with the mother for six weeks.

Description of Picture No. 16.—Mr. Studdy, in his own inimitable way, portrays an episode in the life of his mischievous puppy, Bonzo. Bonzo has just lapped up the milk put out for the cat. He sits with his back



MENDING THE RABBIT HUTCH
Drawing in Outline of Picture No. 17 in the Portfolio

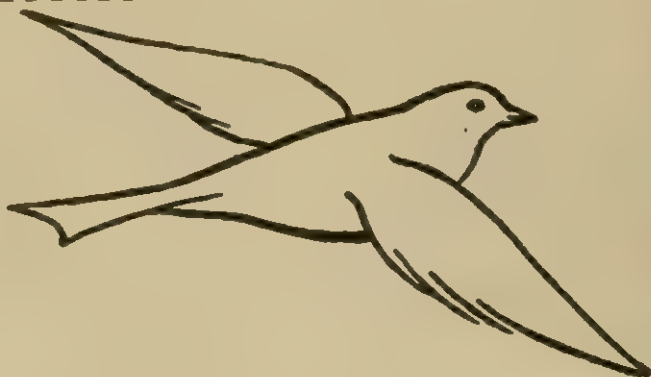
innocently turned to the saucer, licking his lips with relish, while some tell-tale white drops fall from his mouth. His expression is one of supreme, unlawful satisfaction. The cat, coming in through the open door

behind Bonzo, gazes at the empty saucer with wide-open eyes, in astonished indignation. Near by lies a child's coloured ball with some pieces torn out of it, another exhibition of Bonzo's naughtiness.

LANGUAGE AND SPEECH TRAINING

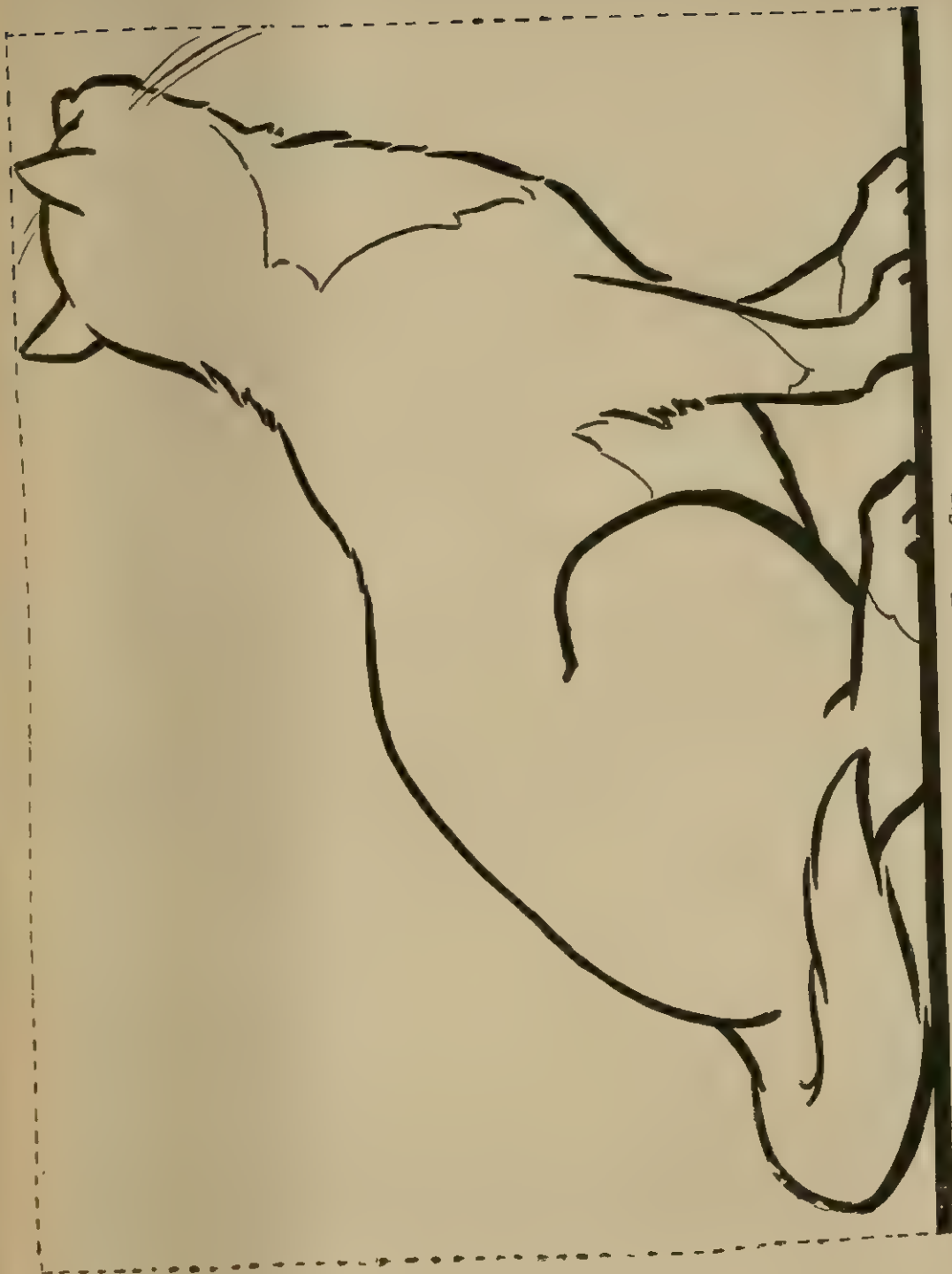
Conversation on Picture No. 16.—The children should freely describe and discuss the picture. To promote thought and observation and to bring to the notice of the children any points overlooked, the teacher may make some of the following suggestions:—1. Tell what Bonzo is. 2. Put words in these gaps to tell what Bonzo is like:— —body, —ears, —head,

—legs, —paws, —nose, —mouth, —tongue. 3. Tell what Bonzo is doing. 4. What do the white drops round his mouth tell you? 5. Tell what Bonzo has just done. 6. Tell what Bonzo is saying to himself. 7. Why does he sit with his back to the saucer? 8. Tell what the cat is doing. 9. Why does the cat stare at the saucer? 10. Give a name to the cat; e.g.,



TRACE-OUT FOR FRIEZE—CANARY

Trace this Drawing for part of the Frieze, Picture No. 17.



TRACE-OUT FOR FRIEZE—CAT
Trace this Drawing for part of the Frieze, Picture No. 17

Nigger. 11. Tell what the cat said to Bonzo. 12. Tell what Bonzo replied to the cat. 13. Tell what you think happened next. 14. Tell who tore the ball. 15. Why is the picture called *Naughty Bonzo*?

During the conversation on the picture the leading words may be put on the blackboard; e.g., puppy, fat body, large ears, round head, thick legs, big paws, little black nose, wide mouth, red tongue, milk, saucer, Nigger, ball.

The older children may copy these words into a book as a writing exercise, and the more familiar of them may be learnt as an exercise in spelling.

Flash Cards—reading and doing.—Print the following directions on strips of card; exhibit each card in turn for a few seconds to the class, and let the children take turns in carrying out the directions. Teacher draws on the blackboard an outline of a rabbit's body:—1. Give the rabbit one (or two) eyes. 2. Give the rabbit a mouth. 3. Give the rabbit whiskers. 4. Give the rabbit two ears. 5. Give the rabbit a tail. 6. Give the rabbit four legs.

This game rouses interest and induces children to read rapidly and accurately. Outline drawings of the dog and cat can be treated in a similar way.

Let's pretend.—

1. Let one child come to the front of the class and pretend to be either a dog, a cat or a rabbit. He must describe his appearance without giving the name of the animal he pretends to be. The rest of the class must guess from the description what animal is being represented.

2. Let one child pretend to be a cat and the other a dog. They carry on a conver-

sation as though they were the two animals talking to each other.

3. Let a child describe to the class what he does to keep his dog (cat or rabbit) healthy and happy.

4. All the children stand in a ring. One child is chosen and blindfolded. After being turned round three times he walks to a child in the ring and the one he chooses says, "Miaow." If the blindfolded child guesses who it is, that one comes into the ring and is blindfolded. Next time the child chosen can say, "Bow-wow," "Yap-yap," "Moo-ooo," or the noise made by some other animal.

Questions.—Tell the children to pretend that each is a dog and tell or write answers to the following questions:—1. Who are you? 2. Where do you live? 3. To whom do you belong? 4. When do you have a meal? 5. Where do you eat your meal? 6. What do you have to eat? 7. How do you spend your time? 8. How do you show that you are pleased? 9. How do you show that you are angry?

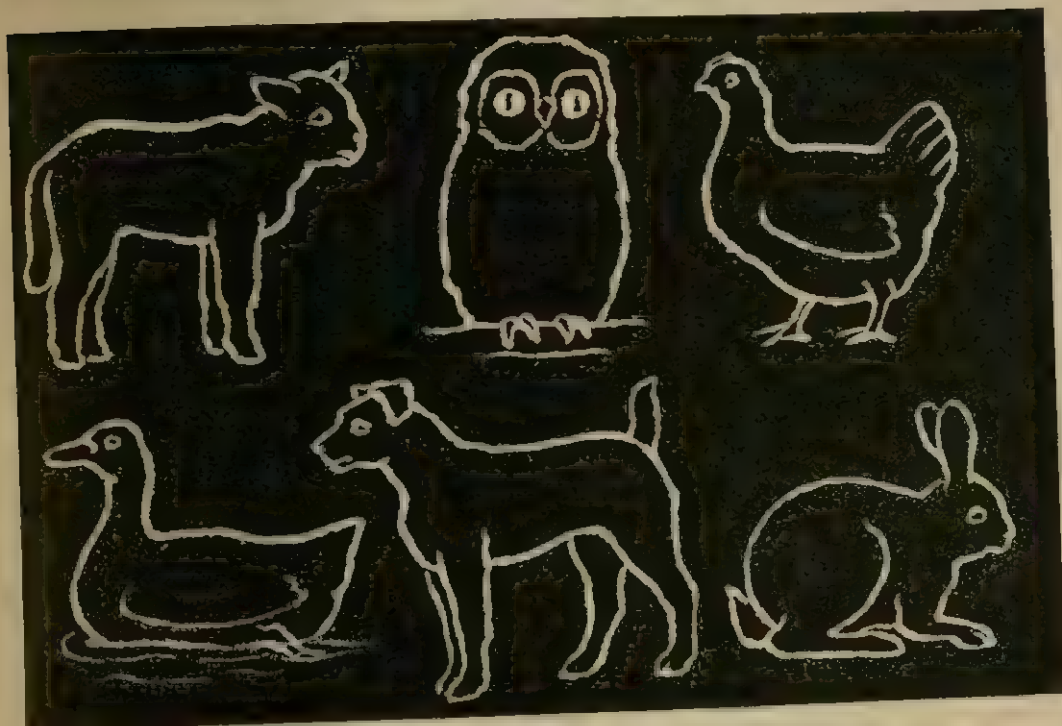
(A child can pretend to be a cat or a rabbit and tell or write answers to a similar set of questions.)

What would you do?—On the blackboard draw the outline of one of the creatures illustrated on the plate opposite; e.g., the lamb. Let the children tell what they would do if they were a lamb.

The answers might be:—I would bleat; I would say "Baa, baa"; I would jump; I would frisk; I would eat grass; I would live out-of-doors.

Proceed in a similar way with the drawings of the other creatures.





LAMB
DUCK

OWL
DOG

HEN
RABBIT

ACTIVITIES AND CONSTRUCTIVE WORK

Classroom project—A Pets' Show.—These notes are for the use of teachers who are desirous to employ the project method with their children.

In connection with the care of pets, the children may express the wish to hold a cat or dog show. The following are suggestions on the arrangement of such an exhibition.

The children should first discuss whether the show is to be limited to dogs, or cats, rabbits or birds, or whether it shall include all kinds of pets. It is not practicable for the children to bring live pets to school, so they must collect and cut out pictures, or re-draw them to size. They should find pictures of as many different breeds of each

kind of animal as possible, and write a label giving the name of each one.

The pictures can be stuck along the tiled parts of the wall of the room, and bars of brown paper stuck over to represent cages. In the case of birds, narrow bars must be cut and placed sufficiently close together so that the birds could not get through.

If it is to be a mixed pets' show, the creatures of one kind must be placed side by side, and away from other creatures which would annoy them; e.g., the dogs' cages must not be placed opposite the cats', nor the cats' opposite the birds'.

Notices, such as **COME TO OUR PETS' SHOW TO-MORROW AT 3 O'CLOCK**, can be put up in the other

classrooms, or borne by sandwich men. A pay box can be set up, and tickets of admission made. Two or three keepers can be chosen, whose business it will be to show the visitors round, and point out any creatures of special interest.

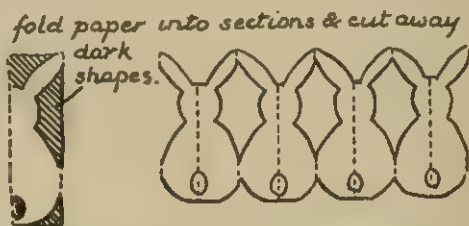
When the Pets' Show is open, the visitors pay cardboard pennies at the pay box and receive a ticket to come in and look round.

Game—"Naughty Bonzo."—One child, Pussy, is placed with her face to the wall. Her "dinner," a bean bag or other small object is placed just behind her. A number of children, the Bonzos, stand in a line some distance behind Pussy. Pussy washes her face while the Bonzos creep up behind her. At frequent intervals Pussy turns round suddenly, and if she sees any Bonzo moving, he must return to the line and start again. The game continues till one of the Bonzos creeps up and takes the "dinner." The successful Bonzo then becomes Pussy.



Paper cutting—frieze of rabbits.—Take a strip of paper twice as long as its width and fold it into 8 sections. Draw out the shape of half a rabbit on the folded section and cut it out, taking care not to cut along the edge of the body and the tip of the ear on the folded sides of the paper, or the pattern will fall to pieces. Cut out a small semicircle

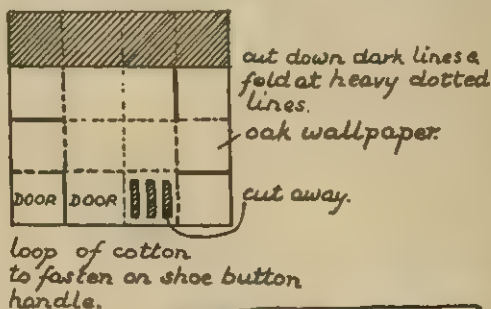
for the tail. Open out the paper and paste the frieze on a green mount. If preferred, tails of cotton wool may be pasted on.



Plastic model—bone and drinking bowl.—A bone for the dog may be modelled in clay or plasticine, as shown in the sketch. A drinking trough may be made from a short cylinder of clay or plasticine, flattened on 3 sides. A cavity is made in the trough with the square end of the modelling tool. Four little legs are added, and the letters R.S.P.C.A. are marked on the sides.

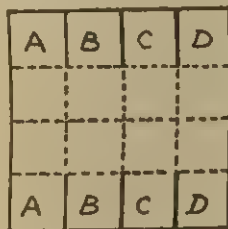


Paper model—rabbit hutch.—Use squared paper, or fold a square of paper into 16 squares, and cut off one line of squares. Plan out the hutch as shown in the diagram.



Cut out the strips in the front before making up the model, but leave the door to be cut out when the hutch is pasted together. Cut down the dark lines, fold at the heavy dotted lines and paste the flaps inside the box. Cut round the door on two sides. Push a shoe button fastened on the inside with a match stick through the wall on the side of the door. Make a loop of thread on the door to slip over the shoe button. Pieces of yellow wool will serve as straw for the hutch, and plasticine rabbits may be made to live in it.

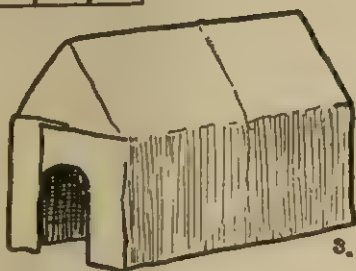
Paper model—dog kennel.—Fold a square of brown paper into four, both ways, creasing it into sixteen squares. Letter two opposite end rows of squares A, B, C, D, and cut down the dark lines shown in the sketch. At each end paste square B over C. Next paste A over B C diagonally (Fig. 2), and paste D to overlap A. Cut a door in one end of the kennel.



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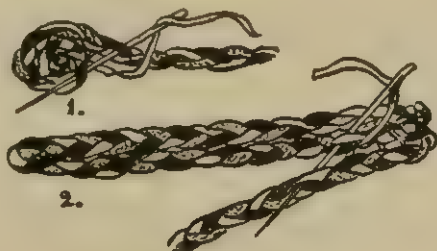
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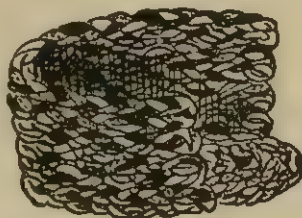
3.

Raffia work—cat basket.—Make several plaits each with three strands of raffia of different colours. For the bottom of the basket, coil a plait and sew it on the wrong side with a needle and a thin strand of raffia, frequently pressing it on the desk with the palm of the hand to flatten it.

When the bottom of the basket is the required size, knot the plait or turn under the end and sew it securely. For the side, measure a plait of raffia to pass three-quarters of the distance round the edge of the circle. Build up the side of the basket by folding the plait backwards and forwards and stitching it in place on the wrong side. Finish off the side of the basket at the end of a row, knot or stitch the end of the plait, and sew the side to the base. The edges of the basket may be neatened and tightened by oversewing with a needle and raffia.

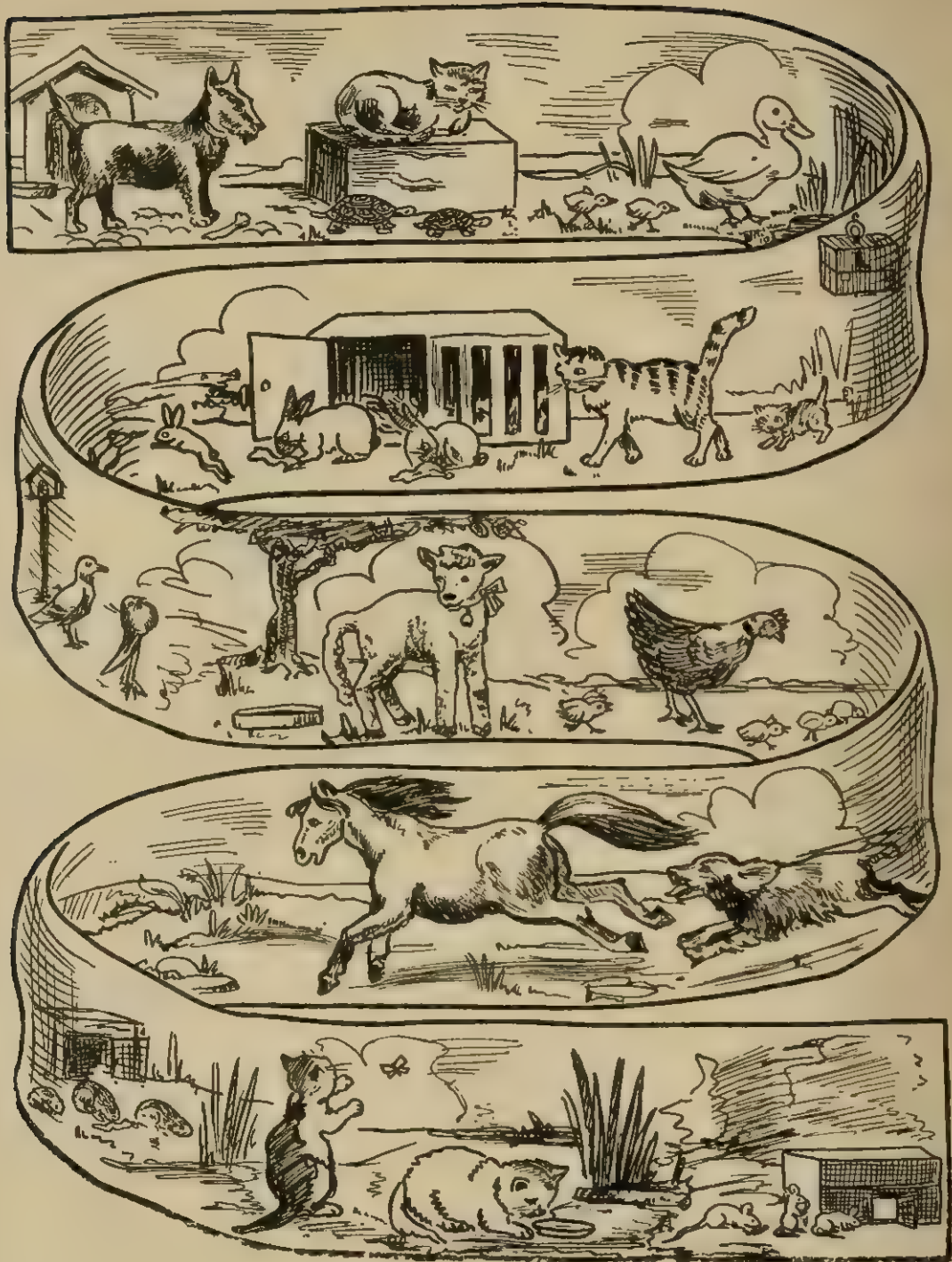


1.



2.

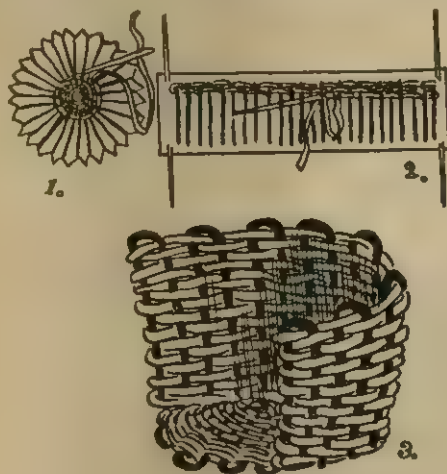
Raffia work—dog basket.—An alternative method of making a basket is by weaving raffia on a cardboard loom. Draw on thin card a circle the size required for the base of the basket, and make a hole in the centre. Cut out from the edge of the card an *uneven* number of notches, and pass a strand of raffia through the middle hole and each notch. Fasten the ends securely by a knot. Thread a needle with raffia of another colour, fasten it to the wrong side, and weave in and out the warp threads on the right side till the side is filled, Fig. 1. Cut away the cardboard, and pull it out from the wrong side. Measure a piece of cardboard long enough to pass three-quarters round the base and high enough



SKETCHES FOR A "FILM" OF PETS

to keep the draught away from the animal. On this card make a number of holes $\frac{1}{4}$ in. apart and $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from the edge along the long sides. Knot one end of a strand of raffia and pass it from the wrong side through the end hole in the card. Take the warp threads across the width of the card at each side, passing the strand down through one hole and up again through the hole next to it. Fasten the warp threads by a knot on the wrong side. Weave a strand

of differently coloured raffia in and out of the warp threads till the side is filled, Fig. 2. Then cut off the edges of the card and slip off the woven side. Stitch the side to the base of the basket with raffia, Fig. 3. The edges of the basket may be neatened and strengthened by over-sewing with raffia.



Co-operative group model—pets' enclosure.—Let the children build a wall with bricks and enclose a space on the table or on a board in which the best models of the kennel and rabbit hutch may be placed. A clay or plasticine dog, the making of which is described on page 137, may be tied to the kennel by a length of raffia, and the bone and drinking trough placed beside it. A clay or plasticine rabbit may be put in the hutch, and a cat on the wall.

A "film" of pets.—All the children in the class can share in preparing a "film" of pets. Put up a notice: **WE ARE GOING TO MAKE A FILM OF PETS ON TUESDAY.** Divide the class into groups and let each group draw and colour a number of birds and animals. Details for making a "film" are given on page 146.

STORIES TO READ OR TELL

DEMONSTRATION STORY—THE THREE CATS

By FRANK W. MILLAR

THIS story I have told to many thousands of teachers, and it has proved one of the most popular nonsense tales I have ever used. It has occurred to me that it might interest teachers to have explained to them my method of telling this story, and how I obtain my effects.

It must be understood that laughter predominates throughout this story. Do not

forget, however, that a funny story told seriously is much funnier to those who listen than if it were told otherwise. Never laugh at your own comedy; leave that to your audience.

The story will take, approximately, twelve minutes to tell, and it should be told standing.

Open quietly, rather mysteriously, speak the first words softly, so that the children



have to listen intently; this secures silence in the room to begin with.

Once upon a time, years and years ago, there lived three lady cats, a white cat, a yellow cat, and a black-as-night cat.

Be careful how you speak these latter words, they should be given in three distinct tones, on a falling scale, thus;

"A white cat" (*high*),

"A yellow cat" (*middle*),

"And a black-as-night cat" (*solemnly, and very low*), and they all lived together on a little island far out 'mid the wild, wild sea. (*Solemnly.*) There they sat, all in a row, the white cat, the yellow cat, and the black-as-night cat. (*Three tones, as before.*)

"Miaow!" said the white cat.

"Miaow!" said the yellow cat.

"Miaow!" said the black-as-night cat, and

"Miaow!" said they all together.

Do your best to give mimetic sounds representing the miaowing of the cats. The sounds should be reproduced on a falling scale; the black cat's miaow being deepest.

They were very miserable, very hungry; times were bad, and mice were few. (*Sadly.*)

"I could eat a herring," wailed the white cat.

"I could eat anything," sighed the yellow cat.

"I could drink some milk," howled the black-as-night cat.

These lines should be spoken slowly, with as much misery as you can command.

Just then, a great fat pig hove in sight; he hated cats.

Here introduce the short deep grunt of a pig; don't overdo it. The comedy element enters with the pig, but it must be remembered that he "hated cats," and that in spite of his seeming anxiety that the cats should obtain the milk they wanted, he is really intent upon playing a rather shabby practical joke upon them, as the story will show. Sardonic slyness is indicated, rather than joviality.

"Did I hear one of you lady cats mention milk?" (*Slyly.*)

"Yes, you did," said the black-as-night cat; *she* hated pigs. (*Haughtily.*)

"Now that's very strange, because, I could tell you where you could find a big bowl of fresh milk, without much trouble."

"You could, where?" squalled the three hungry cats. (*Quickly, excitedly, loudly.*)

"Now, now, one at a time, don't forget your manners! (*Grunt.*) Don't think you'll hurry me. A big fellow like me can't be hurried, besides, I hate being hurried. (*Grunt.*)

"Now listen; sit up and attend. To-night, you three lady cats must climb the lonely

hill until you come to the little white cottage with the steep roof, that folk call haunted, where lives the old lady who wears the long red cloak and high steeple hat. Be there betimes, for when the moon shall have risen over the edge of the sea, the old lady goes forth for a walk, *leaving the door open*. Upon the kitchen table you will find a large bowl of milk, drink it! The shepherd's dog told me this, and he is very wise."

From the words "to-night, you three lady-cats," the pig's speech must be spoken very mysteriously and solemnly. Try to get a clear mind-picture of the lonely hill, rising from the moonlit sea—with the fearsome haunted cottage like a shrouded ghost standing sentinel on the hill top. All very weird. Be careful to stress the words "leaving the door open"; they are important.

With these words, the old fat pig waddled down the road, grunting loudly to himself. (*Mimetic sounds of departing pig.*)

That night, as the great round moon rose over the edge of the sea, those three cats, the white cat, the yellow cat, and the black-as-night cat, silently crept up the lonely hill, dragging their silky tails behind them, until they reached the little white cottage with the steep roof, that folk call haunted, where lived the old lady who wore the long red cloak and high steeple hat. With never a sound from their soft paddy-paws, they stole inside the cottage, and drank, to the last drop, the great bowl of fresh milk that stood upon the kitchen table.

This paragraph should be given with great solemnity, in hushed tones; remember, the tonal values to be given to the white, yellow, and black cat, as before. Speak the last words from "drank, to the last drop," slowly, impressively.

Then, silently, those three wicked cats crept down the hill again, their long tails high in the air.

Gently, on your tiptoes, as it were; slightly stressing "their long tails high in the air." Now quicken your pace a little.

But scarcely had they reached the bottom, scarcely had they licked the cream off their whiskers, when SOMETHING HAPPENED!

Give the last two words due emphasis, and make a long pause. The excitement is now rising, and the speed must increase.

"Oh dear!" cried the white cat, turning pale, "I do feel so ill. My toes are tickling, I'm sure something is going to happen. Good gracious, do look at my tail, it's growing SHORTER!"

"Bless me, so is mine!" exclaimed the yellow cat.

"Blackbeetles and mouses, mine too!" yelled the black-as-night cat.

As this is intended to be one of the funniest and most intense parts of the story, the excitement must be worked up. This scene gives ample opportunity for some excellent miming; if the storyteller, as she describes the discovery of the diminishing tail, will accompany the words with an alarmed search, and express a rueful dismay, developing into horror, at that which she is supposed to find, much laughter will result. Be careful not to talk through the laughs.

And, sure enough, SHORTER, SHORTER, and still shorter, grew the long tails of those three lady cats, the white tail, the yellow tail, and the black-as-night tail, until nothing was left of them but three short stumps like those you see on bunny rabbits!

Solemnly and slowly, giving slightly lengthened pauses between "shorter, shorter, and still shorter," the last word being almost whispered.

Then there was a caterwauling!

"Hullo! hullo! what a noise you three lady cats are making," said the jolly shepherd's dog, as he came bounding merrily along.

"But lady cats, lady cats, why are you weeping?"

"Weeping! I think you would be weeping too, if your tail had suddenly been bobbed like ours," screamed the white cat.

Excitedly: stress slightly the word "bobbed"; pause.

"Oh, ho! that's it, eh?" cried the shepherd's dog, staring at the three cats solemnly. *(Pause.)* "So you have been up to your old tricks again. I know! You've been stealing! *(Pause.)* Oh, lady cats, lady cats, what *have* you done? You've stolen the milk from the little white cottage, with the steep roof, that folk call haunted, where lives the old lady who wears the long red cloak, and high steeple hat." *(Shocked and alarmed.)*

"Well, you dog, what if we have, it's no business of yours, is it?" spat the black-as-night cat in a fury.

Commence these words with a mimetic sound representing the hiss, or spit, of an angry cat, and speak them bitterly, angrily, and quickly.

"No business of mine, truly, lady cats, but it may interest you to know that the old lady whose milk you have so foolishly stolen, is *(pause)* hush! *(Pause again, with finger to lips, commanding silence, then looking round fearfully, whisper.)* THE QUEEN OF THE MOUNTAIN PIXIES! and she is not the sort of old lady who is likely to leave the tails of cats who steal her milk, where they are usually found. That's all! Won't the pig laugh when I tell him this!" And away down the road ran the shepherd's dog, laughing.

And from that day, the white cat, the yellow cat, and the black-as-night cat, had to live without their tails. *(Stress the*

last sentence, but give it solemnly.) Yes, and all their sons and daughters, of whom they had a goodly few, little white, yellow, and black-as-night kitty-cats, had to live without their tails also. And the little island far out 'mid the wild, wild sea, where those three lady cats lived, is called THE ISLE OF MAN, and the cats that live on that island are called Manx cats to this very day.

Quietly, return to a more conversational tone, as you speak the concluding lines.

And, if you don't believe this story, which may, or may not, be true, you had better go to that little island for your next holiday. And, if you don't find sitting about, here, there, and everywhere, a lot of white, yellow, and black-as-night kitty-cats, with bobbed tails, then I shall be surprised.

BLOP

(The Tale of a Tail.)

THERE was once a little black puppy called Blop, a nice little black puppy with a wavy tail. His tail was not very long, but neither was Blop, for he was only a very young puppy-dog. He was most proud of that tail of his. His mother told him to take great care of his tail, as he would never win a prize at the Show, like his old mother, if he did not.

One day, Blop slipped out of the house; he wasn't supposed to slip out, because the motors were rather dreadful, as you know. Still, he slipped out, and met a man who was sticking bills to a wall, sticking them on with a big brush which he dipped into a large can which stood by his side. Blop was the most inquisitive dog that ever was. He always had to know about everything, and smell everything, so that he just had to stick his nose, and his head, into that billsticker's can.

Now, all would have gone well if the billsticker hadn't turned round suddenly and shouted roughly:

"Hi, you, get out o' that, will yer!" at the same time making a wild dash at Blop with his big brush. Over went the can, over went the thick sticky stuff inside the can, and away ran Blop as fast as his short legs would carry him.

He found a quiet corner where no one could see him. He felt awfully ashamed. He was completely covered with the white sticky stuff from the billsticker's can. He was a most dirty dog. He sat down on a doorstep to think. He wanted to have a good think. He thought quite a lot. He did hope that none of his friends would find him, 'specially his old mother. He sat for a long time on that doorstep. The sun was very hot and dried his coat. He got up feeling most uncomfortable and miserable, when, lo and behold, HE COULDN'T FIND HIS TAIL! He was as certain as could be that he had had a tail when he woke up that morning. He was certain he had had a tail when he sat down on the doorstep. Where was it *now*? GONE! No wavy tail, just nothing! He looked about carefully. He searched the street from end to end. Nothing there. He ran as far as the wall where the bills were sticking. No tail anywhere there!

This was terrible. He dared not go home without his tail. Besides, a dog without a tail!

Just then, Inky, a big black retriever, came round the corner. Inky was old, wise, and most friendly to small puppy-dogs, and had taught Blop all he knew about swimming.

"Hullo!" cried Inky, "what's the matter with you? You look as if someone had stolen your dinner biscuit."

"I've lost my tail," whispered Blop, looking most sorry for himself.

"You've lost what?"

"My tail."

Inky stared solemnly for a moment at Blop, then burst out laughing.

"Well, really, Blop, you are a very young puppy; still, you haven't lost your tail."

"Yes, I have."

"Oh, no you haven't, silly. Your tail is stuck to the top of your back."

"Stuck to my back?"

"Yes, of course it is, you foolish puppy. Besides, you seem to be completely covered with dry paste, or something, and that is why your tail is sticking to your back. Well, never mind, come with me, and I'll show you how to get your tail again."

Off they both ran until they reached the river.

"Now then, Blop," cried Inky, "jump in, keep close to me, and swim for all you're worth, and your tail will come back."

Blop did as he was told, and plunged into the river with Inky. In a few minutes the clean fresh river water had quite washed away all the sticky paste, and Blop's tail was loosened.

Out he dashed upon the bank, barking gaily, shook his clean coat, and carefully examined his lost tail to make quite sure it was really his.

"Well, I'm blessed," he cried. "Fancy that, now! Oh, thank you, Inky, thank you."

But Inky had disappeared, for he hated being thanked for doing kind things.

Blop never liked billstickers after that, and ran—gracious me! you should have seen *how* he ran,—when he saw one come round a corner with his can!

Frank W. Millar.

THE WITCH'S DOG AND THE ENCHANTED BONE

"SIT up, sir!" said the witch. Growler sat up with his paws hanging in front of him.

"Now," said the witch, "whatever are you always moaning and groaning, and howling and growling about?"

Growler was a very valuable—that means a very ugly—bulldog. He was only just

grown up, and the old woman had taken care of him since he was a poor, stray little puppy.

He answered her question, still sitting up, by rolling his goggle eyes with a longing look at the door, lifting his big black nose in the air, and opening his mouth crookedly with a howl.

"Ah!" said the old woman with the red cloak and the steeple hat; "it is the way of the world. I have done all I can for you, and you will not stay with me, to guard my little house when I am out. You do not know when you are well off. Go away then, and see if you can be contented anywhere else. Here is a bone."

At this point of the witch's lecture the bulldog, sitting up, became excited and began to jump. But the old woman kept him waiting, while she took her spindle and scratched his name on the bone—"G-r-o-w-l-e-r."



GROWLER

"There!" she said. "If you grumble more than three times the same day, you will lose it. And three times a day, while you have it, you can get what you wish for. Here!"

He caught it in his mouth and ran away

out of the house, without even wagging his tail to say "Thank you."

When his old home was far away, he put down the bone. At once he began to grumble. "There is nothing on it. I was always an ill-used, unhappy dog. I wish I belonged to a butcher's shop; there would be something on the bones then, and nothing to grumble over."

No sooner had he thought of it, than he had his wish. He and his enchanted bone were on a floor strewn with sawdust. The butcher in his blue apron was sharpening his knife, and Growler had never thought there was so much meat in the world as he saw hanging all round. He had his wish, and he should have been satisfied.

But three beautiful slender dogs were being led past by a servant man. They had such slender waists that they looked as if they would easily come in two, and nothing could have been more elegant than the length of their noses.

Growler forgot the meat. "I was always unhappy and ill-used," he said. "I cannot bear to be a vulgar butcher's dog. I should like to live as those dogs do, and to have a servant man to wait on me."

No sooner said than done. He found himself, with his bone in his mouth, at the home of the three slender dogs with the long noses. There was no difference between his lodging and theirs, except that he was at one side of the barrier in the stable and they were at the other. He had excellent food—under which he hid the enchanted bone.

But when the three friends looked over the barrier at the newcomer, they saw at once that he was discontented; and he was whining and growling at such a rate that they pitied him, and asked what was the matter.

"I am not at all beautiful," said the bulldog, nearly crying. "I heard the remarks of the girls when they looked in, before they went out riding. All of you other dogs, and all the horses, have lovely long noses, and I have never had any worth

mentioning. Oh! I wish I had a slender, elegant figure with a beautiful long nose."

Now, this was his third grumble for that day, and Growler had forgotten that if he grumbled more than three times in one day he was to lose the enchanted bone. The moment after his wish, he had changed from a fine strong bulldog into one of those "curs of low degree," to which no dog-fancier can give a name. He was certainly slim, and he had the shape of head he had wished for; but he was no longer of any value. Even the stable cat could not help laughing to see him. She was sitting high up, all black, in a dark corner, looking down with her shining green eyes.

"Now that I am so beautiful," said Growler, after looking at his face in a pail of water, "the stable is no place for me. I have always been unhappy and badly used. I ought to be in the drawing-room!"

It *was* enough to make a cat laugh to hear him. And when he went away out of the stable, Darkie with the green eyes came down, and found the bone under the straw.

"There is nothing on it, but the smell of it is good," she said. "I would be quite content even with the smell of a dry bone, if somebody in the world cared for me, and if I had a little corner by a cosy hearth!"

Now, when Growler made his way into the house and into the drawing-room, the servant man was called, and turned him out as an impudent stray cur. And he went wandering back to the stable, but the door was fastened then.

"Ah! how happy I was," he said, "when I was in there with a warm straw bed, and with good friends."

Then he strayed hungry to the butcher's shop in the town.

"Ah! how nice it must be to be a butcher's dog!" he said. But they did not know him, and they turned the ugly cur away.

At last, starving and footsore, he reached the woods, and saw the light in the old woman's hut and crept to the door.

"If I must die," he said, "I will lie down

and die here. Because I was once very happy here, and I did not know it."

So poor old Growler, who had gone further and fared worse, came back to the witch's door to die.



SPINNING WHEEL

He heard the noise of her spinning wheel inside, and her voice croaking in an effort to sing at her work—

"Sing, sing, my kettle to me!
A very good friend is the kettle for tea,
When one lives to a hundred and ninety-three.

"Sing, sing, my treadle and wheel,
Spin away, spin, with a dancing reel;
There's nothing like work and a merry meal.

"Sing, sing, in your coat of fur,
Sing away, puss, while the wheel goes whirr;
A comforting sound is your homely purr.

"For oh, at a hundred and ninety-three,
It's not a bad world for all of us three,
If the cat and the kettle can sing with me!"

Poor old Growler heard them all making the most contented noise inside together—the old woman and the cat, and the kettle and the spinning wheel.

"Ah! I never knew when I was well off. I wish I could get in again, just for five minutes before I die," he whined. And

it was such a melancholy whine that the witch knew the voice at once, and jumped up from her spinning wheel and opened the door.

"No, no," she said, "you are not Growler. Well, well, I never thought there was

as if he had been there for a year. On the hearthrug, near the black cat, the enchanted bone was lying.

The witch gave food to the hungry dog; but she closed the door, for she did not know him. He went away with his crooked tail hanging down, and the next day in the town he was adopted by a blind man, who gave him food and trained him to a useful and patient life. Very often he led his man to the woods; for he thought he owned that blind man, and led him where he chose. Then they would visit at the hut where the black cat and the witch received them with smiles and purrs. But never was the enchanted bone lying about. It was gone for ever.

The black cat, being of a contented nature and purring easily, was happy ever after, having found a witch to live with. The witch felt that her house was furnished, now that she had a cat of the right colour.

The blind man said, "I am well provided for: it is not everyone like me that has so very handsome a dog."

And Growler, who had learned at last to give up grumbling, said many a time to himself,

"It is not every dog that owns a man and takes him out every day. I am, after all, as fine as any dog in town: my master, the blind man, knows how everyone stops to look after me. Oh! I am a lucky dog, and he is a most intelligent man!"

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THE WITCH

another dog in the world that could make such miserable noises as that discontented dog of mine."

It looked very cosy in the witch's house—the bright fire and clean hearth, the table spread for tea, and Darkie, the stable cat, sitting on the hearthrug as much at home

MRS. TABBY AND HER KITTEN

"MEOW! mew! mew! mew!" sang Mrs. Tabby's four little kittens.

Mrs. Tabby felt a very proud mother as she looked at her little darlings lying in a basket in the wash-house at Grafton Vicarage.

"I'll be back soon," she whispered to them in her cat language. "Be good while

I am gone. Don't quarrel, but be kind to one another." So saying, she gave them all a kiss in her cat way of kissing, and they all said, "Mew! mew! mew! mew!" which meant, "Yes, mother," and off she went to see a neighbour whom she had promised to call upon that afternoon.

"I don't much like leaving them," she said to herself, as she turned to give them a last look at the wash-house door. "I hope they will be safe. I don't feel quite happy about them after what I overheard the master saying this morning, but I won't be gone long. I just want to have five minutes' chat with my friend Miss Spot, and then I'll hurry back again."

With this, she sprang up the garden wall and jumped over into the next garden, where she was soon deep in conversation with Miss Spot.

She was not away very long, but long enough for the gardener at Grafton Vicarage to take away three of the four kittens in their mother's absence. They could not keep four kittens and the gardener was going to give three of them to the miller who wanted cats to catch rats that lived in his mill. Only one was left in the basket for poor Mrs. Tabby to find on her return.

There was only one little mew sounding from the basket as she entered the wash-house door. She feared the worst when she heard the feeble sound. "Oh, my babies, my babies!" she cried. "Where are you? Oh, what has become of you!"

She looked everywhere—in the coal cellar, in the copper, in the wood cellar, in every corner—but she could not find her children anywhere. She was very sad indeed.

Mrs. Tabby, however, was a very sensible cat, besides being a very kind mother, and indeed she had made her head quite ache with crying. She thought to herself, "If they have taken away three of my kittens, they may come and take the fourth; and they shall not do that if I can help it, for I'll hide her up."

It was a very wise idea of Mrs. Tabby's; but the question was—where could she

hide the kitten? She looked about in all the rooms downstairs, but she could not decide upon any corner where her kitten would be safe.

The master and mistress were away from home that day; so she had a good chance to look all round the house. She went into all the rooms, but she could nowhere find a home for her little one. At last she went up to the attics. They were used only as store rooms. In one corner of the front attic the blankets were kept.

"This is the very place," she thought. "If I can but make a way through, I'll make our home at the back of this pile of blankets. No one will ever find us out here."

With this, she began to push her way through, making a very narrow passage between the different parcels of blankets till she came to the wall. Then, by means of pushing very hard, she pressed the blankets forward till she had made a most cosy little hole, with just room for herself and her child. Of course, she felt rather tired with the effort, but she did not mind that. She was so glad to have found such a safe and warm home.

The cook was fortunately busy, and did not notice her as she caught her kitten in her mouth, just telling it to be quite quiet, and ran with it up to the attic. After she had had a long sleep she woke up feeling much better, though still very sad.

She told her kitten that it must never mew now, and that it must be very quiet, or it might be taken away too.

The kitten gave a tiny little mew, which meant, "Yes, mother," and was quite happy very soon.

All went well for about four weeks. Mrs. Tabby used to creep downstairs when she knew no one was about, to get what food she could find. She generally managed very well, though sometimes, I am sorry to say, she was obliged to steal. Then she would go back to her little kitten, and they enjoyed themselves very much in their comfortable nest.

But, in the meantime, the master and mistress and the cook had missed Mrs. Tabby and her kitten. They hunted everywhere, high and low—in all the rooms, even in the front attic; and poor Mrs. Tabby trembled behind the blankets as she sat and listened to their voices. "She must be somewhere," she heard them say, but where she was they could not make out.

One day she had a terrible fright. Her kitten was so very happy she gave a louder mew than usual; and it happened that the mistress was at the bottom of the attic stairs. "That cat is somewhere in the house," she heard her say. And there was another search; but no one thought of turning out the blankets.

At last, one day Mrs. Tabby was feeling very hungry, and she lingered longer than usual downstairs over a very tempting plate of fish that she had found. She was

late in returning to her home. As she was running up the attic stairs, the mistress came out of her room. She crept up gently after Mrs. Tabby, and reached the attic door just in time to see Mrs. Tabby's tail disappearing through the blanket pile.

"I have found you at last," she said; and soon she called the master and the cook.

"Good, faithful old Mrs. Tabby," they said, as they stroked her and fondled her; and soon the kitten was brought out—such a bonny, plump little kitten, so happy and well.

This is a true story. Was not Mrs. Tabby a loving, devoted mother to her kitten? She tried to hide it once again, but she was not so successful. She did not mind this time, though, for she soon found out that neither her master nor mistress, nor the cook, wanted to take this kitten from her.

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BRER RABBIT AND BRER TORTOISE



Introduction.—It will be necessary for the teacher to have a talk about the tortoise if this has not already been done in connection with *Picture No. 2*. The children should make models of six tortoises. These are easily made with walnut shells and plasticine—see page 77. Make also a plasticine rabbit or cut a picture of one from a book and

mount it on a card. Let the children observe how much alike all tortoises are, for the fun and point of the story depend upon the knowledge of this fact. When the story has been read or told, let the children arrange the race on the floor with the models. Mile posts can be cut from paper or cardboard and stood erect in pellets of

plasticine or between a pair of small wooden bricks. The children can paint a blue river on a strip of wall paper.

Story.—Brer Rabbit could generally get the better of any animal, but old Brer Tortoise was just as cunning as he was, and one day he made Brer Rabbit look very foolish. This was how it happened.

Brer Rabbit was saying to Brer Tortoise, "How slowly you crawl! If we had a race, I could sow barley as I went along and it would be ripe for you to cut when you came by."

"I could beat you if you ran on land and I swam in the water," replied Brer Tortoise.

"I don't believe you," said Brer Rabbit, "you are just as slow in the water as on land."

"Very well, let's try it," answered Brer Tortoise.

Brer Rabbit looked scornful, but he agreed to the idea. "I will run five miles along the river bank," said he, "and you shall swim five miles down the river."

"We'll have the race to-morrow," said Brer Tortoise.

The two animals measured five miles along the river bank, and put up a post at every mile.

Now Brer Tortoise had a wife and four children, all so like him that you couldn't tell one from the other. All tortoises are very much alike. That night old Brer Tortoise called up his family and told them exactly what to do to help him. "If you do as I say," said he, "I shall be able to win the race."

Early next morning, Brer Tortoise put his wife at the starting post, and one of his children at each of the mile posts, while he himself sat down beside the winning post and waited.

Presently along came Brer Rabbit, laughing to himself to think how easily he was going to beat Brer Tortoise. He saw Mrs. Tortoise in the water, and, thinking it was Brer Tortoise, cried out, "Are you ready? Go!"

Off went Brer Rabbit along the bank, while Mrs. Tortoise quietly slipped into the water and swam back home. At the first mile post Brer Rabbit found the eldest little tortoise popping his head out of the water.

"Goodness me!" said Brer Rabbit. "Old Brer Tortoise swims faster than I thought."

When he found the next little tortoise at the next mile post, he was still more surprised. When he found a tortoise at the third post, he gasped, and when he found one at the fourth he began to feel faint.

"I must put on more speed," he thought. He laid back his long ears and flashed along the last mile like a streak of lightning. As he reached the winning post, puffing and panting, up popped the head of old Brer Tortoise as cool as you please.

"Why, Brer Rabbit," said he, "I thought you were never coming! Did you stop for a rest on the way?"

Brer Rabbit had no breath left to answer. He went sadly home, feeling ashamed of himself. Old Brer Tortoise went home chuckling, however, and he and his wife and his four children had a good laugh over the trick they had played.

THE CAT GIRL

A MAN once had a beautiful cat. It had such gentle ways that he loved it, and wished he could take it everywhere with him.

"If I could turn Puss into a little girl," he said, "then I could take her with me when I went for a walk or to visit my friends."

One day the cat's master went to a shop kept by a man who sold magic drinks.

"Can you give me a magic drink which will turn my cat into a little girl?" he asked.

"Yes," said the man, "here is some in this bottle. Pour a thimbleful into the cat's milk, and the cat will at once look like a little girl."

The man poured some of the magic drink into the cat's milk, and when it had lapped for three seconds, the cat was changed, and a pretty girl stood in its place. The man was filled with joy. He did not know that the drink had only made the cat *look* like a little girl. She was really a cat still.

"Now, my dear," he said, "you must come and visit my friends," and he took her to see a man and his wife.

"How-do-you-do?" they said, smiling kindly at the cat girl.

"Meeow," was all she could say in reply.

"What a strange girl!" thought the man and woman. "Perhaps she has a cold and cannot talk very well."

Then they all sat down to tea. The cat girl took up her cup, but she did not know how to drink and so she began to lap.

"What a rude girl!" said the friends, and her master hung his head in shame.

Presently a little mouse came out of a hole and began to play in the middle of the room. The cat girl jumped up from her seat and ran to catch it.

"You bad girl," cried her master, "come home at once! Your manners are shocking."

"Yes, take her home," said his friends. "She is not like a girl at all. She is more like a cat."

The master took the cat girl back to the magic-drink shop.

"What can I do now?" he said to the shopman. "I have made a great mistake. I would rather have a real cat than a cat girl."

"I can easily put that right," said the clever shopman.

He gave the cat girl some blue water out of a big blue bottle, and she was soon turned into a cat once more.

Playing the story.—This story can be easily dramatised. Let the children prepare a shop for the man to sell magic drinks. It is advisable to use ginger beer bottles rather than medicine bottles which are thin and easily broken. The children can prepare labels; e.g., GIRL MIXTURE; BOY

MIXTURE; CAT MIXTURE. A little paint mixed with water can be put in the bottles. Prepare a tea table for four people using things from the doll's house. Make a tail for the girl who represents the cat (see page 486); when she is a *cat* she wears the tail, and when she is a *girl* she takes it off. A small child must be chosen for the mouse. After the story has been told and questions have been asked on it, let the actors make up their own parts as they dramatise the story.

THE DOG AND HIS SHADOW

(A short story for the English lesson.)

Introduction.—This short story is primarily intended to furnish exercises in composition and writing for the Sevens. Let one of the class fetch a bowl of water and let the children look at their reflections in it. Wash a ruler and let one hold it in his mouth over the bowl and let the children tell what will happen if he opens his mouth. *Read* the story in this case because the exercises are based on the printed words. Let the children draw their own impressions of the dog on the bridge; read the story again and then let the children do the exercises based on it.

Story.—One day a dog stole a piece of meat. He carried it away in his mouth and set off for his home. On his way he had to cross a narrow bridge over a stream. As he walked over the bridge he saw his own shadow in the water. Thinking he saw another dog, he stopped, and his shadow stopped too. "That dog has a good piece of meat," he thought. "I should like it as well as my own." He snarled, and his shadow snarled back. Then he snapped at the other piece of meat. Alas! as he opened his mouth, his own meat fell into the water and was lost. The greedy dog was left with no meat at all.



Tell me.—Let the children answer the following questions:—1. What does the beginning of the story tell you? 2. What do dogs eat? 3. Where had the dog to go on his way home? 4. What did the dog see in the water? 5. What did the dog think he saw? 6. What does the middle of the story tell you? 7. Why did the dog snarl? 8. What does the end of the story tell you? 9. Why is the dog called *greedy*?

Writing for the Sevens.—Write the following incomplete sentences on the blackboard and let the children fill the gaps with appropriate name-words:—

1. A — was carrying a piece of — in his —.
2. He crossed a narrow — over a stream.
3. He looked down into the —.
4. There he saw his own —.
5. He opened his —.
6. He had to go — with no — at all.

Choosing the correct word.—Write the following sentences on the blackboard and let the children rewrite each with the correct name-word:—

1. A mouse is afraid of a (horse, sheep, cat).
2. The farmer feeds his (cat, horse, mouse) on oats.
3. Fish live in the (air, grass, water).

4. A dog is a greedy (bird, animal, fish).
5. A young horse is called a (colt, puppy, kitten).
6. Cats are fond of (oats, fish, hay).

THE FOX AND THE KITTEN

(A short story for the English lesson.)

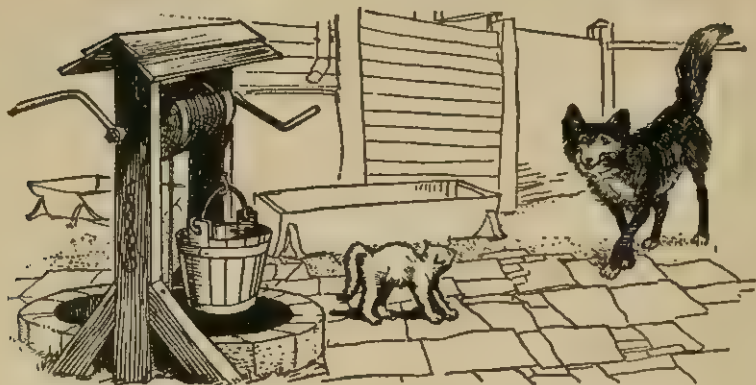
Introduction.—Country children will probably know a *well* and may have seen a *fox*, but it will be necessary to make drawings of both a *well* and a *fox* if this story is told to town children. The fox comes so frequently into the stories of young children that it will be advisable to have a talk about the habits and characteristics of the animal. The fox is considered an artful animal, but in this story the kitten was too clever for him.

Story.—One bright moonlight night a hungry fox came out of his den to look for his supper. He was prowling round a farmhouse when he met a tiny kitten.

"Anything is better than nothing," said the fox, "I will make a meal of you."

"Oh, do not eat me!" cried the kitten. "I will show you where the farmer keeps his cheeses, and you can eat them instead."

She led the fox to the edge of a deep well, over which hung two buckets. When one bucket went down into the water, the



other came up. "Look in here," said the kitten, "and you will see the cheeses."

The fox looked into the well and saw the round face of the moon shining on the water. "I see a cheese," said he, "but how am I to reach it?"

"The buckets will take us there," said the kitten. She jumped into one bucket, which began to go down into the water. "Now get into the other bucket," she said.

The fox did as he was told, but he was so much heavier than the kitten that her bucket shot up to the top of the well, while the fox went down into the water and was drowned. So the clever little kitten remains alive to this day.

Tell me.—Let the children answer the following questions based on the story:—

1. What does the beginning of the story tell you? 2. Where did the fox meet the kitten? 3. What did the fox say to the kitten? 4. What did the kitten say in reply? 5. What does the middle of the story tell you? 6. What did the kitten say was in the well? 7. What did the fox really see in the well? 8. Why did the fox get into the bucket? 9. What does the end of the story tell you?

Choosing the correct word.—Write the following sentences on the blackboard and let the children rewrite each with the correct name-word:—

1. Supper is eaten in the (morning, evening, night).
2. At midday we have (supper, dinner, tea).
3. Children have (cabbage, milk, meat) for breakfast.
4. A round cheese has the shape of a (ball, pig, table).
5. Bread is made of (carrots, grass, flour).
6. A cow gives us (eggs, milk, fur).

BELLING THE CAT

(A short story for the English lesson.)

SOME mice lived in a house in which there was also a large, fierce cat. The timid mice were very much afraid of her. All day they hid in their holes away from her bright eyes and sharp claws. Even in the dark night they hardly dared to come out for food.

At last all the mice met together to talk over the matter. They hoped to find some way of making their lives safer and happier. "I will tell you what to do," squeaked a young mouse. "Let us hang a bell round the cat's neck. Then when she walks the bell will ring and warn us to run away." The mice thought this was a fine plan. They whisked their tails and squeaked for joy, and felt that their troubles were over.

The Peg Family and their Pets. I



Dot has a cat. Its name
is Bunty.

Bunty likes to play
with Mother's wool
when she is knitting.



At tea-time Dot gives her a
saucer of fresh milk.

Peter likes to go for
a run with



Jock, the dog.



Jock likes a bone for his dinner.

Sometimes he digs a hole
in the garden
to bury his bone.



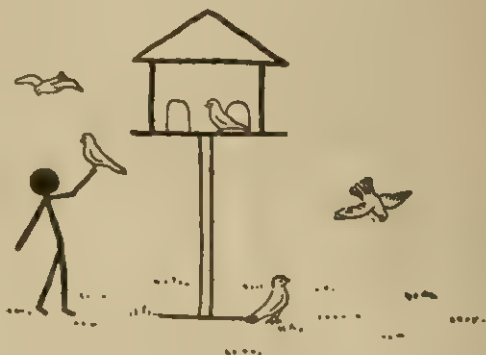
The Peg Family's Pets. II

Dick has two
rabbits in a
hutch in the
garden.



Sometimes he lets them out
on the lawn. They like to
nibble the sweet grass.

Jim has some pigeons
They live in a
pigeon cote in
the garden.



Jane is fond of Joe
the canary.
She takes him a lump of
sugar when he sings
his sweet song.

Then a wise old mouse got up. "This is all very well," he said, "but who will hang the bell on the cat?"

All the mice were silent. No one was brave enough for such a task.

Some things are easier said than done.

Tell me.—Let the children answer the following questions based on the story:—

1. What does the beginning of the story tell you? 2. Where do mice live? 3. Why

were the mice afraid? 4. What does the middle of the story tell you? 5. Why did the mice meet together? 6. What did the young mouse say they should do? 7. Why did the mice squeak for joy? 8. What did the old mouse say? 9. What does the end of the story tell you?

Drawing.—Let the children draw their own impressions of the mice meeting together.

STORIES AND RHYMES

THIS OLD MAN

(This rhyme is set to music on page 496.)

This old man, he played one,
He played nick nack on my drum;
Nick, nack, paddy whack,
Give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

This old man, he played two,
He played nick nack on my shoe;
Nick, nack, paddy whack,
Give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

Old Rhyme.

My name is Leslie, and last Monday was my birthday. I had many nice presents, but the one I like the best of all is my new drum with two drum sticks. My best friend gave me the drum and I will tell you his name. It is George. He is an old sailor, who has sailed all round the world. Now he lives in his own little cottage with his parrot, Polly. On my birthday I went to tea with old George and Polly. George came to meet me and when he was a long way off I knew who it was, because he seems to roll along instead of walking. George says this is the way sailors always walk because a ship rolls about when the sea is rough.

When I got to George's cottage door there was Polly the parrot inside in a very large cage.

"How d'you do?" said Polly. Old George has taught her to say this. Then the parrot made noises as if she were drawing corks out of bottles, "Pop! pop! pop!" Then she hung herself on to the top of her cage by her beak, and pulled herself along with one claw and her beak, and looked at me out of one eye.

"Tea is ready," said old George, and we both sat down. There were many nice things for my birthday tea—sandwiches and iced cake as well as bananas, nuts and apples. "Give Polly a nut!" said Polly. I put a nut between the bars of her cage. She took the nut and cracked it easily in her hard beak. After that she ate banana and bits of apple. Polly was careful not to nip my fingers.

"Are you going to play your drum now?" said old George. He put the sticks in my hand and showed me how to beat the drum so as to keep time with the music. Then he began to sing while I played the drum in time, and I learned the words too. So we both sang while I played:

"This old man, he played one,
He played nick nack on my drum;
Nick, nack, paddy whack,

Give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home."

Polly liked to hear us, and she laughed loudly. "Ha! ha! ha! Nick, nack, paddy whack! Ha! ha! ha!"

Then we went on with the next verse:

"This old man, he played two,
He played nick nack on my shoe;
Nick, nack, paddy whack,
Give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home."

Old George showed me how to make a lot of quick short beats to fit the music. This sounded fine. And when we came to, "Nick, nack, paddy whack, Give a dog a bone," I played twice as fast. But when we came to, "This old man came rolling home," I played four times as fast. It was splendid, and we started all over again. Polly joined in with, "Ha! ha! ha! Nick, nack, paddy whack," and she drew about fifty corks one after the other.

"This sounds very jolly," said a voice, and there was my father at the door. So we sang and I played it all over again for father to hear, and Polly drew many more corks.

When father had gone, I helped George to put away the tea things in neat, tidy drawers and shelves. Then I had another look at the wonderful shells he has brought home from far away countries, and the lovely foreign butterflies in glass cases, and the pretty little ship inside a glass bottle. At last it was time to go home. "Good-bye, George, and thank you very much," I said. George shook hands, and I saw on the back of his hand an anchor pricked out in blue, and a true love knot on his wrist. "I should love to be a sailor," I said, as I carried my drum home with me.

J. Bone.

Note.—The unusual words in this rhyme are intended to convey the sound made by beating on a drum. Probably a child can bring a drum to school, or there may

be one in the toy box, for the children to listen to the *nick, nack*, when it is beaten.

OH WHERE, OH WHERE IS MY LITTLE DOG GONE?

(This rhyme is set to music on page 493.)

Oh where, and oh where is my little dog gone?

Oh where, and oh where is he?

With his ears cut short and his tail cut long,
Oh where, and oh where can he be?

Old Rhyme.

MY little dog's name is Shem, he is a black Aberdeen terrier. He was a fat black puppy when my father gave him to me, and he made great friends with Timmy, the cat. Very often I had to look about for Shem and ask everybody: "Oh where, and oh where is my little dog gone?" and then I would find him in my bedroom chewing up my new furry slippers. No matter what it was, he would chew anything he could find—books, gloves, dusters, mats—anything and everything.

One day as I was saying again, "Oh where, and oh where is my little dog gone?" I saw something black whisking about the lawn. There was Shem playing with Timmy, the cat, in a game they both liked very much. Timmy pretended to be dead, and Shem caught hold of her by the back of her neck and dragged her along the grass. Timmy liked being dragged along. Then they would chase each other about and Timmy would let Shem catch her again. Once more Timmy would pretend to be dead and let Shem pull her along in his mouth. When Timmy began to feel tired she would run up a tree and sit up there looking down at Shem barking below. Although Shem would pounce on Timmy and jump at her with all his white teeth showing, he was very careful not to hurt his playmate.

One day Shem went for a walk with me up a pretty country lane. Suddenly he was nowhere to be seen. "Oh where, and oh where is my little dog gone?" Where indeed! He had got through the hedge into a field and was chasing the farmer's sheep round and round the field barking loudly. Shem thought this very good fun, but the farmer would have been angry, so Shem was taken out of the field and put on a lead.

In our garden lived a tortoise. Shem was greatly puzzled when he saw the tortoise put its funny flat head out of its shell, and saw it walk slowly on its four queer legs. He barked at it as if to say: "What kind of strange creature are you?" The tortoise drew in his head and legs again, and Shem was more puzzled than ever. Very often he would watch the tortoise as though he could not understand how the tortoise could carry his house on his back.

"Oh where, and oh where is my little dog gone?" This time it was early in the

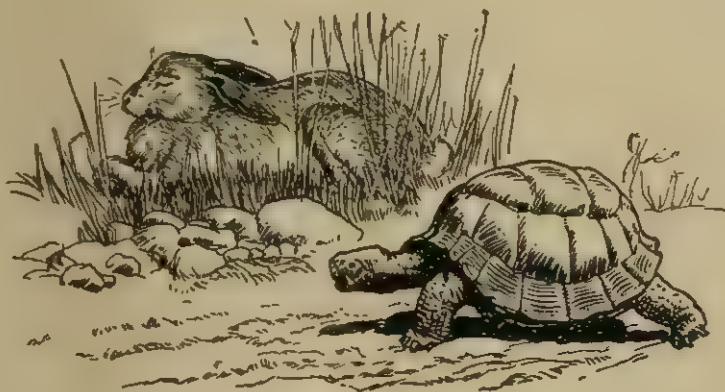
morning. After about an hour, Shem trotted up with another dog who lived near. Every morning the two dogs would meet and play together and have plenty of 'doggy fun'; then Shem would come quietly home again.

Shem is growing older now and he does not often go away, so I do not have to sing, "Oh where, and oh where is my little dog gone?"

J. Bone.

Note.—Little children will not find it easy to recite or sing the words of this song, but it affords useful practice in the articulation of *where*. Let the children find in their *Card Dictionary* the words which begin with *wh*; e.g., *when, what, why*. Let them find out the number of times *where* is used in the rhyme. They can observe too, the difference between *Oh* with a capital *O*, and *oh* with a small *o*.

When reciting the rhyme see that the children speak the lines as questions. Point out the question marks.



BLACKBOARD DRAWINGS

HOW TO DRAW THE DOG

The full plate on the opposite page shows drawings of the common smooth-haired terrier. This dog has a well-balanced body placed on conveniently long legs; his docked tail stands up perkily and the tips of his ears hang down. The topmost series of sketches show three stages in drawing the dog in side view, with construction lines to aid in making the correct proportions. In the centre of the page the terrier is shown as a puppy, a shapeless little creature with a fat, soft body, a puzzled expression and legs like sausages. The four remaining drawings show what an intelligent dog can do; he will carry his mistress's basket or his master's paper with pride. How he likes a game! He will run or swim to fetch sticks and bring them to his master's feet.

He loves a ball, and the higher and farther you throw it for him the happier he is; he runs like the wind, leaps up in the air and catches the ball in his mouth before it touches the ground. He will sit up and beg for his food with patience.

The half plate below shows:—

1. The dog at another of his favourite games,—pulling at the leash with his strong teeth.
2. The dog's head from the front, cocked slightly on one side as the dog does when his curiosity is aroused.
3. The dog's absurd stump of a tail wagging with pleasure.
4. The dog's head when he plays "On Trust" with a piece of sugar balanced on the tip of his nose.



1. A TUG-OF-WAR

2. WHAT IS THAT?

3. EXPRESSING JOY

4. "ON TRUST"



HOW TO DRAW THE DOG

STORY AND PLAY

Introduction.—The story of this well-known poem is easily dramatised. Read the poem to the children once or twice, then discuss with them how to act it in one scene. Consider the setting, write the names of the characters on the board, and allot the parts. Read the poem again, if necessary, then let the children act it. A very easy dramatised version, which may be used at a school concert, is given at the end of the poem.

STORY POEM—THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS

Three little kittens lost their mittens,
And they began to cry:
"Oh, Mother dear,
We very much fear
That we have lost our mittens!"

"Lost your mittens,
You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie!"
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."
"No, you shall have no pie."
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!"

The three little kittens found their mittens,
And they began to cry:
"Oh, Mother dear,
See here—see here!
See, we have found our mittens!"

"Put on your mittens,
You silly kittens,
And you may have some pie."
"Purr, purr, purr,
Oh let us taste the pie!
Purr, purr, purr."

The three little kittens put on their mittens
And soon ate up the pie;
"Oh, Mother dear,
We greatly fear
That we have soiled our mittens!"

"Soiled your mittens!
You naughty kittens!"
Then they began to sigh:
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!"
Then they began to sigh:
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!"

The three little kittens washed their mittens
And hung them out to dry;
"Oh, Mother dear,
Do you not hear
That we have washed our mittens?"

"Washed your mittens!
Then you're good kittens:
But I smell a rat close by!"
"Hush, hush! Mee-ow, mee-ow!"
We smell a rat close by!
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!"

PLAY—THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS

People in the Play.—The Kittens: FLUFF, MUFF, AND DUFF. MOTHER CAT (this part may be taken by the teacher).

Scene. A room with a table laid for four. There is one door at the back.

[*Fluff, Muff and Duff are hunting everywhere, Mother Cat comes in with a pie.*]

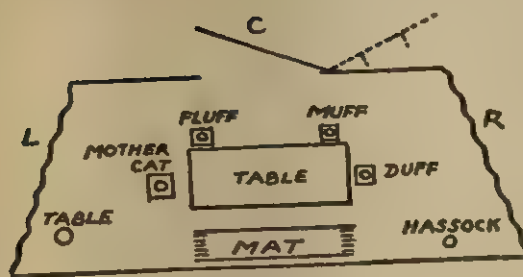
Mother Cat (setting pie on the table). Here is a lovely mouse pie!

Fluff (disconsolately). Mee-ow!

Muff. Mee-ow!

Duff. Mee-ow!

Mother Cat. What is the matter, Kittens?



ARRANGEMENT OF STAGE

Fluff. Please, Mother, I have lost my mittens.

Muff. Please, Mother, I have lost my mittens, too.

Duff. Please, Mother, so have I.

Mother Cat. Lost your mittens! You naughty Kittens! Now you shall have no pie!

Kittens (together, miserably). Mee-owl!

Mother Cat. No, you shall have no pie. I shall eat it myself. *(Sits at table, cuts a piece of pie and eats it.)*

[Kittens hunt again and find their mittens.]

Fluff. See, Mother, I have found my mittens!

Muff. See, Mother, I have found my mittens, too!

Duff. See, Mother, so have I!

Mother Cat. Found your mittens! You silly Kittens! Put them on, and now you shall have some pie.

Kittens (together, purring). Pr-r-r-r-r!

[They put on their mittens and sit up to the table.]

Mother Cat. Fluff, here is some pie for you.

Fluff. Thank you, Mother.

Mother Cat. Muff, here is some pie for you.

Muff. Thank you, Mother.

Mother Cat. Duff, here is some pie for you.

Duff. Thank you, Mother.

[They eat the pie.]

Fluff (looking at his mittens). Mee-owl!

Muff (looking at his mittens). Mee-owl!

Duff (looking at his mittens). Mee-owl!

Mother Cat. What is the matter, Kittens?

Fluff. Oh, Mother, I have soiled my mittens!

Muff. Oh, Mother, I have soiled my mittens, too!

Duff. Oh, Mother, so have I!

Mother. Soiled your mittens! You naughty Kittens! Now I will take away the pie. *(Goes out with pie.)*

Kittens (together, sadly). Mee-owl!

Fluff. Let us wash our mittens.

Muff (bringing a bowl). Here is a bowl of water.

Duff (bringing soap). Here is some soap.

[They take off their mittens and wash them.]

Fluff. Now we will hang them up to dry.

Muff (tying a string between two chairs). Here is the line.

Duff (bringing pegs). Here are the pegs.

[They peg up their mittens on the line.]

Mother Cat comes back.]

Mother Cat. What is this?

Fluff. Look, Mother, I have washed my mittens.

Muff. Look, Mother, I have washed my mittens, too.

Duff. Look, Mother, so have I.

Mother Cat. Washed your mittens! Then you are good Kittens. I can smell a rat in the dust bin. You shall all come to help me catch him. Then we will have another pie.

Kittens (joyfully). Mee-owl!

[They go out.]

Adapted by Kate Kay.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A FULL PRODUCTION OF "THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS."

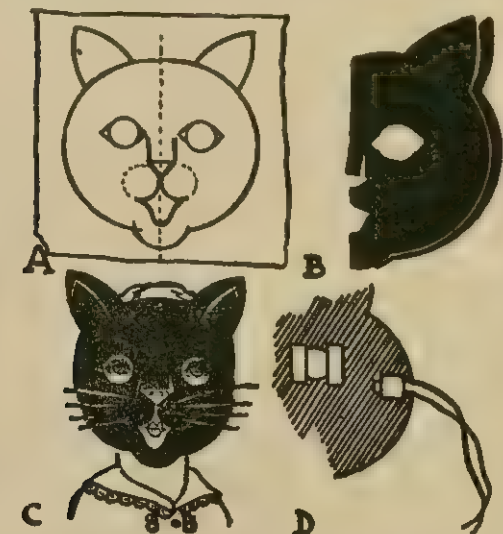
Scenery and furniture.—To give the appearance of a room, the backcloth may be hung with paper pictures and decorated with a frieze as described for the play *In the Attic* on page 39. Only one entrance is needed, by the door in the backcloth, the making of which is described on page 38.

The room contains a table with four chairs, and some other small articles of furniture; e.g., a mat, a hassock,—under which the Kittens can hide their mittens. The mittens are old gloves with the fingers and the tips of the thumbs cut off. Each Kitten should hide its own mittens in the room so that it will be able to find them again when the time comes. The bowl, soap, clothes line and pegs should be ready in a drawer of the table, or on a side table in the room. The Kittens, of course, only pretend to wash their mittens; no water is used.

Costumes.—For convenience and cleanliness the Cat and Kittens walk upright. Masks are sufficient costume for an impromptu play; for a more elaborate play the children may wear stockings on their legs and arms, woollen jerseys to match, and tails.

The making of a mask for a *Cat* has been already described on page 231, and is repeated here for the convenience of the teacher and to avoid cross reference. For the mask a sheet of stiff black paper, about 11 in. by 9 in. is required. If black paper cannot be obtained, heavy brown paper painted with black poster paint may be

used; this is sold in jars from sixpence to one shilling at all art dealers and some stationers. The cat mask is planned almost entirely in circular shapes and if the teacher uses a compass in drawing out the mask she will find her task very simple. Fig. A shows the cat's head drawn on the black paper—it is 10 in. wide and $8\frac{1}{2}$ in. deep. Take the point of the compass a little to the right of the middle line to draw the right side of the face and a little to the left for the left side; then draw half a circle for the chin. Draw in the ears and complete the outline of the face. The details of the features are as follows: On the middle line $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. down from the top of the head draw a triangle—this is pussy's nose—and add two lines to suggest the bridge of it. The eyes are placed on a level with the top of the bridge of the nose and are made with a compass, each about $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. across; the outer corners are added in pencil. The upper lip of the mouth is based on two circles touching the middle line on each side. The lower part of the mouth is added in freehand. The drawing is now finished. It is folded down the middle line and cut out of double paper, to ensure that the two sides are alike. The eye-holes, mouth, and triangle for the nose are carefully cut out, and the two lines making the bridge of the nose are snipped to give room for the child's nose when the mask is being worn. Pieces of black wool are gummed to the sides of the mouth to form whiskers. The inside of the ears and the lines round the mouth are painted with a grey water colour (mixed with Chinese White to give body to the paint). Finally, turn the mask face downwards and paste a little strip of green crêpe paper on each corner of the eyes (Fig. D), this will give a brilliant effect to the cat's eyes when the mask is worn. Fig. D also shows how to attach tapes to the mask. The tape is gummed inside the mask at the edge and a small piece of paper is gummed over the end to make it more secure.



MASK FOR CAT AND KITTENS

The cats' tails are made from pieces of

rope of suitable length. Each rope is bound with black crêpe paper. A piece of wire is pierced through the top of the tail and loops are made at each end. A piece of tape is passed through the loops and the tail is tied on round the waist.

RHYMES AND POEMS

I LOVE LITTLE PUSSY

(This rhyme is set to music on page 494.)

I love little pussy,
Her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her,
She'll do me no harm.

I'll sit by the fire,
And give her some food,
And pussy will love me
Because I am good.

Old Rhyme.

Reading preparation.—This old favourite with little children can be used for reading preparation. The children can draw pussy sitting by the fire. The youngest will know that milk is pussy's food. Print the words on cards for a matching game; then prepare two sets of cards with phrases; e.g., *Her coat, is so warm, by the fire, give her some food.*

A further stage is to write sentences on *Flash Cards*; e.g.,—1. Pussy has a warm coat. 2. I love my pussy. 3. I will not harm my pussy. 4. Pussy will not hurt me.

Point out the difference between *Her* with a capital *H* and *her* with a small *h*.

DING, DONG, BELL!

(This rhyme is set to music on page 495.)

Ding, dong, bell!
Pussy's in the well.
Who put her in?
Little Tommy Lin.

Who pulled her out?
Little Tommy Stout.
What a naughty boy was that
To drown poor pussy cat
Who ne'er did any harm,
But killed all the mice
In his father's barn.

Old Rhyme.

Note.—When reciting this rhyme the whole class can say the first two and the last five lines; one child can ask the questions in the third and fifth lines, and another child can give the answers in the fourth and sixth lines.

Let the children find other words to rhyme with *bell* and *well*; with *in* and *Lin*; with *out* and *Stout*; with *that* and *cat*.

Point out the difference between pairs of words beginning with capital and small letters,—*Pussy* and *pussy*; *In* and *in*.

Why are capital letters used for *Tommy Lin* and *Tommy Stout*?

PUSSY CAT

(This rhyme is set to music on page 501.)

Pussy cat, pussy cat,
Where have you been?
I've been to London
To look at the queen.

Pussy cat, pussy cat,
What did you there?
I frightened a little mouse
Under her chair.

Old Rhyme.

Reading preparation.—This easy rhyme is suitable for reading preparation. The teacher can probably show a picture of a well-known scene in London. A queen of the Peg Family type can be drawn on the blackboard. The children can themselves draw a cat, a mouse and a chair. Two children can recite the poem, one asking the questions and the other giving the answers. One can show how he frightened the mouse under the chair.

Print words on cards for a matching game, and then prepare two sets of phrases for matching; e.g. *to London, at the queen, a little mouse.*

A further stage is to write sentences on *Flash Cards*; e.g.,—1. Where has pussy been? 2. Pussy has been to London. 3. She went to see the queen. 4. Pussy saw a mouse. 5. The mouse was under a chair. 6. Pussy frightened the mouse.

AS I WAS GOING

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives,
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats;
Every cat had seven kits:
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St.
Ives?

Old Rhyme.

Note.—Only the older children are likely to be able to answer correctly the question in the last line. The younger children will be interested to make plastic figures of all the kits, cats, sacks and wives mentioned in the rhyme. Set up on the table a card-board signpost marked *To St. Ives* and set out the figures whom the old man met; the children will then discover how many people were going to St. Ives.

Attention must be given to the proper enunciation of many words in the rhyme,—*St. Ives, wives, seven sacks,* etc.

THE MILK JUG

(The Kitten Speaks)

The Gentle Milk Jug blue and white
I love with all my soul,
She pours herself with all her might
To fill my breakfast bowl.

All day she sits upon the shelf,
She does not jump or climb—
She only waits to pour herself
When 'tis my supper-time.

And when the Jug is empty quite,
I shall not mew in vain,
The Friendly Cow, all red and white,
Will fill her up again.

Oliver Herford.

Reading preparation.—This new poem can be used for reading preparation. Introduce the poem by a talk about kittens. Let children tell what they think the kitten would say about a milk jug and a cow. Recite the poem to the children and see that they clearly understand its meaning.

The children can draw a kitten, a blue and white milk jug and a red and white cow.

Let the children repeat some of the lines or phrases which please them.

Print the first verse in phrases on the blackboard and prepare word cards for a matching game, and later, two sets of phrases for matching. A further step is to write sentences on *Flash Cards*; e.g.,—1. The Jug is blue and white. 2. Kitty loves the Milk Jug. 3. The Jug gives Kitty her breakfast. 4. The Jug pours milk into her bowl.

OF MYSELF AND MY CAT

I'm Don.
I have a cat whose name is John.
And here's the cushion he lies on.

I'm three.
I talk. He can't. But then you see
He's only half as old as me.

He'll sit
And lick his fur coat bit by bit
As though he were enjoying it.

Perhaps
He knows, if dirty he'll get slaps
And no smooth place on ladies' laps.

Wilfrid Thorley.

Note.—There are a number of word pictures for the children to illustrate in this poem:—Don, aged three; John, the cat; a cushion; the cat washing himself; a cat on a lady's lap.

MY DOG

Have you seen a little dog anywhere about?
A raggy dog, a shaggy dog, who's always
looking out
For some fresh mischief which he thinks he
really ought to do.
He's very likely, at this minute, biting some-
one's shoe.

If you see that little dog, his tail up in the
air,
A whirly tail, a curly tail, a dog who doesn't
care
For any other dog he meets, not even for
himself,
Then hide your mats, and put your meat
upon the top-most shelf.

If you see a little dog, barking at the cars,
A raggy dog, a shaggy dog, with eyes like
twinkling stars,
Just let me know, for though he's bad, as
bad as bad can be,
I wouldn't change that dog for all the
treasures of the sea!

E. Lewis.

Note.—This jolly poem is suitable for the
Sevens. Here they have the story of a

very naughty dog, much like Bonzo in his
ways though not in his looks. He is a
"raggy dog, a shaggy dog," always on the
look-out for mischief. He bites shoes and
mats, and barks at the traffic, and runs off
with the meat. He has no fears for himself
and cares nothing for any other dog in the
world, but patters about—

"his tail up in the air,
A whirly tail, a curly tail,"—

and his eyes "like twinkling stars."

The repetition in the last verse empha-
sises the naughtiness of the small dog—
"he's bad, as bad as bad can be."

When the teacher has recited the poem
let the children draw their own impressions
of the dog biting a mat or a shoe, stealing
meat, or barking at the cars.

THE CAT THAT WALKED BY HIMSELF

Pussy can sit by the fire and sing,
Pussy can climb a tree,
Or play with a silly old cork and string
To 'muse herself, not me.
But I like *Binkie* my dog, because
He knows how to behave;
So, *Binkie's* the same as the First Friend
was,
And I am the Man in the Cave!

Pussy will play man-Friday till
It's time to wet her paw
And make her walk on the window-sill
(For the footprint Crusoe saw);
Then she fluffies her tail and mews,
And scratches and won't attend.
But *Binkie* will play whatever I choose,
And he is my true First Friend!

Pussy will rub my knees with her head
Pretending she loves me hard;
But the very minute I go to my bed
Pussy runs out in the yard,

And there she stays till the morning-light;
 So I know it is only pretend;
 But *Binkie*, he snores at my feet all night,
 And he is my Firstest Friend!

Rudyard Kipling.

Note.—To introduce this poem it will be necessary to tell the children about Robinson Crusoe and how he saw the footprints in the sand and then met his first friend, man-Friday.

Let the children tell which pet they like best—a dog, or a cat. They can then give reasons for their choice, and afterwards the teacher can recite the poem, and when the children understand the poem well let them tell all the things that pussy does and all the things that *Binkie* does.

The children can draw their own impressions of the things that pussy does—sitting by the fire, climbing a tree, playing with a cork. *Binkie's* actions are not told in the poem—except that “he snores at my feet all night”—so the children must draw what they think *Binkie* would do.

MARKET SQUARE

I had a penny,
 A bright new penny,
 I took my penny
 To the market square.
 I wanted a rabbit,
 A little brown rabbit,
 And I looked for a rabbit
 'Most everywhere.

For I went to the stall where they sold
 sweet lavender

(“Only a penny for a bunch of lavender!”)
 “Have you got a rabbit, 'cos I don't want
 lavender?”

But they hadn't got a rabbit, not any-
 where there.

I had a penny,
 And I had another penny,
 I took my pennies
 To the market square.

I did want a rabbit,
 A little baby rabbit,
 And I looked for rabbits
 'Most everywhere.

And I went to the stall where they sold
 fresh mackerel

(“Now then! Tuppence for a fresh-caught
 mackerel!”)

“Have you got a rabbit, 'cos I don't like
 mackerel?”

But they hadn't got a rabbit, not any-
 where there.

I found a sixpence,
 A little white sixpence,
 I took it in my hand
 To the market square.
 I was buying my rabbit
 (I do like rabbits),
 And I looked for my rabbit
 'Most everywhere.

So I went to the stall where they sold fine
 saucepans

(“Walk up, walk up, sixpence for a sauce-
 pan!”)

“Could I have a rabbit, 'cos we've got two
 saucepans?”

But they hadn't got a rabbit, not any-
 where there.

I had nuffin'
 No, I hadn't got nuffin',
 So I didn't go down
 To the market square;
 But I walked on the common,
 The old-gold common . . .
 And I saw little rabbits
 'Most everywhere!

So I'm sorry for the people who sell fine
 saucepans,

I'm sorry for the people who sell fresh
 mackerel,

I'm sorry for the people who sell sweet
 lavender,

'Cos they haven't got a rabbit, not any-
 where there!

A. A. Milne.

Note.—Introduce this poem by a talk to children on the pets they like best, and what they would pay for them. Let them tell all the things that they might buy for a penny, for two pennies and for sixpence. Country children will know where rabbits

can be seen; town children will need some explanation. The poem must be recited with full expression in order to convey the meaning of such lines as, "Only a penny for a bunch of lavender!" and "Now then! Tuppence for a fresh-caught mackerell!"

SONGS

ACTION SONG—RABBITS

This song gives excellent practice in speech training if it is correctly recited before it is sung. The children may freely interpret the words and music by actions which are suggested here. They jump about, keeping the feet together, and holding the hands beside the head to represent ears.

1. We are rabbits, hop, hop, hop.
 (Hop about.)
 See our big ears flop, flop, flop!
 We hide in the grass *(Crouch.)*
 To watch you all pass,
 And then we come up with a pop,
 pop, pop! *(Pop up.)*

2. Up and down we skip, skip, skip,
 Frisking whiskers—flip, flip, flip!
 And ev'ryone knows
 (Hop away with back to audience.)
 Where each rabbit goes

By his tail with its little white tip, tip,
 tip.

3. All that's green we munch, munch, munch,
 (Nibble.)
 Grass and lettuce scrunch, scrunch,
 scrunch,
 All tender young crops,
 And sweet turnip tops,
 Make our breakfast, our tea and our
 lunch, lunch, lunch.

4. In the warm earth, deep, deep, deep,
 That's where rabbits creep, creep, creep.
 When daylight is past,
 And dew's falling fast,
 We slip down our holes for our sleep,
 sleep, sleep. *(Sleep.)*

Kate Kay.



RABBITS

ACTION SONG

KATE LAY

PERCY G. SAUNDERS

Doh = G || d .s₁ :r .s₁ | m .r :d }

1. We are rab - bits, hop, hop, hop!
2. Up and down we skip, skip, skip!

See our big ears flop, flop, flop! We hide in the grass To—
Frisk - ing whisk - ers - flip, flip, flip! And ev - 'ry - one knows Where

watch you all pass, And - then we come up with a pop, pop, pop!
each rab-bit goes By his tail with its lit - tle white tip, tip, tip!

Oh Where, Oh Where is My Little Dog Gone?

PERCY G. SAUNDERS

OLD RHYME

Slowly and sadly

Doh = C. Lah = A

|| : : | : :m | l :l :l | se :se :l | t :l :se | l :- :l }

Oh where, and oh where is my lit-tle dog gone? Oh

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo/mood is 'Slowly and sadly'. The lyrics are 'Oh where, and oh where is my lit-tle dog gone? Oh'. Above the staff, there is a sequence of rhythmic notation: || : : | : :m | l :l :l | se :se :l | t :l :se | l :- :l }.

{| d' :d' :d' | l :- :d' | t :- :- | - :t :d' | r' :- :r' | d' :t :l }

where, and oh where is he? With his ear cut short and his

The second system continues the melody. The lyrics are 'where, and oh where is he? With his ear cut short and his'. Above the staff, there is a sequence of rhythmic notation: {| d' :d' :d' | l :- :d' | t :- :- | - :t :d' | r' :- :r' | d' :t :l }.

Slower

{| s :- :f | m :- :- | - :- :- | - :- :- | d' :t :l | t :l :se | l :- :- | - :- :- | }

tail cut long, Oh where, and oh where can he be? —

The third system concludes the piece. The tempo/mood changes to 'Slower'. The lyrics are 'tail cut long, Oh where, and oh where can he be? —'. Above the staff, there is a sequence of rhythmic notation: {| s :- :f | m :- :- | - :- :- | - :- :- | d' :t :l | t :l :se | l :- :- | - :- :- | }.

I LOVE LITTLE PUSSY

OLD RHYME

PERCY G. SAUNDERS

Doh = G

I love lit - tle

pus - sy, Her coat is so warm, And if I don't hurt her Shell

do me no harm I'll sit by the fire, And give her some

food, And pus - sy will love me Be - cause I am good.

DING, DONG, BELL!

PERCY G. SAUNDERS

OLD RHYME

Doh = F || : 1 : | : 1 : | d :s, ld :- | m .f :r .m ld :- }

Ding, dong, bell! Pus-sy's in the well

Who put her in? Lit-tle Tom-my Lin Who pulled her out?

Lit-tle Tom-my Stout. What a naugh-ty boy was that To drown poor pus-sy cat Who

ne'er did an-y harm, But killed all the mice In his fa-ther's barn.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'f' (forte) and 's' (sotto). There are also some unusual notations like 'Doh = F' and '|| d :s, ld :-' which appear to be phonetic or rhythmic guides. The lyrics tell a story of a cat named Pus-sy who is put in a well by a boy named Tom-my, and later, Tom-my kills all the mice in his father's barn.

THIS OLD MAN

OLD RHYME

Arranged by
PERCY G. SAUNDERS

Doh = F ||

This old man,

he played one, He played nick nack on my drum;

Nick, nack, pad - dy whack, give a dog a bone,

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system ends with a repeat sign. The second system ends with a repeat sign. The third system ends with a repeat sign. The piano accompaniment features a simple, rhythmic melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

|| 1 .r :f | m .r :d | : | : |

This old man came roll - ing home.

|| s .m :s | s .m :s | 1 .s :f .m |

This old man, he played two, He played nick nack

|| r .m :f | s .d :d ,d .d | d ,r .m ,f :s |

on my shoe; Nick, nack, pad-dy whack, give a dog a bone,

|| 1 .r :r .f | m :r .m | d :- ||

This old man came roll - ing home.

BLACKBOARD DRAWINGS

HOW TO DRAW THE RABBIT

THE sketches of the rabbit on the opposite page are particularly simple.

Even the children will be able to draw a rabbit in the two positions at the top of the page from the simple construction lines which are given. When the rabbit sees danger, he lays his ears flat on his back and runs at great speed, as shown, then dives down his hole. When sitting up the rabbit rests on his back legs, and holds his tiny forepaws in front like a kangaroo. The sketch of the

rabbit running quietly along is often needed in telling stories.

The half plate at the foot of this page shows the details in drawing rabbits:—

1. The rabbit's head, with the long, sensitive ears which are always moving. The rabbit turns one ear to the front and the other backwards, so that he can listen for approaching danger on all sides. When startled, the rabbit brings his ears straight to the front and well forward.

2. The rabbit's short forelegs or paws



1. LONG SENSITIVE EARS
4. TUFT OF A TAIL

2. SHORT FORELEGS
5. SOFT, EXPRESSIVE EYE
7. GUINEA PIG

3. STRONG HIND LEG
6. POWERFUL PAW



HOW TO DRAW THE RABBIT

which, compared with the long powerful hind legs, seem inadequate and almost useless; but watch the rabbit digging the hole in which he hides and rears his family, and it is surprising to see how those little forepaws make the earth fly.

3. The rabbit's strong hind leg, with the broad muscular thigh that is responsible for the great speed with which the rabbit covers the ground. The part of the leg from the hock to the toe, on which he rests when sitting, is used to make a signal; the rabbit strikes his foot hard on the ground as a warning of danger, or when he is angry and wants to fight.

4. The rabbit's funny little tuft of white tail is scarcely visible when he is sitting, but is a most conspicuous object when he starts to run, and serves as a target to a man

with a gun. It has been suggested that the white tail serves in the dim light as a guide to young rabbits following older ones into their holes.

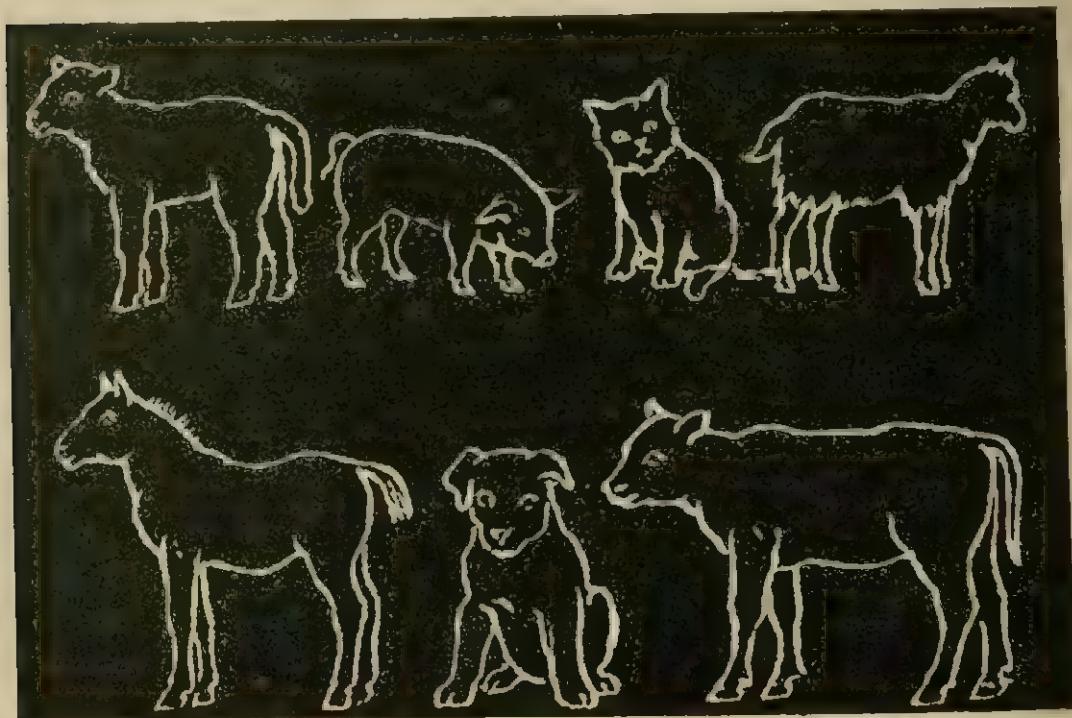
5. The rabbit's large, soft, expressive eye is placed so much on the side of the head that it is difficult for the rabbit to see straight ahead, but he has a wide range of vision.

6. The rabbit's powerful paw which enables him to dig holes.

7. A simple sketch of a guinea pig.

Baby animals.—Let the children tell the names of the following baby animals:—sheep (lamb); pig (piglet); cat (kitten); goat (kid); horse (foal); dog (pup); cow (calf).

The illustrations will be useful for black-board drawings.



LAMB
FOAL

PIGLET
PUP

KITTEN .
CALF

KID

PUSSY CAT

PERCY G. SAUNDERS

OLD RHYME

Doh = Ab

Pus-sy cat, Pus-sy cat,

The first system of the musical score for 'Pussy Cat'. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 8/8. The vocal line begins with a 'Doh' note on Ab. The lyrics 'Pus-sy cat, Pus-sy cat,' are written below the vocal line.

Where have you been? I've been to Lon-don to look at the queen.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Where have you been? I've been to Lon-don to look at the queen.' The piano accompaniment provides a steady rhythmic foundation.

Pus - sy cat, pus - sy cat, What did you there?

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Pus - sy cat, pus - sy cat, What did you there?' The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

fright-ened a lit-tle mouse Un-der her chair.

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'fright-ened a lit-tle mouse Un-der her chair.' The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

CENTRE OF INTEREST— CARE OF PETS

XIV. THE CARE OF BIRDS



LITTLE PETER REMEMBERS THE BIRDS
Drawing in Outline of Picture No. 18 in the Portfolio.

Description of Picture No. 18.—Peter, a small child clad in a woollen suit, with cap and mittens, is scattering seed from a paper bag to a colony of pigeons. The dove-cote, with thatched roof, is supported on a post. Among the pigeons, the graceful fantails and the striped homing birds may be seen. A coconut is hung from a neighbouring branch and two tits are pecking at it. A robin is perched on a hillock near by. The snow, the bare branches, and the child's costume all combine to make a wintry scene.

The frieze is made up of an upright pouter pigeon with two common pigeons pecking on the ground. Outline sketches for tracing

these shapes are given. (Pages 504 and 505.) One third of the children will each require a whole sheet of drawing paper with a tracing of the pouter. Another third needs a half sheet of paper with a tracing of the pecking pigeon; and the remaining third will have a half sheet with the same tracing, only with the bird facing in the opposite direction. The colours for the frieze are shown in the picture. The children should first moisten their papers with a brush filled with clean water, and apply the colours with sweeping strokes. After colouring, they may cut out their birds along the guiding lines so that they can be mounted on the back of a strip of wall paper or on canvas.

LANGUAGE AND SPEECH TRAINING

Conversation on Picture No. 18.—The children should freely describe and discuss the picture. To stimulate thought and observation, and to bring to the notice of the children any points overlooked, the teacher may make some of the following suggestions:—1. Tell what time of the year it is in the picture. 2. Tell how little Peter is dressed. 3. Tell what Peter is doing. 4. What is the little house on the post? 5. Of what is the roof of the dove-cote made? 6. What birds live in the dove-cote? 7. Why is the dove-cote put up high on a post? (Cats cannot reach the birds.) 8. Tell what some of the pigeons are doing. 9. Tell what other pigeons are doing. 10. Name another kind of bird you can see on the ground in the picture. (Robin.) 11. What hangs from the branch of the tree? 12. What birds are pecking at the coconut? 13. Tell what you see in the border under the picture.

During the conversation, the leading words may be written on the blackboard; e.g., winter, wool, woollen, coat, cap, mittens, bag, seeds, dove-cote, pigeon, dove, robin, coconut, tit.

The older children may copy these words into their *Word Books* as a writing exercise, and the more familiar of them may be learnt as an exercise in spelling. Some of the words with illustrations should be added to the *Scrapbook Dictionary*.

FOR CHILDREN FROM FIVE TO SIX

Play.—Let the children mime actions and imitate sounds based on *Picture No. 18* as follows:—1. Play at flying like a pigeon. 2. Play at hopping like a robin. 3. Say "Tweet, tweet" like a robin. 4. Play at pecking a coconut. 5. Play at feeding the birds. 6. Make a cooing noise like a pigeon. 7. Whistle like a bird.

Matching colours.—Let the children select from their boxes of beads, papers, silk, wool or other material the colours to match some of those seen in *Picture No. 18*:—Peter's yellow clothes, the green part of the dove-cote, the yellow house, the blue pigeons, the red breast of the robin, the blue and yellow tits, the white snow. The

children can have further practice in matching colours if they are given cut-outs of the pigeons for them to paint.

Missing words.—Say such sentences as the following for the children to supply the missing words by reference to the picture:—

1. Peter feeds the — (pigeons).
2. The pigeons eat — (seeds).
3. The robin has a red — (breast).
4. The tits eat the — (coconut).
5. Snow is on the — (ground).
6. The pigeons' house is called a — (dovecote).

Number.—Some of the birds in *Picture No. 18* are arranged in groups, e.g., 5 pigeons in the dovecote; 2 tits on the coconut; 1 robin; groups of 2 pigeons picking seeds

in the border; 2 pigeons flying. The children can make clay, plasticine, or paper pigeons, and arrange their pigeons in groups as seen in the picture. The models of several children can be arranged in groups of ten; then 1, 2, 3, etc., pigeons can fly away and the children can discover how many are left.

Coloured counters, beans, etc., can be used to represent pigeons, and practice can be given in counting and grouping them.

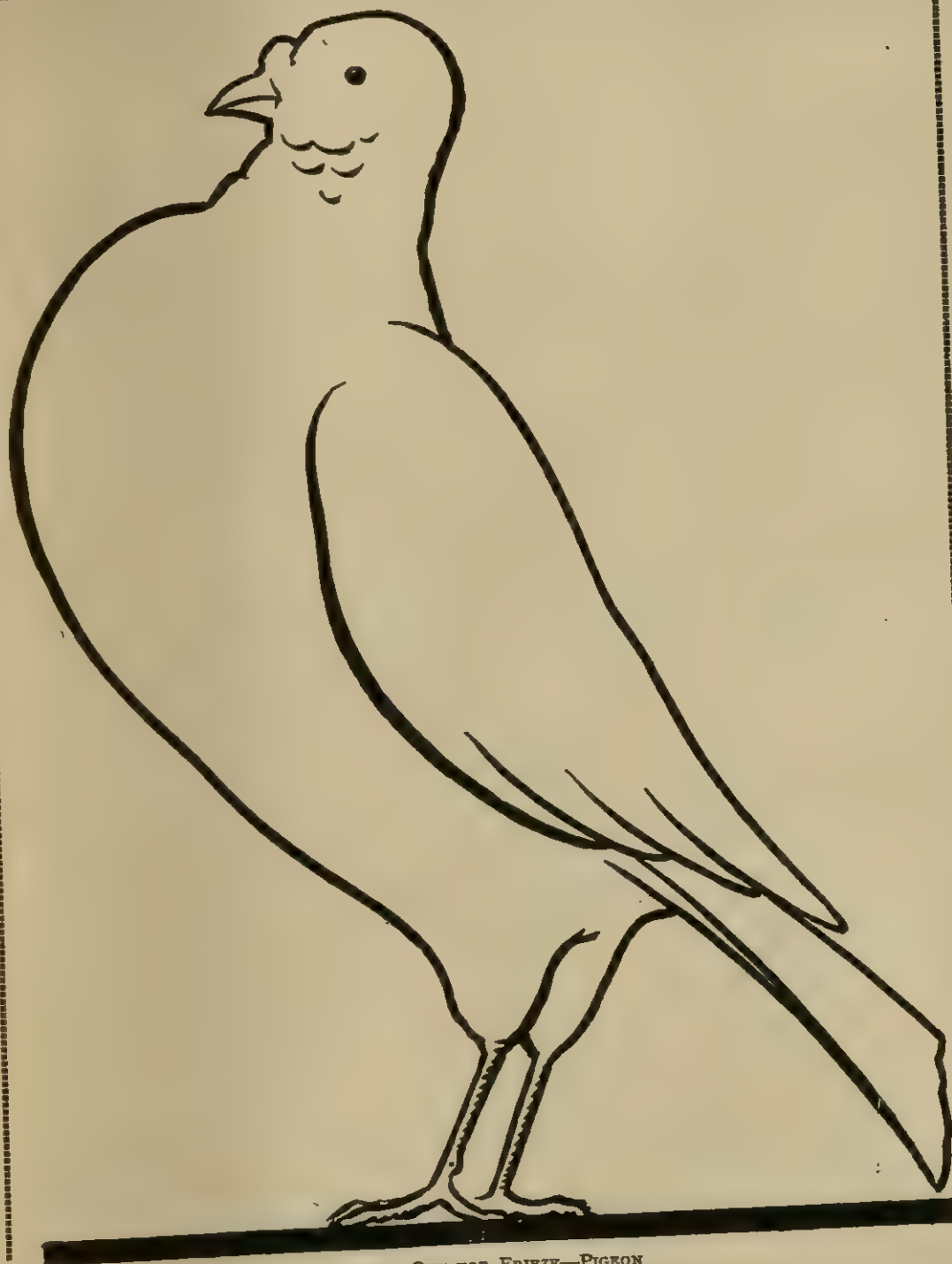
FOR CHILDREN OVER SIX

Flash Cards.—The following sentences might be written on strips of card:—

1. Peter is a little boy.
Peter is fond of birds.
He has many pigeons.
He likes to feed the pigeons.



TRACE-OUT FOR FRIEZE—PIGEON FEEDING
Trace this drawing for part of the Frieze, Picture No. 18.



TRACE-OUT FOR FRIEZE—PIGEON
Trace this drawing for part of the Frieze, Picture No. 18.

2. The pigeons live in a house.
The house is on a post.
Cats cannot climb the post.
The house is called a dovecote.
3. The snow is on the ground.
The pigeons want some seeds.
Peter puts on his woolly clothes.
Peter gives seeds to the pigeons.
4. A robin is looking at Peter.
The robin has a red breast.
The robin wants some seeds.
He will eat some of the pigeons' seeds.
5. Peter's father has hung up a coconut.
The coconut swings from a branch.
The tits like coconut to eat.
Two tits are eating the coconut.

Homes of birds and animals.—In connection with *Picture No. 18* the children will talk about the pigeons' home which is called a *loft* or *cote*. Let them help the teacher to prepare a list of homes of other birds and animals:—bird's nest; dog kennel; horse's stable; pig sty; sheep fold; cowshed; rabbit hutch; mouse hole.

The words can be written on the blackboard and copied by the children into their *Word Books*. The words can also be added with suitable illustrations (mainly procured from catalogues and magazines) to the *Scrapbook Dictionary*.

Rhyming words.—Read aloud the following incomplete rhymes and let the children suggest the final words:—

1. The white dove sat on the castle wall,
I bent my bow, and made her ———
(*fall*).
2. Soft and quiet, soft and slow,
Down it falls, the feathery ——— (*snow*).
3. Robin all the summer long,
Sang his pretty, cheerful ——— (*song*).

4. The world's a very happy place,
Where every child should dance and
sing,
And always have a smiling ——— (*face*),
And never sulk at any ——— (*thing*).
5. The evening is coming,
The sun sinks to rest;
The rooks are all flying
Straight home to the ——— (*nest*).

Missing words.—Write several sentences on the blackboard, or preferably on cards, and let the children rewrite the sentences adding the missing words:—

1. The pigeons live in the ——— (*dovecote*).
2. The dovecote is high up on a ——— (*post*).
3. Peter is feeding the ——— (*pigeons*).
4. Peter is dressed in warm ——— (*clothes*).
5. From the tree hangs a ——— (*coconut*).
6. Tits like ——— (*coconut*) to eat.
7. It is kind to feed the birds in ———
(*winter*).
8. The robin has a red ——— (*breast*).

Snapshot drawings.—Draw outlines on a large scale of three or four birds; e.g., pouter pigeon, fowl, duck, rook. Cut out the silhouettes, and, when the children are prepared with drawing materials, hold one of the cards before them for a few seconds. Remove the card and let the children draw their impressions of the bird. Afterwards pin the card on the blackboard and let the children correct their own drawings. Deal in the same way with the other cards.

Incorrect speech—"did" and "done."—The use of *done* for *did* is a common error. A little drill on the use of these words can be given in connection with the drawing exercise above.

Teacher holds up several drawings done by different members of the class and pointing to one says: "Who did this?" The child whose drawing it is answers, "I did it, teacher."



FROG

BUTTERFLY

ROBIN

SNAIL

Incorrect speech—"I have none."
Regular drill is necessary in order to get the children to say "I have none" or "I haven't any," instead of "I 'ain't got none."

Question.—"Have you any seeds for the pigeons, Jane?"

Answer.—(a) "I have none, teacher."

(b) "I haven't any, teacher."

Further questions.—

How many coconuts have you for the tits?

How many worms have you for the robin?

Have you any water for the birds?

Have you any lofts for the pigeons?

The teacher secretly gives a child several small objects of the same kind, such as penknives, halfpennies, etc. The rest of the class take turns to ask questions of the child who has hidden the object:—

Question.—"Have you any pencils?"
Answer.—"I have none."

Further questions are asked until the right object is named; the winner then comes to the front and receives some objects to hide.

Writing letters.—Divide the class into two groups and let the children write letters to their neighbours telling all they have seen in *Picture No. 18*. Remind them at the outset of the rules for beginning and ending personal letters—see page 69. Let the children make and address envelopes, and post their letters in the classroom box. A "postman" can sort and deliver the letters, several of which should be read aloud to the class, when a friendly discussion should be held about the merits of each.

Individual reading cards.—This description of *Picture No. 18* can be hectographed for children's individual reading:—

In winter birds can find little to eat. Snow covers the seeds they love. There are no worms or insects about. There are only berries to eat, and these are soon gone. The water is frozen, and the birds have nothing to drink.

In the picture you see Peter feeding the birds in winter. He scatters seed on the snow. Peter's father has hung a coconut from a branch. Two tits are pecking at it.

The house on the post is a bird house. Pigeons live in it. The bird house has a door, a window and a thatched roof. The house is called a dovecote.

The large birds you see are pigeons. They fly down to pick up the seed. Near by sits a robin, hoping for a share.

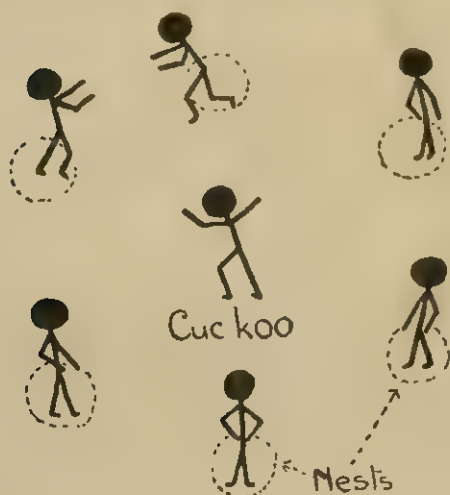
What would you do?—On the blackboard draw the outline of one of the creatures; e.g., *bee*, illustrated on the plate—page 507. Let the children tell what they would do if they were bees.

The answers might be:—I would buzz; I would get sweet juice from flowers; I would make honey; I would live in a hive; I would sting people who tried to catch me.

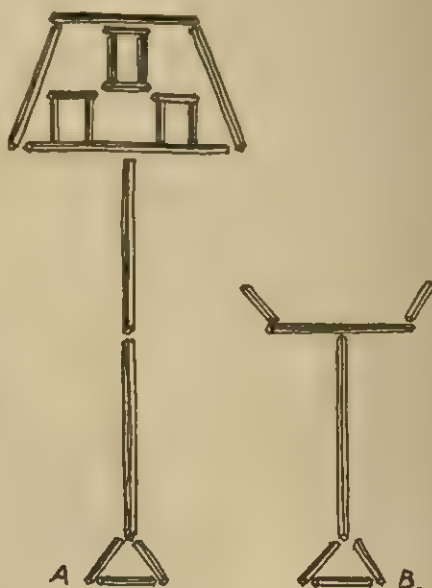
Proceed in a similar way with the drawings of the other creatures.

ACTIVITIES AND CONSTRUCTIVE WORK

Game—"The Cuckoo."—A number of "nests" are drawn on the ground with chalk, making a circle in the middle of which stands the Cuckoo. A Bird stands in each "nest." Any two Birds call "Tweet! tweet!" to each other and change places, while the Cuckoo tries to reach the "nest" before one of them. If the Cuckoo is successful, the Bird left out becomes the Cuckoo.



Stick laying—care of birds.—With sticks of different lengths the Fives can make pictures of a pigeon cote, bird bath, bird table, a bird flying, nest, etc., two of which are shown in the sketch.





HOW TO DRAW BABY

Paper cutting—pattern of birds.—An attractive frieze of swallows can be made from a strip of coloured paper four times as long as its width. Fold the strip into 4 sections, and on the top draw a swallow.

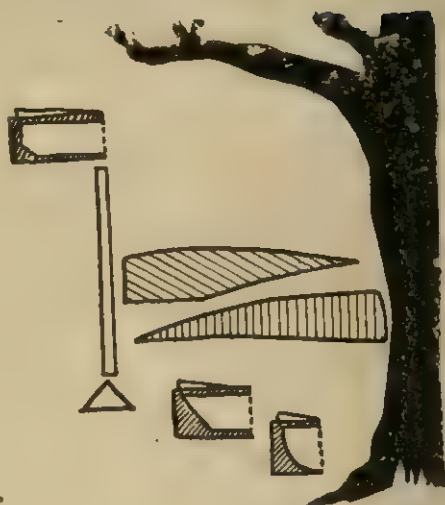
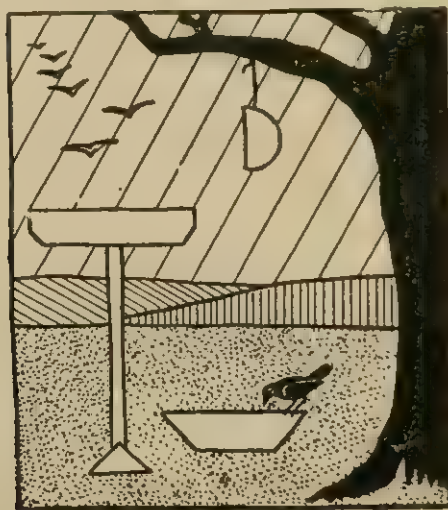


fold strip of paper into sections. sketch out swallow and cut out. mount on tinted card.



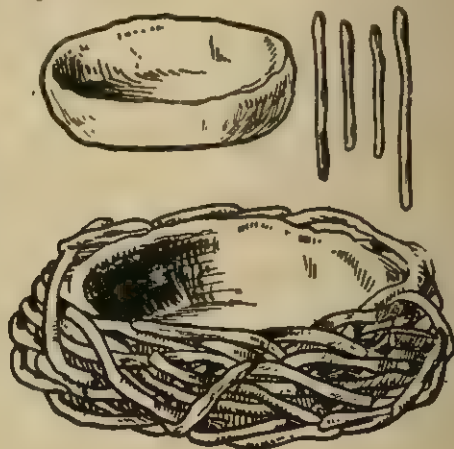
Hold the paper firmly and cut away the shaded area shown in the diagram. Be careful not to cut the tips of the wings, tail and beak at the folded sides, or the pattern will fall to pieces. Unfold the paper and mount the frieze on paper of a contrasting colour.

Paper picture—care of birds.—Take a square of cardboard as a mount for the picture, measure and cut out a piece of blue paper for the sky (half the size of the card), and stick it on. Measure and cut



out a piece of white paper for the snowy ground to cover the remainder of the card, and stick it on. Cut out the hills, half a coconut and parts of a tree in brown paper, stick them in position on the card and draw in the string with crayon or pencil. Cut out a bird bath from coloured paper and stick it on the snow. Cut out a bird table from brown paper and stick it in position. With a crayon or pencil draw a flock of birds in the sky.

Plastic model—bird's nest.—From a ball of clay or plasticine make a wide shallow cup. Then make a number of short thin "worms" and lay them all over the outside of the cup.



NATURE STUDY AND TALKS

BIRD STUDY



CHILDREN are always interested in birds because of their bright, attractive ways, their song, their familiar presence in the garden, hedge and field, or on ponds, and the mystery and excitement of finding their nests. It is therefore with these familiar aspects that bird study should begin, leading later to some consideration of the characteristics of birds as a group. Begin by noticing the points by which the commonest birds (the Sparrows and Starlings) are recognised, then try to define the distinctive features of other birds, especially the character which strikes you first. Notice (a) peculiarities of movement, (b) colours displayed in flight which give the bird a different appearance from that you know when it is at rest; e.g., the white bars in the wings of a Chaffinch, the brick-red back of a Yellow-Hammer, the pale fawn feather at each edge of the tail in a Lark.

Most of the work would be done informally. An occasional lesson is needed to arrange the results of observation and give guidance and direction.

RESIDENT WINTER BIRDS— HARD-BILLED

Introduction.—A good plan, suggested by Mr. W. Westell in his *Bird Studies*, is to give to the children on a postcard an outline of some common bird such as a Sparrow, and let them fill in the colouring as exactly as possible from observation during the week. They may be asked what they know of its colour, and then set out to verify their own impressions. Many will say it is a little brown bird. Ask how they would distinguish it from a Robin, a Linnet, or any other small, brown birds that are common in the neighbourhood. Ask what other birds they know and how they would recognise them. Get an account of some distinguishing feature of each, and then suggest that the children shall try to observe other details during the week.

Referring to the House Sparrow again, ask if the cock is like the hen in colour, and whether young birds can be distinguished among the others. Give them two postcards with outlines, one for the colours of the cock

and one for those of the hen. Suggest that they shall look for the colouring of head and neck, breast, wings, back and tail.

Find out what the children can tell you about the habits of Sparrows and any other common birds. With the children's help make a short list of birds that can be seen in the neighbourhood, and then give the children a set of questions to guide them in deciding how they can be recognised.

Questions.—

1. Where do you see the bird mostly? (Hedges? fields? woods? gardens?)
2. Does it come out into the open, or keep in shelter?
3. Is it tame or shy?
4. Do you see it on the ground?
5. Does it hop, walk, or run?
6. Is there anything by which you can recognise its flight?
7. When does it get up and go to bed?
8. Has it any striking colour?
9. Does it sing, or has it any call notes?
10. What does it feed on, and how?

If the questions are read through, and related to the list of birds just compiled, many children will have answers to suggest, and if these are discussed, the class can be asked to confirm the statements by further watching, and to be prepared to give their answers in a later lesson. Perhaps a fortnight might be allowed, and in the meantime, the possibility of setting up a bird table, bird bath, or other means of attracting birds could be considered, and the apparatus could then be assembled and set up.

Material.—The teacher should have, if possible, coloured pictures of the birds under discussion. A very good series of coloured postcards can be obtained from the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, for 2d. each. The National Society for the Protection of Birds, 182 Victoria Street, S.W.1., publishes a series of plain postcards, from which a number of copies

could readily be made. There is a coloured picture and six plain copies in each packet.

Refer to the colours noticed and make any comments they require. Build up, with the children, the colouring of the House Sparrow. (The same diagram enlarged for the blackboard would be useful, or a tabulated summary could be made.) Then refer to the sheet of questions and let the children offer information, and colour their pictures.

Amongst other points, the following would emerge: the House Sparrow chatters or chirps loudly and continuously in the early morning and at dusk, that is when it gets up and when it goes to bed. It should be noted that the time varies with the time of year. It also chirps excitedly if it is alarmed or angry. It hops on both feet at once. Short flights from roof to the ground are direct and straight, but in flying horizontally it rises and falls in short jerks or curves, spreading its wings and then shutting them forcibly as it sinks on the curve. The House Sparrow will eat almost anything,—crumbs, bits of fat, grain, and in the spring our newly set peas and grass seed. Notice its short, strong beak, very broad at the base, which enables it to crack seeds. Notice, too, how wary it is when feeding, although it is so tame. Its head moves from side to side, it never stays long in one spot on the ground, and it seems to see every movement and hear every sound. The male has a black bib; the female and immature birds have not. The young birds are lighter in colour.

Using these details as a basis, compare the House Sparrow with each of the other birds under observation. (Notes on some common birds are appended, as different selections may be made.)

THE HOUSE SPARROW

Appearance.—The Male. Length 6 to 6½ in. Plump body and short tail. Rounded head, short broad beak. Four toes ending

in claws, one turned backwards, as in most birds. Head dark slate grey, neck chestnut, breast grey, with a black patch over chin and throat. Back, tail and wings mingled light, dark and reddish brown, the tail being the most deeply coloured. Some of the streaks nearly black. Across the wings is an oblique whitish or pale fawn bar edged with black, very clear in flight. (This distinguishes it from both male and female Tree Sparrows, which have *two* such wing bars, and a chestnut head. They both have a black "bib," which is more extensive round the eyes than in the House Sparrow.)

The Female.—Smaller, $5\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 in. Paler colouring, less chestnut. No black patch on throat.

Young birds.—Like females, but paler, and plumage often not so smooth. Attain adult plumage after autumn moult. All have duller appearance in winter, owing to dusky fawn and grey tips of new feathers.

Habits.—Lives on roofs of houses, in streets and gardens. Bold, cunning, alert, not easily daunted. Very pugnacious. Food: omnivorous, chiefly seeds and grain, but kills many flies and butterflies on the wing, and collects enormous numbers of caterpillars and wireworms to feed its young, that is, nearly all the summer. A calculation was made from observations of one pair, that they killed over 3,000 caterpillars and wireworms in a week. The general impression that sparrows are wholly injurious is incorrect, though they do take a large toll of grain and young seedlings. They destroy crocuses and other flowers, probably in search of minute insects inside them, but possibly wantonly, as they seem to choose the yellow and brightest coloured flowers. Fond of bathing and dust baths.

No song, but monotonous, loud chirping, often incessant for long periods morning and evening, and if excited. They hop on the ground on both feet, or give little leaps. Flight undulating, except for short distances, or when rising or flying down to

the ground. They start their flight with several quick jumps, with wings spread and feathers separate.

Breeding.—Three, sometimes four broods in a year. Nest under eaves, in chimneys and spouts, or in old or stolen nests of other birds. Eggs, five or six, greyish white, with dusky brown streaks and spots. Vary in size, about $\frac{3}{4}$ in. to nearly 1 in. Nest loosely and untidily made of straw, hay, wool, feathers, sometimes twigs. Cup-shaped and variable, about 6 in. across, sometimes much more. Both parents attend young until fledged, then the father looks after them while the mother prepares for the next brood. All the broods remain in the neighbourhood of the nest. While the mother is sitting, the father, and any young which have left the nest, roost somewhere near.

THE CHAFFINCH

Appearance.—The Male.—Length, 6 to $6\frac{1}{2}$ in. or more. Often slightly larger than House Sparrow. Distinguished by slate blue head and rosy pink breast, becoming soft dove grey farther back. In flight, white wing bar and two white marginal tail feathers are conspicuous. Forehead black. Back chestnut, merging into olive. Dark wings and tail (olive, brown and lead colour) with a yellowish bar in the wings as well as the white markings already mentioned. The bird is very shapely and handsome, and the bright spring colouring appears exotic amongst our birds. It is often mistaken for the Bullfinch by casual observers, but is very much commoner. Its colour, though bright, has not the deep rose-crimson of the breast, nor the glossy blue-black of tail and wing of the Bullfinch, which is seen in secluded woodlands and gardens rather than in the open and populous places frequented by the Chaffinch.

The Female.—Slightly smaller, paler in colouring. Head greyish olive, not blue,



Yellow Hammer



Tree Sparrow



House Sparrow

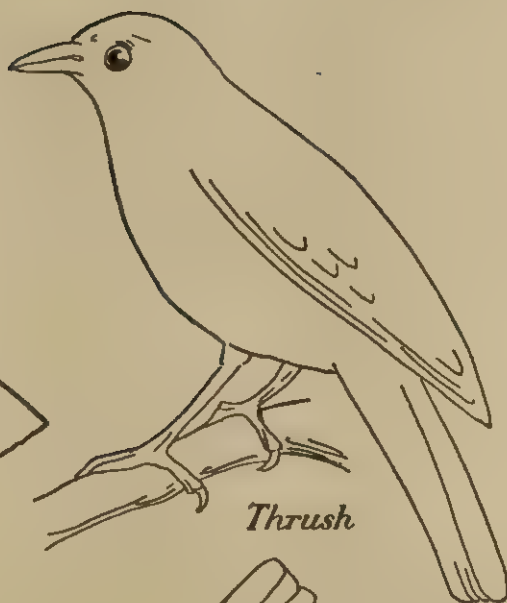


Chaffinch

TRACE-OUTS FOR THE CHILDREN TO COLOUR



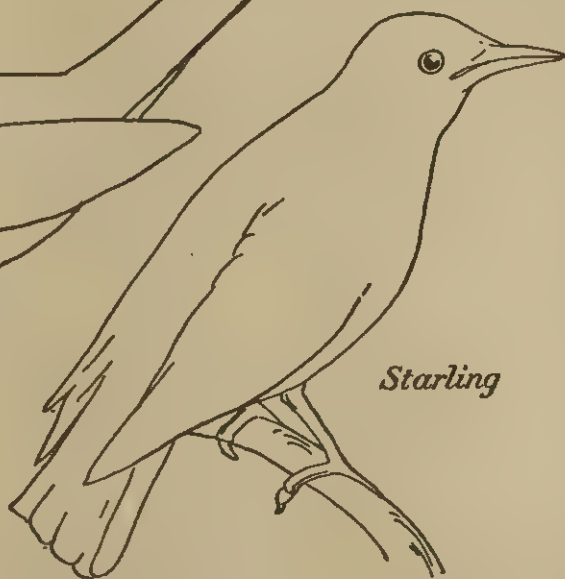
Robin



Thrush



Blackbird



Starling

TRACE-OUTS FOR THE CHILDREN TO COLOUR

breast pale fawn or greyish fawn, with just a tinge of red. Two wing bars as in male, but less conspicuous.

Young birds.—As female, till after autumn moult. All duller in the winter.

Habits.—Seen about hedges and trees, in the open stubble and ploughed fields in the autumn and early winter; later in the winter they go to the stackyards in search of grain (wheat and oats particularly). They are a great help in clearing the soil of the tiny seeds of all kinds of weeds, on which they feed largely. They feed on the edges of the cornfields when the corn is ripe, and have been seen to shell each grain before swallowing it. They will destroy crops of onions, radishes and other vegetables, and flowers such as polyanthus. On the other hand, besides the seeds of weeds, they destroy leaf-rolling caterpillars which infest fruit trees, and many other species, when feeding their young. They are very watchful, and utter a quick alarm note. In the winter the flocks are generally either male or female, and they are probably to some extent migratory, passing from northern to southern counties. It is possible that those which are seen in the north during the winter have come from the northern countries. (Linnaeus observed that flocks of females left Sweden.) They are amongst the earliest birds to sing, beginning early in February, and have a cheerful short phrase, ending in a quick run—"pick, pick, pick, pick, little de-ar." In the spring they have the habit of singing from one place, and very persistently, often fairly high up in a tree, but not like the Thrush, which stands clear on the highest twig that will support it. The young males begin to sing at about the beginning of August, singing an incomplete song at first. They move like sparrows, with short, quick hops, and their flight is similar.

Breeding.—Two broods are hatched, one about the middle of May, the second by the end of July. The nest, completed about

the end of April, is usually in small trees, such as fruit trees; sometimes in tall hedges. It is placed 6 to 12 ft. from the ground, sometimes higher. It is a neat, compact cup, wedged in a fork of branches. Fine materials are used, chosen from what is available in the neighbourhood, so that they vary to some extent. The outside is of grasses, small stalks and roots, tightly interwoven with wool, spiders' webs, or other fine fibres. The upper edge is very neatly woven, the opening being $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. across. It is lined with hair, with a few feathers added sometimes. A characteristic feature, which makes it easy to identify but not to detect, is the outer covering of bits of lichen and moss, taken from the tree in which it is built and therefore disguising it very completely. It has been found by different observers to take from six days to three weeks to construct, then the female sits for eleven or twelve days, and after the young birds are hatched, the male helps to feed them. During the brooding time he guards the nest and will try to beguile intruders to follow him away from it by cries and flutterings. Both behave in this way when the young are hatched. There are four or five eggs, rounded oval, about $\frac{5}{8}$ in. long, dull bluish-green, clouded with dull red, slightly streaked and spotted, rather variable. When the young leave the nest they follow the parents and are fed for some days, and by the time they are fledged have begun to feed on grain.

YELLOW-HAMMER (YELLOW BUNTING. YAFFLE)

Appearance.—The Male—Length, 7 in. Bright yellow head, neck and throat lightly streaked with olive or reddish brown, and a little dusky black on the head. The amount of yellow variable, more extensive and paler in older birds. Back bright reddish brown, deepening to orange brown near tail. Wings deep reddish brown, olive and dusky, with grey and yellow underneath. Brightest in

the spring. The rusty red of the back very conspicuous in flight, which is undulating but strong, and with longer, shallower curves than in sparrows and chaffinches.

The Female.—Slightly smaller. Colour much less conspicuous, and duller. Very little yellow, confined to forehead and breast, and obscured by dark streaks and dull olive colouring. General impression dusky brown-olive, with dark streaks and lighter back and tail. The reddish colour is seen on the back.

Young birds.—Dull yellowish brown, streaked with dark brown, and yellowish grey streaks beneath. Assume yellow head after autumn moult.

Habits.—Very characteristic of hedges in open cultivated country, and of gorse and broom on sandy commons. Almost strictly grain feeders. Flock in the winter in families, parents remaining together, but associating with birds of other kinds. Song a series of short, rapid notes with a long drawn out final note, familiarly given as, "A little bit of bread and no ch-ee-ce-se." Beginning as early as February, they sing perched on the top of the hedge, with the tail bent downwards. They are often to be seen sitting very still for a long time in this position when not singing.

Breeding.—Nest usually (though not invariably) low down in the hedge or on the ground at the foot, sheltered by a bush or clump of grass. Moss, roots, small twigs, hair, are used. It is compact and well-made, but not nearly so neat and strong as that of the chaffinch. Note that nests on the ground or firmly supported are not so strongly and firmly made. Eggs three to five, pale purplish white with thin irregular zigzag streaks and blotches of dark reddish brown, as if a child had scribbled over it with a fine pen (sometimes called the Scribbling Lark or Scribbling Bird). Length $\frac{5}{8}$ in. The male feeds the female carefully

during incubation, and takes his turn in sitting upon the eggs. The young begin to fly in the middle of June.

RESIDENT WINTER BIRDS— SOFT-BILLED

Introduction.—A week or so before the lesson, after observations on Sparrows, Chaffinches and Yellow-Hammers have been discussed, give the children a list of other birds to look out for specially. These might include such birds as the Song Thrush, Blackbird, Starling and Redbreast, and (if they are known to frequent the neighbourhood) Mistle Thrush, Blue Tit and Great Tit. Suggest that similar observations to those already made shall be carried on. Similar notes and other records might be made.

I. The class lesson would proceed on the same lines as the last, the teacher filling out the children's observations after discussion has taken place, and giving further information which they can later try to verify.

As thrushes, blackbirds or starlings have been watched, they will probably have been seen pulling worms out of the ground and eating them. The Thrush may have been seen breaking snail shells by hammering them on a stone. A particular stone may be used frequently, so that the ground round it is littered with broken shells. Notice the difference in shape between the beaks of these birds and those of the House Sparrow, Chaffinch or Yellow-Hammer. They are long, slender and sharply pointed. The Blue Tit and Great Tit also have a thin, sharp beak with which they dig out insects or the contents of buds. The two types are distinguished as the *Soft-billed* and *Hard-billed*, those which feed chiefly on soft food (insects, worms, snails, and fruit), and those which feed on grain, hard seed and nuts. The bird's sharp narrow beak can stab or impale its victims, or pick them up like fine pincers; the broad, strong beak can be

used like a pair of nutcrackers. (The notes at the end of this chapter will help the teacher to indicate further points for study.)

II. These autumn lessons on birds should stimulate an interest which will remain lively throughout the winter. In the spring a further period might be taken, in which the birds' nesting activities might be described sufficiently to direct the children's attention to them. A bird chart might be kept throughout the winter, and the children would then notice when newcomers begin to arrive, when pairing begins, what birds begin to sing, how many can be heard singing in the same spot at the same time each day (the territory), and they would note the change to brighter plumage. If two or three old nests can be collected and examined, the children can find out something of the structure and characteristics of some common ones. They may be told where to look and how to look for nests, and above all, to approach quietly so as not to frighten the birds, and *never* to touch them, as the parents can smell if a nest or eggs have been handled, and they will often desert the nest even if the young ones are hatched.

The songs of birds can be gradually learnt only by patient and solitary listeners. However, the teacher can do something to help children by telling them where certain birds are to be heard, by incidentally calling attention to the songs of common birds whenever they can be heard about the school, by suggesting that children who are interested shall try to imitate some of the songs with the help of bird whistles, and perhaps by encouraging some of them to give a "concert."

THE SONG THRUSH

Appearance.—Male and Female alike. Length $8\frac{1}{2}$ in. Nut-brown or olive-brown, pale fawn to white breast spotted with dark brown, many of the spots forming long streaks, whereas in the Mistle Thrush

they are short, nearly round, or arrow-head shaped.

Young birds.—Rather yellowish, upper parts flecked with buff.

Habits.—Though many are winter residents, especially in towns, there is no doubt that a great many migrate, either farther south for the winter or to other breeding places. They sing almost the whole year round, and can often be heard singing joyously in January or February when there is a warm, bright spell. Their rich, varied song, with its repetitions of short phrases and notes, needs no description. They will often sing from the top of a high tree.

Food.—Worms and slugs, and snails which they break open by hammering them on stones. Fruit occasionally. They will patter all over a lawn, and the earthworms rise in response to the vibration as they do to rain, and so are caught unawares and snapped up before they have time to hook themselves into their burrows. They have a preference for cultivated fields and gardens, probably because worms are nearer the surface and frequently turned up by the plough or fork.

Breeding.—The nesting places chosen are variable, though most frequently in a bush or tree. The fairly compact nest of grass and fine twigs is lined with mud, kneaded into a hard cup and bound together by bits of straw, dung, or decaying wood. Eggs, four or five, blue with black spots, about 1 in. long. Nest building begins very early. The first eggs are usually laid in March, and two or three broods are reared in the summer.

THE MISTLE THRUSH

This bird is larger than the Song Thrush, greyer, with more distinct, roundish spots

on a lighter breast, and white underparts which show distinctly in flight. Length, 11 in. It feeds especially on berries, and is said to derive its name from its love of mistletoe berries, though it also feeds on worms and snails. It is common in wilder country, especially in hilly country. It is said to have ousted the Song Thrush in localities where they have come into competition. It is a vigorous, pugnacious bird, called the "Stormcock," from its habit of singing through stormy weather. Like the Redwing and Fieldfare, many come to the south of England in the winter, returning farther north to breed.

Breeding.—They breed even earlier than the Song Thrushes. Mr. T. A. Coward records instances of the birds being interrupted by falls of snow filling the nest, and going on again when the snow had melted. Eggs are larger than those of the Song Thrush, about 1½ in. White, suffused with green or brown, and spotted with dark purplish grey or brown. Usually two broods.

Young birds.—Yellowish on upper parts, with pale buff spots. Note that in many birds the young have spots more generally distributed than in the parents, and may have spots when the parents have none; e.g., young Robins.

dark until the second year, when the adult plumage is nearly complete.

Habits.—Found in hedgerows and bushes chiefly, and in garden shrubberies, coming out into the open to feed on worms, but retiring on the least alarm. Flight straight and vigorous, rising rapidly from the ground and often flying low for some distance. Runs and hops on the ground, often flirting its long tail.

Food.—As the Song Thrush to which it is nearly related.

Song.—Its beautiful, deep song contains rich, pure notes and low gurgles and chuckles, of somewhat the same character as that of the Thrush, but lower, less varied, and without the many repetitions. It lasts for a shorter season. It has in addition a low-pitched, loud chatter or rattle when alarmed, angry or excited, very startling to hear unexpectedly, and a warning of danger to the whole neighbourhood.

Breeding.—Nests in bushes, trees or hedges. Nest made chiefly by the hen, of grass lined with mud and then grass again, thus differing from the Thrush's nest. Eggs, four to six, about 1 in. long, pale greenish white, finely dusted with dull red.

THE BLACKBIRD

Appearance.—The Male—Length, 10 in. Glossy black plumage, occasionally blotched with white or nearly all white. Bright orange beak, long and daggerlike for impaling worms and soft insects, or acting as forceps in holding them.

The Female.—Dark brown, with a paler breast streaked with black, suggesting a thrush, but darker. Beak also brown.

Young birds.—Lighter brown, with some streaks. The beaks of the young males are

THE FIELDFARE

Another member of the Thrush tribe, common in many parts of England in open fields, especially ploughed fields, in the winter months, when large flocks may be seen. They retreat farther north for the breeding season, usually about March. They are larger than the Mistle Thrush, and have a grey general colour, due to the slate-grey head and rump conspicuous in flight, together with the warm chestnut back. Seen standing at close quarters they are more thrushlike, with rich brown throat and pale underparts streaked with black,

and in the winter head and rump also. The beak is dark brown in the winter. They are larger than thrushes, about 10 in. long. Food is similar to that of other thrushes. They work very systematically up a field, and roost all together in trees. They rise and fly together if approached, uttering loud, harsh alarm cries.

THE REDWING

This is another winter visitor of the Thrush tribe, closely resembling the Fieldfare in its habits, appearing and feeding in the same places, often with flocks of Fieldfares. It is distinguished from the Thrush by the tawny red colour of the underwing, and sides of the body, showing especially in flight, and by the long narrow streaks which take the place of spots.

THE STARLING

Appearance.—Length, $8\frac{1}{2}$ in. Colours different in summer and winter. Male and female alike, but female rather duller. Summer plumage, glossy, metallic purple, blue and green in sunshine, looking duller and blacker on a dull day. Beak lemon-yellow. In winter, pale tips to the feathers give it a spotted appearance, much lighter and with the metallic feathers hidden. These tips gradually wear away, and by January or February it is beginning to assume its dark, glossy raiment. Legs dull brown.

Habits.—Gregarious birds, collecting into large flocks as soon as the nesting season is over, going to a common roosting place at night (like Rooks, to which they are distantly related) and searching the fields and gardens by day. Many are permanent residents, but others are birds of passage, or summer or winter residents only.

Song.—Very wide range, rich whistling, chuckling and bubbling notes, but capable

of imitating the songs of most other birds and any noise that attracts them.

Breeding.—They nest in holes almost anywhere—chimney pots, caves, haystacks, ruined walls—making a loose, untidy nest of straw and feathers. Eggs, five to seven, about 1 in. long, pale blue, laid in April. A second brood is reared.

THE BLUE TITMOUSE, BLUE TIT OR TOMTIT

Appearance.—Male and female almost identical, but female slightly smaller and duller. Length, $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. Distinguished by deep blue head and white cheeks, with a black line passing across the eye and encircling the cheeks. Back yellowish green. Sides of neck and breast yellow. Tail blue, with a white bar conspicuous in flight. A short, plump body, with slender, bluish grey legs, and short, sharp beak used as fine pincers for picking minute insects out of crevices. Distinguished from the Great Tit at a glance by its size (it is more than an inch smaller) and blue head.

Young birds.—Much yellower.

Habits.—Lives chiefly amongst trees, picking out tiny insects from bark and leaves, small moths and flies flying about, or small caterpillars swinging from the branches on threads, aphides and leaf-pests of all kinds. It destroys numerous buds in the spring, possibly in search of insects, though this is unproven. It is often seen swinging on the fragile twigs of birch or elm trees and fruit trees, and will hang upside down or in any position. Quick, jerky movements will explain the name of "titmouse." Takes short, rapid flights from tree to tree, with quickly-beating wings.

Song.—A rapidly repeated, tinkling note.

Breeding.—Selects a hole in a tree for its nest, and fills it up with moss to the

required depth if it is too deep. Returns to the same hole year after year, and takes readily to a nesting box. Nest a mossy cup, lined with wool, hair or feathers, contents from seven to twelve eggs (possibly sometimes laid by more than one hen). These are about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long, white with dull red spots. The bird will make a hissing noise if anyone looks into the nest when she is sitting, and bite if a finger is inserted.

THE GREAT TIT

Appearance.—Length $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. Similar colouring to Blue Tit but much less blue, and with conspicuous black head, neck and bib. Back yellow to olive green, passing into bluish grey. Tail and wings blue grey, with conspicuous white wing bar. Breast and underparts yellow. Much duller after the autumn moult, assuming bright spring colours as tips of feathers wear away. Male and female alike.

Young birds.—Duller.

Habits.—Remain with us all the year. Flock with other kinds during the winter, searching the trees, fallen leaves and mast for food. Come to the ground much more than the Blue Tits. Daring and pugnacious, using the sharp beak to attack birds as well as insects, and said sometimes to kill a smaller bird by driving its beak into the skull.

Food.—All kinds of small insects, especially larvae and leaf-burrowing insects such as spangle galls on leaves, and even the marble galls of the oak, which, Mr. Coward states, are often pecked to the central chamber to extract the larva inside. Nuts and seeds are also eaten. Both tits will eat hive bees as they emerge on the threshold in the spring.

Song.—Known as the "saw-sharpener," the two quickly repeated up-and-down

notes sound very much like a tool being sharpened on a stone, or a wire fence being tweaked by someone swinging it. Mr. Coward gives it as "pee-lar, pee-lar." It goes on insistently for long periods, sometimes with another quickly repeated final note or varied by pauses which make little phrases.

Breeding.—Similar to the Blue Tit, in holes in trees, with a large clutch of white, red-spotted eggs. These are larger than those of the Blue Tit, about $\frac{3}{4}$ in. long. It has the same habit of hissing and biting.

THE ROBIN OR REDBREAST

Appearance.—Male and Female alike. Length, $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. A neat, trim little bird, standing very upright on rather long legs. The scarlet breast is the adult's chief distinguishing feature, merging into light fawn and dove grey, with a rim of blue grey separating back from breast. Bright black eyes, slender pointed beak.

Young birds.—For some time speckled, with much the colouring of a thrush. Gradually lose the speckled appearance, becoming more like adult, attaining mature plumage after autumn moult.

Habits.—Found especially in cultivated places, hedges and gardens, and readily come to a bird table or hop round where digging is going on. Remain with us summer and winter, and are astonishingly friendly and tame.

Food.—Insects chiefly, and small worms, but soft berries (haws) and even seeds are eaten.

Song.—Begin to sing in the second year, at first an incomplete song, then the characteristic sweet, high and varied tune. They give also a series of quick notes at times like the opening and closing of scissors,

and a variety of short alarm notes and call notes.

Breeding.—Build in ivy, old walls, bushes, or in any kind of receptacle that offers a hole (they have been recorded in old cans, discarded hats, pillar boxes). Eggs, four to six, about $\frac{3}{4}$ in. long, pale greenish-blue, finely speckled with dusky green or brown. The young clamour for food incessantly, and are constantly fed by both parents, who bring four or five caterpillars at once. Chiefly fed on soft larvae. Frequently two broods in the year.

THE MAKING OF APPARATUS FOR BIRD STUDY

Aim.—To increase the children's interest and sympathy for birds by planning ways of feeding them in order to encourage them to come to the school playground or garden.

Introduction.—Suggest to the children that there would be more opportunities of studying birds if they could be encouraged to come to the school playground, and ask what could be done. Probably the children will suggest putting out crumbs. Ask what other food birds like. Tell them that during the winter, when grubs and other food are scarce, birds need heat-giving foods, and especially fat. They also need water, which they often find difficult to obtain, especially in frosty weather. They not only need water to drink, but many birds appreciate it for a bath. It is best to put the food on a tray so that the birds know where to expect it, and so as to keep it tidily together.

I. Decide where the bird table or tray could be put. The best place is in an open part of the garden, so that the birds can easily see if cats are about. It is a great advantage if a *sanctuary* can be made by surrounding the garden with a high wire fence, with sloping, out-turned ledge about

a foot wide at the top. The ledge makes it almost impossible for cats to climb over. The enclosure needs to be sufficiently wide for the birds not to feel trapped, or they will not come. If shrubs can be planted the birds are much more likely to use the enclosure. It should be in a place which the children can easily watch. Failing this plan, a tray may be secured by staples to a wall, or be hung from a window.

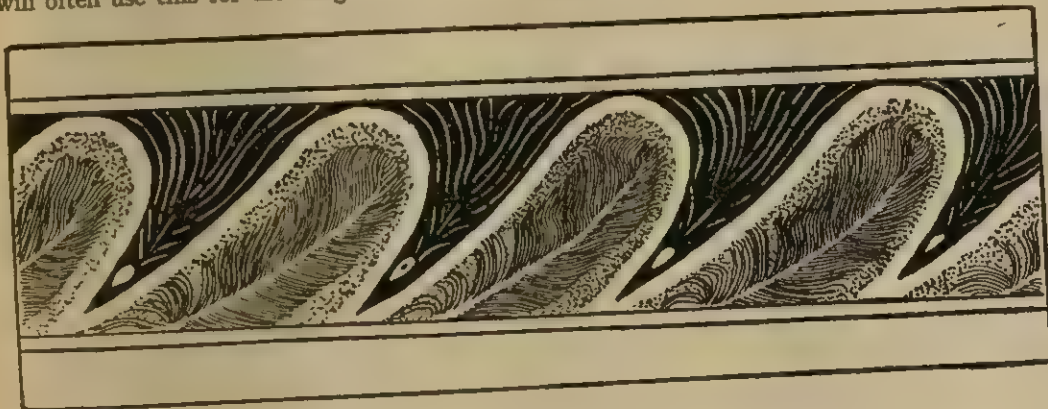
It is usually said that a bird table should be so high that cats cannot spring on to it, and a height of 4 ft. 6 in. is suggested. This height, however, is open to some objections. It is doubtful whether cats would be deterred by this height; it is too high for children to see, and birds which feed on the ground often seem reluctant to use so high a table. Such birds are very wary when feeding, and provided there is no cover for an enemy, they would usually see one approaching. A height of 2 ft. 6 in. is convenient for children to watch, and many birds seem to prefer something still lower. On the other hand, some of the shyer and smaller birds will come more readily to food hung from the branch of a tree, from a post or a window frame. A convenient device is to screw on to a window ledge half a child's wooden hoop from which strings of shelled peanuts, a half coconut, or a piece of fat on a string can be hung. Bunches of berries can also be suspended.

In order to see which food is chosen by different birds, it is a good plan to use very small plant-pot saucers or other small shallow vessels on the bird tray, and fill them with different kinds of seed. Mixed bird seed may be used, also wheat, maize, split peas, hemp, peanuts and sunflower seed. Indeed it is good to experiment with several different kinds. Crumbs can also be put out, but they should be broken quite small. A lump of suet or fat bacon is appreciated.

II. Discuss how to obtain what is needed. It may be possible for some children to

make a tray out of a box lid with strip wood nailed on for the edge, painting it green or staining it brown. The birds will not use it till the smell has disappeared. Possibly children in a higher class would make a bird tray. A firm pedestal is necessary. An old tree trunk sawn across makes a good one. The bird bath should be a shallow vessel, either on the ground or raised a few inches, with a conveniently thick rim for the birds to perch easily. It should hold about two to three inches of water. A large earthenware plant-pot saucer or bulb bowl is quite good for the purpose. It is better if the receptacle slopes gradually to the middle. If there is a small artificial pond in the garden, birds will often use this for drinking.

If the bird-feeding apparatus is already in existence, it may need overhauling, cleaning and re-painting; the bath and small food vessels may need washing. Decide what food shall be provided, and accept any offers. In this period it may be possible to let the children start preparations, or the work may be planned, and carried out between lessons. If possible, let all the children have a hand in it. Extra strings of peanuts or coconuts can be hung in other parts of the premises. Arrange a rota of children to look after the apparatus, and let them report officially at the beginning of each subsequent Nature Study period, if there is anything to relate. Other children's observations could then be taken.



STORIES TO READ OR TELL

HOW THE ROBIN GOT ITS RED BREAST

ONCE upon a time there was only one fire in the world. A man and a boy took care of it. They watched it all day and all night.

All the people in the world loved the fire. They could not live without it.

The white bear loved the cold and hated

the fire. He watched the man and boy all day and all night. He hoped that sometime they would forget and let the fire go out.

One day when the boy was alone, he did forget. He went fast asleep and the fire was left with no one to watch it.

Then the white bear crept softly out of his hiding place. He jumped on the fire and rolled over and over on it until it was quite black.

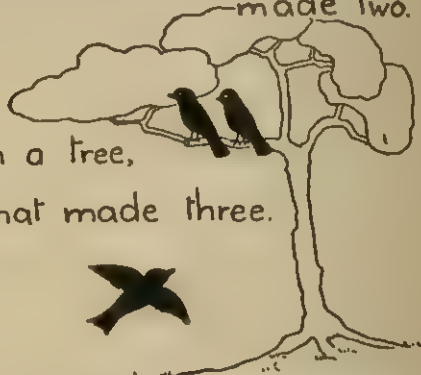
Ten Little Black birds. I



One little black bird up and up he flew,
Along came another one and that made two.



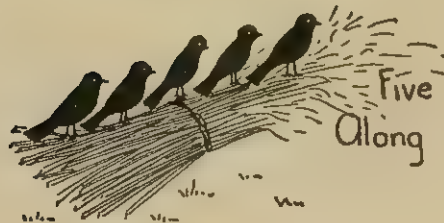
Two little black birds sitting on a tree,
Along came another one and that made three.



Three little black birds stood upon the floor,
Along came another one and that made four.



Four little black birds flying near a hive,
Along came another one and that made five.



Five little black birds sitting on the sticks,
Along came another one and that made six.

Ten Little Black birds. II



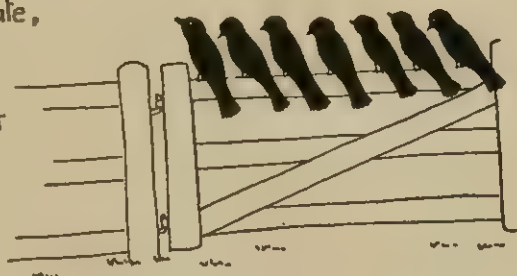
Six little black birds flying up to heaven,
Along came another one and that made seven.



Seven little black birds

sitting on a gate,

Along came another one
and that made eight



Eight little black birds sat on
mother's line,

Along came another one
and that made nine



Nine little black birds

saw a lot of men,

Along came another one
and that made ten.



"Good!" said the white bear, "now I shall have peace."

"Chirp! chirp!" sang a cheery voice. "Not if I know it!"

Out flew a gay little robin. He looked all around to be sure the bear was gone. Then he flew to the fire. Sure enough, there was one tiny spark left. He began to fan the spark with his wings.

The spark grew larger. More sparks came. Soon there was a blaze. The flames burned the robin's breast red, but he did not stop.

When the boy awakened, the fire was burning brightly, and a bird with a red breast was singing a gay little song.

Norse Folk Tale.



POLAR BEAR

Playing the story.—This simple story for little children can be acted without words. The "man" wearing a long coat and his boy sit on the floor pretending to make a fire. Another boy, distinguished by his bib-label as a white bear, sits at some distance looking on. The man gets up and goes away; the boy nods and finally falls asleep. The bear comes forward, jumps on the fire and rolls over it. A robin, distinguished by his bib-label, flies in chirping, and fans the fire by waving his arms. The boy wakes up and blows on the fire; the robin flies away.

THE JACKDAW

"**C**AW, caw," cried the black jackdaw, as he flew about on the church tower with other black jackdaws. One day he flew into a big garden. There stood a green dovecote.



Pretty white doves walked about trimming their feathers. "Coo-roo, coo-roo," they sang to each other.

"How I should like to be a dove," thought the jackdaw. "It would be fine to live in that green dovecote. A man would give me food every day. I am tired of having to look for it." He then went back to the tower, but he would not mix with his old friends. He could think only about being a dove, and he flew about by himself. Some men were mending the church wall, and one evening they left a pail of whitewash on the path.

"Good luck," cried the jackdaw, "here is just what I want. I will dip in the whitewash, and all the birds will think I am a dove."

He dipped himself into the pail. His black coat was now white. When he got back to the tower the other jackdaws would not come near him. "They think that I am a dove," he said, "Why, I must be a *real dove* now I am white."

Off he went to the big garden. There he walked about with the doves and trimmed his feathers.

"Look, Daddy," said a small boy, "there is a new dove! I wonder where he came from!"

"Coo-roo, coo-roo," sang the doves, for they liked this boy to come and look at them.

The jackdaw opened his beak too. "Caw, caw, caw," was his ugly cry.

"Oh! Daddy, it is not a dove. It is only a daw," shouted the boy.

"Coo-roo," said the doves. "Get out, get out, you are a daw. How dare you come and pretend you are a white dove." They pecked at him and drove him away. Not a bird would look at him till the rain came and washed him black again.

Flash Cards—questions.—When the story has been read or told, and discussed, short questions can be written on *Flash Cards*:—

1. Where did the jackdaw live?
2. What colour is a jackdaw?
3. Why did one jackdaw want to be white?
4. How did the jackdaw turn white?
5. How did the boy know the white jackdaw was not a dove?
6. Why did the doves drive away the jackdaw?

Flash Cards—"Yes" and "No."—As an alternative to the above, questions demanding the answer *Yes* or *No* can be written on cards:—

1. Are jackdaws white? (*No.*)
2. Are doves black? (*No.*)
3. Are jackdaws black? (*Yes.*)
4. Do jackdaws say "Coo, coo"? (*No.*)
5. Do jackdaws live in dovecotes? (*No.*)
6. Do jackdaws eat seeds? (*Yes.*)
7. Do doves say "Caw"? (*No.*)
8. Do doves eat seeds? (*Yes.*)

THE FOUR SPARROWS

FOUR blue eggs lay in the nest. Mother Sparrow sat on them till one day out came four baby birds.

Mother Sparrow flew here and there to find food. Near the nest grew a big rose bush. The baby birds stood on the edge of the nest. "Tweet! tweet! Now fly, now fly," said Mother Sparrow.

The four stood on their toes. Off they went. Up, up, up; and down, down, down. They stood on the path by the rose bush.

The roses were out in full bloom. How red they were! How sweet was their scent! The sparrows flew over the bush up to their nest.

Weeks went by. It was time for the little sparrows to look after themselves. They fixed upon a sign by which to know each other the next time they met. "Let us say 'Tweet, tweet, tweet' three times and tap with our left foot. That will be a fine sign, a fine sign," they sang as they flew away.

The rose bush had many red roses, but when winter came, they had all gone. The next year, the buds came out again. The sun shone, and the roses were soon in full bloom. A clever man came by. "How fine that rose bush is," he said. "I will paint a picture of it." He did so, and hung it on the wall in his house.

Hop! hop! a sparrow came into the room where the picture hung; then one more, and one more, and one more. Now there were four. "What a funny man's nest this is," they said, "and look, there is a rose bush." They flew to the picture. "Tweet, tweet, tweet," said one sparrow as he tapped with his left foot. "This is the rose bush that grew by my nest when I was a baby." "Tweet, tweet, tweet," said all the other sparrows, and tapped with their left feet.

They all said it was the same rose bush, for they had all come from the same nest. They had not seen each other since the



day they had said good-bye. "They are the same roses," said one. "But how can they be?"

"They *look* the same. Yes. But they do not *smell* the same," said the others.

Just then, in came the painter, and off flew the sparrows. "What fun it is to see each other again," they said. "Tweet, tweet, we fly here and there, we know many things, but we cannot think why those roses have no scent."

So the sparrows flew here and there, asking every bird they met, why the roses in the man's nest had no scent. But no one could tell them, and they do not know to this day.

Playing the story.—Let the children mime the actions and imitate the sounds connected with the story:—1. Say, "Tweet! tweet!" like a sparrow. 2. Stand on your toes and waving your arms pretend to fly up, up, up; and down, down, down. 3. Smell a flower. 4. Say, "Tweet, tweet, tweet," three times and tap with the left foot. 5. Say, "That will be a fine sign, a fine sign." 6. Pretend to paint a picture. 7. Say, "Tweet, tweet," and pretend to fly here and there.

THE SPARROW AND THE OWL

AWAY in the quiet country lay an old farmhouse. At the back, pine trees climbed up and up to the hill. In front was the blue sea dancing in the sun.

On one side, unused and forgotten, leaned a half-ruined barn, and up in the dimmest corner Old Father Owl and his wife slept through the long summer days.

Many little sparrows lived in the hedges around and under the eaves of the farmhouse itself.

In one nest Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow were very busy feeding their young ones. The baby birds squeaked so loudly that their father cried, "Hush, hush."

"Why 'hush'?" screamed Saucy Tim, and his mother fed him quickly to keep him quiet.

Mr. Sparrow went on: "Old Father Owl lives in that barn yonder, and we do not want him to know just where we live."

Tim chirped, "Why?" Again another fat worm was dropped into his mouth.

Then Mrs. Sparrow said, "Oh! he is a nice harmless old thing really. Farmer



Brown loves him because he catches rats and gobbles up thousands of insects that would injure his corn."

"How shall we know him?" whispered Tim, no longer hungry.

"You may never see him," said his mother, "for he comes out only at night. He is blind in the daylight, but he is a wonderful bird to look at."

"Wonderful!" snapped Mr. Sparrow. "An ugly creature, I call him. A ring of feathers all down his legs. Perhaps you prefer him to me," and Mr. Sparrow, perched on the edge of the nest, looked annoyed.

"Don't be silly," said his wife, and they flew off together for more food. Before long they were helping the baby sparrows to fly and look after themselves.

"Be sure," said Mrs. Sparrow, "to come home every night before dark, and then you will not be likely to meet Father Owl. He might carry you off if he met you."

"Yes, Mother," chirped the young ones, all but Saucy Tim. He said to himself, "Come home early when I can fly out over that big sea, and sail about under the silver moon I saw last night? Not I!"

He kept his thoughts to himself, however, and nestled under his mother's wings and went to sleep with the rest.

One fine evening, after they had all left the nest, Tim stayed out late. "Go to bed," he chirped, "and break off this fine flight? How stupid!" And with little cries of joy he sailed along the golden pathway over the sea nearly to the sun and back.

He did not hear his mother's warning cry, but a dark shape hung in his path, and he looked into the blazing eyes of Father Owl.

He shot this way and that, keeping between the sinking sun and the owl; the light saved him, for the owl could not see clearly.

His parents and relations flew to his help. They pecked and screamed at Father Owl, until, bewildered and half-blind, he made for the barn.

The sparrows flew home with Saucy

Tim, who pretended he was not frightened. Never again did Tim stay out too late, nor did Father Owl start too early.

Ruth Grey.

THERE'S MANY A SLIP

(The Naughty Young Woodcocks)

THE woodcocks had a pleasant home in the woods, not far from a flowing river. The oak trees promised plenty of acorns, and the chestnut trees a large supply of chestnuts, whilst the blackberry bushes put forth blossoms and fruit, and as for the berries of different kinds, they were there in great plenty.

So that as a place of food, besides the insects and worms, in which the woodcocks delighted, it was all that could be wished for.

Moreover, it had another great advantage: it was many miles away from a town or village, and the father woodcock looked upon it as a place of safety, where he might bring up his family without fear of the sportsman with his gun.

It was a small family—the father and mother, and two young ones, Dicksy and Pecker—and they might have been very happy, for they had everything birds could wish for. And if Dicksy and Pecker had been of better dispositions all would have gone very well.

What could have been pleasanter than flying about over the river, now close among the rushes, now rising into the air?

The woodpeckers in the distance said one to another—

"How happy those two young birds ought to be—they have kind parents and a good home in as pretty a part of the river as is to be found."

But if the other woodpeckers had been nearer they would have found that though these two young ones were skimming over the water together, yet they were by no means friendly to each other.

They would have heard one saying to the other,

"Get out of my way," whilst the other answered,

"I shall go where I please without minding you."

For the two young woodcocks were always quarrelling. If Dicksy found a pleasant bough to perch upon, Pecker wanted it, and fought till he got it. And if Pecker found a fat slug, Dicksy always tried to get it from him.

One day Dicksy found an unusually fine long worm, and was holding it up in triumph, when Pecker darted upon it and seized one end of it in his beak. Then began a struggle; one pulled one way and one the other, till the poor worm was almost torn in two.

"What is the matter?" said the father woodcock, who had heard the skirmish.

"I'll have it!" said Pecker.

"It's mine!" said Dicksy.

But as they opened their beaks to speak, the worm dropped to the ground, and wriggled itself into the soft earth out of the way.

Dicksy and Pecker had looked up at their father, and then they looked down. The worm was nowhere to be seen, but they heard a hedge sparrow saying:

"There's many a slip

'Twixt the cup and the lip."

And so there was; the woodcocks had lost the worm, and never found it again.

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THE BIRDS' BATH

(A Fairy Tale from my Front Garden)

UNDER the large rhododendrons in the front garden stood an old, deep tin, which the cook had used for many years for her Yorkshire puddings. And she had put it away on a dark shelf,

until one day her mistress asked her for an old tin that didn't leak. So the old Yorkshire pudding tin was routed up and finally placed under the rhododendrons in front of the dining-room windows. Then it was filled with water to the brim, and there it stood for a whole day, and not a creature came near it, except a thirsty cat. And the rhododendrons blooming overhead threw purple shadows into the water, and even the blue sky was reflected in it, till the old Yorkshire pudding tin was more beautiful than it had ever been in its life before, even with the Yorkshire pudding in it! But still nothing would come near it.

But in the bushes near there was an excited conversation going on among the house sparrows, and one young sparrow said to its mother:

"Oh, *why* mayn't I go down and splash in that tin, mother? I haven't had a bath for three days, and I do want one so badly! Do let me go, please!"

But Mrs. Sparrow answered severely:

"I have told you once before that you are *not* to go bathing in that strange bath! Isn't that enough?"

But the young sparrow whimpered:

"*Why* mayn't I bathe in it?"

Then his mother grew very vexed and impatient with him—for she had a large family of young sparrows to bring up and feed and teach how to fly, and she hardly knew how to turn. So she gave the young sparrow a motherly peck, instead of a slap, and told him to go and have his dust bath in the road.

"But I don't care for a dust bath in the road!" said the young sparrow. "I want a bath down there! *Why* mayn't I have a bath down there, mother?"

Just then Mr. Sparrow came flying home with a fat grub, which he gently put into the beak of the young sparrow, who opened it wide at the approach of its parent. And when the grub was swallowed, Mr. Sparrow was appealed to by his wife on the bath question.



"You see," Mrs. Sparrow explained, "it's not as if we had been used to it, like the bath in the broken flowerpot; it's *quite* a new thing which the people in the house put there only yesterday, and we don't know *what* it may contain. I should like a bath myself above all things, I am free to confess; but this is so dreadfully risky!"

"But *why* is it risky, mother?" asked the young sparrow, who would not take *no* for an answer.

"Well, because—because"—here his mother hesitated for a second, and then burst out triumphantly—"why, because there was a horrid black cat drinking from it not an hour ago! Fancy if you had been bathing *then*!"

"Pooh! I've got wings, haven't I?" said the young sparrow confidently, but was silenced by his father, who, glancing suspiciously all round him, gave his opinion as follows:

"The question is, have you seen any other birds drinking from the new pan? Because, if you have, I think we might try it too, with caution—with caution, you know! And if you have not, perhaps, on the whole, it will be wiser to wait and see what will happen."

And so it was settled, and Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow sat watching on the roof, while the young sparrow flew away and played and quarrelled with other young sparrows, and made a great noise as usual.

Presently, as the sun slanted towards the west, and threw out golden rays down the hill straight into the front garden, a Black-bird flew with a rush out of the bushes and alighted near the Yorkshire pudding tin.

He did not go in, however, but first only hopped round it in a gingerly sort of manner. Then he stopped and gravely looked at the cool, fresh water sparkling in the sun, and then he gave a loud and triumphant shriek.

"He's going in, I believe!" said Mrs. Sparrow excitedly to her husband.

"No, he isn't," said Mr. Sparrow, watching the scene with breathless interest.

"What is he going to do, then?" asked Mrs. Sparrow curiously, and at this moment a Robin Redbreast uttered its clear note and fluttered straight down into the middle of the pudding tin, where his scarlet breast made quite a little splash of red in the water.

"Just look at his impudence!" said Mrs. Sparrow indignantly. "If that Robin isn't sure to be first everywhere!"

But the Robin took no notice of the sparrows whatever, and stood for a moment stock still in the water. Then he suddenly dived head foremost in, and splashed and spluttered so energetically that he sent a shower of drops all round him.

Only when he was quite drenched he stopped and took breath for a little while, and then he went on again as if nothing had happened.

At last the sparrows could stand it no longer, and flew down with a huge chattering to drive him away. But the Robin wasn't frightened in the least—not he, and he held his own bravely in the centre of the old Yorkshire pudding tin; and when the sparrows came too near, he splashed water into their eyes so vigorously that they hastily flew up on the rhododendron branches overhead, whence they indignantly watched the birds' bath and the enemy from a safe distance.

"Rude little monkey!" said Mrs. Sparrow, sulkily, as she wiped her face with a rhododendron leaf, while Mr. Sparrow glared severely at the offender. But the Robin indulged in another good header, and soused himself all over; and then flew on to a branch overhead, and whisked the glistening drops from off his wings. He then uttered his merry little song, and at last flew off.

"Now the coast is clear, thank goodness, so let's have *our* bath," said Mrs. Sparrow, and she flew down to the tempting water with her husband; and at the same time the young sparrows came flying from the road with a terrific noise.

They made a rush at the sparkling water. Then suddenly the Blackbird, who had been quietly engaged among the fallen leaves under the rhododendrons, turned upon them and made a fierce, silent rush at the Sparrow family, who once more saved themselves by flying into the elder hedge close by.

The Blackbird next hopped on to the edge of the Yorkshire pudding tin, and took half a dozen sips with great relish.

"I suppose it's the worms that make one

so thirsty," he said to himself, and then went on sipping and drinking, until Mrs. Sparrow, in a fever of impatience, exclaimed: "Is he *never* going to stop drinking, I wonder?"

But the Blackbird *did* stop when he had had enough, and then he walked down into the water, where he came to a dead stop, and looked around. He was evidently annoyed at some dead leaves floating about the water, because he muttered:

"I can't bathe in *this* untidy bath! I think the last bird ought to have left it in proper order! *I* always do! But these Robins and Sparrows are not at all particular!"

With that he stooped and picked up one of the dead leaves in his beak, flew out of the bath, and gravely laid the leaf alongside of the tin. He then re-entered the bath and picked up a second leaf and laid *that* outside the tin in the same deliberate manner as the first. And not until he had made the journey five times, and cleared the Yorkshire pudding tin of all the dead leaves, did the fastidious Blackbird take *his* bath!

"Gracious sakes alive!" ejaculated Mrs. Sparrow scornfully. "Why, it's enough to give one the fidgets only to look at the bird! What a fad he is!"

But the tidy Blackbird enjoyed his bath immensely, and went on splashing and bathing for full five minutes, and at the end of that time he flew up to the same little branch which the Robin had used to dry himself on. Then he flew away with a loud shriek and a whistle, and Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow were able *at last* to take their bath with all their family, and a fine noise they made, I promise you!

So from this day the Birds' Bath was formally opened, and all the birds of the garden and of the neighbourhood flocked to it: the Blackbird and the Thrush, together with the pretty little Hedge Sparrow and the tiny Wren, and the gentle Whitethroat that always sings a little song of grace before going in and on coming out. As to

the Robin and the Sparrows, they took season tickets, and were in and out twenty times a day!

Kate Freiligrath Krocker.

THE RISE AND FALL OF DABS

(The Cat and the Canary)

"**M**I-AOU!" said Thomas, the black cat.

"Miaoul! Miaoul!" said Dabs, the white cat with three spots of black.

Thomas looked at Dabs, and Dabs glared at Thomas, and then, to the astonishment of Dabs and the surprise of all the other cats on the roof, Thomas left his seat, and Dabs quietly took his place.

As every cat in the neighbourhood knew, it was the most comfortable seat on that particular roof, and consequently there was always quite a rush for it.

"So warm," said a little tabby—"near the chimney pots, you know."

"So high," said a dirty grey cat.

"And plenty of room for your tail," said a Persian cat.

That night Thomas had secured the comfortable seat, and no other cat but Dabs would have thought of turning him out of it. But Dabs was strong, and puffed up with pride. He thought himself so big and clever that everyone ought to make way for him, and he purred gently as he curled himself round in the comfortable seat. He was pleased; he had indeed risen in the world, if Thomas, the big black cat, was afraid of him.

"Changes have come to pass," said the little tabby. "Not very long ago Dabs was a stray cat—starved and thin and miserable."

"And now he is sleek and fat and strong," said an old grey cat. "If Thomas is afraid of him it's no use for any of us to attack him, though I wish that someone would put him down."

"Dabs is getting too proud," said the tabby. "He told me yesterday that he was tired of being kissed and stroked, and he was glad that Miss Bessie had left him in peace all day."

"My whiskers!" cried the old grey cat, "what pride! Perhaps Miss Bessie is tired of him; perhaps she has a new pet. If she has, Master Dabs will have to be more humble. Pride comes before—" But she turned her head away and looked in the opposite direction, for Dabs was watching her.

"I wonder what Pride does come before," said Dabs, as he made his way home next morning. His tail was high in the air, and he walked as proudly as if the whole row of houses belonged to him.

He quite believed that one house was entirely kept up for his comfort.

"There is Miss Bessie, who is there to stroke me, and who calls herself my mistress," he said as he stood on the doorstep; "there is Miss Bessie's mamma, who sees that my saucer is washed, and Miss Bessie's papa who pays for my milk. Then there is the One who gives me my milk, and the Other," and he wagged his tail indignantly, "who shut the door in my face yesterday, when I was going into the front room. Miaoul! Miaoul! open the door and let me in." And the door was opened at that moment by "the Other."

"Now don't you go into the front room," she said.

Dabs looked up at her with a surprised stare, which said, as plainly as anything could say, "Had I ever any desire to go into the front room?"

But, as he marched down the kitchen stairs, he was thinking, "I wonder why I am not to go into the front room. I must find out."

He ate his breakfast eagerly, for he was very hungry. Then he settled down to wash.

Before even paw number one was finished, he heard a sound which made him hold his paw in the air, and prick up his ears to listen.

It was the sound of a bird singing. Dabs listened eagerly, but the One who gave him his milk was watching him, so he began to wash paw number two vigorously.

"Did you hear Miss Bessie's new pet in the front room?" said the One, "and would you like to get at it and eat it? No, Master Dabs, no you don't."

Dabs, as he washed that second paw, was busily thinking how to get into the front room. He only waited until the One was busily occupied with the postman at the door, and the Other with the family breakfast, and then he crept upstairs.

Fortune favoured him; the door of the front room was partly open, and Dabs slipped round it.

He had been in the room many times before, and at first he did not notice any change.

The comfortable sofa, on which he had enjoyed many a nap, stood in its usual place, the soft rug lay on the floor.

He was very sleepy after his wanderings on the roof, and he jumped up on to the sofa, and curled himself round.

"Chirp! chirp! chirp!" Dabs looked about him.

"Chirp! chirp! chirp!"

Dabs jumped down from the sofa, and up on to a box. Then he stared up at the ceiling. There, in a cage, hung a yellow canary.

"Not a fat one," said Dabs, as he glared at the bird. "They are evidently feeding it up for me as a surprise for dinner some day."

The bird began to sing loudly, quite unconscious of the yellow eyes that were glaring at it.

As it sang Dabs remembered the One's words. She had spoken of Miss Bessie's new pet in the front room. Could this be Miss Bessie's new pet? He seemed to hear once more the old grey cat on the roof.

"If she has a new pet, Dabs will have to be more humble, Pride comes before——" And once more Dabs wondered what pride did come before.

"Chirp! chirp!" The bird had caught sight of the yellow eyes glaring at it.

"I'll have it for dinner to-day," said Dabs. "I can reach that cage if I jump."

He looked up at the cage and the bird, and gave a wild spring. He caught hold of the bars and held on. The cage began to swing first to one side then to the other. The bird beat its wings against the bars.

"Dear me, I don't seem nearer my dinner," thought Dabs. "This is very uncomfortable, and what's that noise—somebody coming?" But the sound that Dabs heard was not the sound of somebody coming—it was the sound of something breaking.

The wire by which the cage hung from the ceiling was snapping.

Down fell the cage—down, down, down!

"Miaou! miaou!" called Dabs. "I wish I was on the roof in my comfortable seat. Miaou! miaou! Pride comes before——"

Down, down, down!

And on the ground, with the cage on the top of him, frightened out of his wits, lay Dabs. He held on tightly to the cage, as if that would help him.

"Miaou! miaou!" and at that moment "the Other" opened the door.

"Oh, you bad cat!" she cried, and she began beating him with her duster. "Have you eaten Miss Bessie's new pet?"

Dabs tried to escape by the door, but "the Other" was too quick for him, and he had only time to crawl beneath a cabinet before the flapping of the duster began again.

"The One" who gave him his milk came hurrying into the room, followed by Miss Bessie, Miss Bessie's mamma, and Miss Bessie's papa.

"Oh, the bad cat, he's eaten your bird, Miss," cried the One.

"That comes of taking in stray cats," cried the Other.

And Bessie, the little girl who had been so kind to him, began to cry.

"Miaou! miaou!" called Dabs, meaning to say, "The bird isn't eaten"; but they none of them understood him.

"He's under the cabinet," cried the One.

"Fetch him out, and we'll beat him!" said the Other.

Bessie stopped crying.

"He didn't know any better," she said.

"We mustn't beat him. Oh, my poor bird! My sweet pet!"

Dabs, in his hiding place, began to wish he had let the bird and cage alone.

"Chirp, chirp!"

"The bird!" cried the One.

"Then the cat hasn't eaten it," cried the Other.

The bird was sitting on the curtain pole. He had flown out of the cage, as the cat pulled it down.

Then they all began talking at once. How glad they were; what a good thing it was; how the bird must be caught and put back in the cage; and how the cat must be sent away to another home.

But when they came to look for the cat, when they poked sticks and umbrellas under the cabinet, and under everything else in the room, no cat appeared.

Dabs had escaped in the general confusion.

That night, when the cats met on the roof for the usual evening concert, Thomas was once more in the comfortable seat, purring

gently to himself, as he rubbed his back against a warm chimney pot.

"Where's Dabs?" asked the tabby kitten.

"Where indeed?" said the old grey cat.

But Thomas said nothing; he only purred and purred, and rubbed and rubbed.

"He's gone to live at the grocer's. I saw him being carried off in a basket," said the Persian cat.

"At a grocer's!" said the white cat. "Not much fresh fish will he get there, and tinned fish! Bah! I wouldn't thank you for it."

"He always said they made such a fuss of him," said the tabby kitten.

"They only took him in for a bit, you know," said the white cat.

"I knew he wouldn't be there long," said Thomas, "that's why I let him have my seat last night."

"Did you speak to him?" asked the old grey cat.

"I tried to say good-bye," said the Persian cat, "but he was talking to himself and did not notice me; he was saying, 'I wonder what Pride does come before?'"

There was a chorus of miaows.

"I should have thought he would have managed to find that out by this time," said the old grey cat.

Maggie Browne.

A STORY FROM HISTORY

ST. FRANCIS

Introduction.—When introducing to the Sevens this story of St. Francis, the saint who loved all living things, mention should be made of the state of the very poor who lived in England and other countries during the twelfth century. In those days the sick and poor lived outside the walls of the towns, in the most wretched hovels. They suffered much from starvation and disease, and few cared or troubled anything about

them, until the good friars, followers of St. Francis, made it their life-work to look after them. In London and other places are houses, streets, etc., which recall the names of various orders of friars—Blackfriars Bridge, Blackfriars Road, Whitefriars Street, Crutched Friars, etc.

The story.—In the year 1181 a rich merchant named Peter Bernardone, whose home was in the wealthy city of Assisi, in Italy, went on a journey to France. When



ST. FRANCIS AND THE BIRDS

he came home glad news awaited him. His wife had borne him a little son. Full of joy, he hastened to see the baby. "We will call him Francesco, the little Frenchman," said the proud father laughing, "because I was in France when he was born." So Francesco, or Francis, the little boy became. The father little knew that his son would grow to be so famous that thousands of boys and girls would be called by the name which he was the first to bear.

Francis was the idol of his parents, and he had all that heart could wish. When he grew up he became the leader of the young men of Assisi, because he was the gayest, the richest and the most splendidly dressed of them all. He and his companions spent their time amusing themselves, and gave little thought to God. It was noticed, however, that Francis was always sorry for poor people, and often gave them money.

Then Francis' thoughts began to change. Many things brought this about. First, he went to battle against a neighbouring city, was taken prisoner and spent a year in prison. During that year he had time to think over his foolish life. When he came out of prison he fell very ill, and during the long hours of sickness he had still more time to think. It seemed to him that he had wasted the life which God had given him to use in His service. When he recovered, his friends gave a great feast for him. They crowned him with garlands of flowers as king of the revels, and marched through the streets with lighted torches, laughing and singing. But suddenly they found that Francis was no longer with them! They searched everywhere, and at last found him sitting alone, lost in thought. "Come, Francis," they cried, "we are waiting for you." But Francis shook his head. He had decided to waste no more time in amusements, but to give himself entirely to the service of God and of his fellow-men.

From that day Francis was a changed man. He spent long hours in prayer, asking

God what particular piece of service He wished him to do. Then, one day, as he was riding, he met a leper who begged for money. Now Francis had always had a horror of lepers, and turning his face away he rode on. But his conscience smote him, and with wonderful courage he turned his horse and rode back again. He dismounted, gave the leper all the money he had, and to show how completely his love had triumphed over his fear, kissed the poor man's diseased hand.

This great victory over himself made Francis decide to give up his whole life to tending the poor and the sick, especially the lepers. He gave away all his money to the poor and, dressed only in an old cloak which a kind friend gave him, he wandered out into the wide world singing a love song.

But his song of love was for no earthly lady. Francis was so glad to have no possessions and to be free for the service of God that he said he had married the "Lady Poverty."

Then began for Saint Francis a life of loving service. All his time was spent in helping others. Soon other men, seeing how happy he was and how much good he was doing, sold all that they had and joined him in his work. When there were twelve of them, Francis said, "Let us go to our Mother, the holy Roman Church, and tell the Pope what the Lord has begun to do through us and carry it out with his blessing." They went to Rome, and there the Pope blessed them and bade them carry on the wonderful work of mercy which they were doing. After this more and more men joined Saint Francis and his friends, and the little band became known as the *Franciscans*. As the years passed, the Franciscans travelled east and west preaching about Christ, healing the sick and comforting the poor and needy.

Saint Francis was one of the most lovable men who ever lived. Of all the saints, he is the one who reminds us most of Jesus Christ. Those who knew him have told

ST. FRANCIS AND THE
DOVES

(A Story for the Little Ones.)

many stories of this Little Poor Man of Assisi.

The joy of Saint Francis was born of the great love which he had for God, and for all men, however poor and mean. Nor did his love stop there. He loved all the creatures of God, and looked on them as his brothers and sisters. He called the birds "Little Sisters," and preached them a sermon, and it is said that the birds stayed still to listen, as you see in the picture. Once he met a wolf which had been doing much harm in a town. He called the fierce beast "Brother Wolf" and bade him cease from his wicked ways; and the wolf, meekly obeying the saint's command, went with him to the market place, where he showed it to the people tamed and sorry.

"Brother Sun" and "Sister Moon," "Brother Wind" and "Sister Water," "Brother Fire" and "Sister Death," were other friends of Saint Francis. The only creature which he treated badly was his own body, which he called "Brother Ass." He gave it little food and few clothes and used it so hardly that it wasted away, till at last, when he was only forty-five, he fell ill. Then, when it was too late, he was sorry for poor "Brother Ass" and begged its pardon for having used it so ill.

He was carried to what had been the little ruined chapel of St. Mary, where he had first heard the message of God, and which he and his friends had made into a beautiful church. This church still stands to remind us of him. There they laid him on a bed of cinders and did all that they could for him. They even tried burning him with hot irons, which was supposed to be a remedy in those days. When the saint saw the red-hot iron he said, "Brother Fire, you know how I have always loved you; deal tenderly with me now." But even this cruel suffering was of no use, and the doctors told Saint Francis he must die. "Then welcome, Sister Death," he said smiling; and so died the Little Poor Man of Christ.

THIS is a story of a very good and kind man called St. Francis, who lived in a far away country, where there was nearly always sunshine and a blue sky. St. Francis loved the open air and the green trees, and especially the little birds that sang in the trees. He called the birds his "Little Sisters." All the people loved St. Francis, for he loved everyone.

One day St. Francis was walking along a road, when he met a boy with a cage in his hands, and inside the cage were some beautiful turtle doves. The boy had caught them in the woods. St. Francis saw how frightened the doves were, and he knew, as you do, that few birds can be happy shut up in a cage, no matter how kind we try to be to them. St. Francis asked the boy what he was going to do with the doves, and the boy replied that he intended taking them to the town to sell. St. Francis told the boy how sad it made him to see the birds shut up in a cage, instead of flying freely in the beautiful sky, and he said, "I pray you give them to me." After St. Francis had talked for a while, the boy felt how unkind he had been to catch the doves. He gave the cage to the saint saying, "You can take them all." St. Francis put his hands in the cage and lifted out the poor frightened birds. They fluttered their wings and closed their eyes, because they did not know what was going to happen to them next. But St. Francis held them gently in his hands and the doves soon ceased to struggle, just as if they knew he would not harm them.

He stroked their feathers and said, "Little sister doves, I am going to save you from death, and I will make you nests so that you may live and be happy."

Carrying the doves till he reached the place where some of his friends lived in

tiny wooden houses, he made nests from twigs and sticks and leaves. Then he set the doves free saying, "Fly away to the woods if you wish or stay here and be at peace, for no one will hurt you." Full of joy the doves flew into the air, but they did not fly away into the woods. They came back to the nests St. Francis had made for them, and he was very glad, for he loved to see them. After a while the mother doves laid some little white eggs in their nests, and sat on them from morning till night. St. Francis and his friends were very quiet when they passed near the nests,

lest they should frighten the birds. One day a wee baby dove peeped out of a shell, then another and another, till at last all the eggs were hatched. Soon the young doves learned to fly, but they were so tame they never flew far away, but stayed near St. Francis and his friends. When St. Francis went near the nests, he always took the doves some corn, and holding it in his hand he called to them, and they would fly down on to his shoulders and hands and fearlessly eat the grain, for they knew that they were perfectly safe with the good, kind saint.

STORIES AND RHYMES

ROBIN-A-BOBBIN

(This rhyme is set to music on page 547.)

Robin-a-Bobbin bent his bow,
Shot at a pigeon and hit a crow.

THREE children were playing in the garden; their names were Joe, aged seven, May aged five and a bit, and Robin-a-Bobbin aged four. Joe had worked very hard to make bows and arrows for the three to play with. He had just finished a small bow for Robin-a-Bobbin. So now all the bows were ready, but what were they going to shoot?

"May, dear, run to the house for some white paper, some black paper, and the scissors," cried Joe. May ran in the house and soon came back carrying the scissors and paper.

"Good girl!" said Joe. "Now, May, I will cut out a large black crow, and you can cut out a large white pigeon." Very soon the children had cut out a large black crow and a large white pigeon. Joe took two tacks and fastened the paper crow on one paling, and the white pigeon on another paling a little way off.

"Now," cried Joe in a big voice like the voice of the town crier, "the archers will fall in, and the shooting competition will begin. Pigeon shooting first."

Joe drew a line on the gravel ten paces away from the pigeon for himself. Next he drew a line seven paces away for May. Lastly he drew a line four paces away for little Robin-a-Bobbin.

Joe took his place ten paces away. He aimed very carefully, and let off his arrow; it pierced the pigeon's wing.

"Well done!" cried out May, clapping her hands.

"Well done!" cried Robin-a-Bobbin, dropping his bow and arrow to clap his little fat hands.

May now took her place seven paces away from the paper pigeon. She pointed her arrow, and took a long time about it. At last the arrow flew from her bow and stuck in a paling near the pigeon's tail. Robin-a-Bobbin clapped as hard as he could.

Then little Robin-a-Bobbin took his small bow and arrow and took his place four paces from the paper pigeon. He planted his feet wide apart and shot his arrow quickly without taking aim at anything. Away went his arrow sideways and stuck

into the black crow instead of the pigeon. How all three laughed and clapped! Then they joined hands and danced round in a ring, singing loudly:

Robin-a-Bobbin bent his bow,
Shot at a pigeon and hit a crow!

J. Bone.



COCK ROBIN

(This rhyme is set to music on page 548.)

Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree,
He sang merrily, a merry boy was he,
He nodded with his head, and his tail
waggled he,
As little Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree.

ONE spring morning, Joan held her doll Julie and watched her father digging. Somebody else came to watch too—a fat Robin Redbreast, with bright round eyes and long legs. Robin nodded at Joan in a friendly way, and went on watching her father's spade. Another spadeful of earth was turned over, Robin quickly pounced on a grub and flew off with it a little way. After a minute Robin was back again, watching hard as before. He looked at Joan holding Julie and began to talk.

"Your child does not seem hungry," he said. "But *my* children! there's no satisfying them. Excuse me, there's another grub!" So saying he snatched up the grub and flew off with it.

"Oh what a life I am having with those children!" said Robin to Joan when he

came back. "Listen to the noise they are making over there!"

Joan's father finished digging and went to cut the lawn, and Joan took Julie to watch him. In a few minutes Robin was with them again.

"Now I will have a little dinner myself," said Robin, pecking up a caterpillar. "There's hardly time for a fellow to eat at all."

Said Joan, "While Mother Robin is sitting on her eggs what are you doing, Father Robin?"

"Oh, I have a good time then," whistled Robin gaily. "I sit on a bough close by the nest and sing to my wife. You did not see our eggs—what a pity!"

"What do they look like?" asked Joan.

"Our eggs are whitish with red spots," replied Robin; and after snapping up a juicy grub he added, "but we shall be bringing up another family later on this year, and you shall see the eggs then. But mind, it's a secret."

"It will be a lovely secret, won't it, Robin!" said Joan hugging Julie tight. "And Julie won't speak a word nor shall I."

Robin hopped round quickly. "Look at that cheeky fellow!" he whistled angrily. Joan could just see another Robin hopping near the nest.

"Get out of that!" shouted Robin as he flew at the other bird. "This is my bank I'd have you know. Hop off or there'll be a fight!" The other Robin flew off, and Father Robin shouted horrid things after him.

"We'll say good-bye now, Robin," said Joan.

"See you later," said Robin, pecking up another caterpillar.

Joan took Julie into the house. "Oh, Julie," whispered Joan, "hasn't Robin a temper!"

J. Bone.

RHYMES AND POEMS

THERE WERE TWO BLACKBIRDS

There were two blackbirds
Sitting on a wall,
One named, Peter,
One named, Paul.
Fly away, Peter!
Fly away, Paul!
Come back, Peter!
Come back, Paul!
O, come back blackbirds,
And sit on the wall.

Old Rhyme.

Note.—This old favourite is one which children use for a game of their own. Let them stick on the nail of each forefinger a tiny scrap of paper. Put the hands under the desk or table; at the second line bring one outstretched forefinger on to the desk (Peter); at the third line bring forward the other forefinger (Paul). At the fourth line Peter flies away by changing the fingers—and so forth to the end of the rhyme.

THERE WERE TWO BLACKBIRDS

There were two blackbirds,
Sitting on a hill,
The one named, Jack,
The other named, Jill;
Fly away, Jack!
Fly away, Jill!
Come again, Jack!
Come again, Jill!

Old Rhyme.

Note.—This is another version of the previous rhyme, and it can be used in a simple game in the same way.

LITTLE ROBIN REDBREAST

Little Robin Redbreast
Sat up in a tree.
Up went Pussy Cat,
And down went he.
Down went Pussy Cat,
Away Robin ran.
Said little Robin Redbreast,
"Catch me if you can."

Old Rhyme.



Reading preparation.—This rhyme is suitable for reading preparation. It will probably have been learned by many children in their homes. Two children can play the rhyme. Put bib-labels on them (colouring Robin's a bright red) with the names *Little Robin Redbreast* and *Pussy Cat* printed in large letters. Robin can sit on a chair, and Pussy can crawl down below. Print the first four lines of the rhyme on the blackboard; then prepare word cards for a matching game, and two sets of phrase cards for matching.

A further stage is to write sentences on *Flash Cards*; e.g.,—1. Robin sat up in a tree. 2. Little Robin Redbreast is a bird. 3. Pussy Cat went up to Robin. 4. Robin went down from the tree. 5. Pussy Cat

went down for Robin. 6. Robin Redbreast ran away. 7. Can you catch me, Pussy Cat?

MARY HAD A PRETTY BIRD

Mary had a pretty bird,
Feathers bright and yellow;
Slender legs—upon my word,
He was a pretty fellow.
The sweetest note he always sung,
Which much delighted Mary;
She often, where the cage was hung,
Sat hearing her canary.

Old Rhyme.



"CANARY"

Reading preparation.—The words in this rhyme are a little more difficult than in most rhymes, hence it is useful for reading preparation with the Sixes. Show again the canary in its cage in *Picture No. 17*, and let those children who have a canary at home tell all about it. Let them paint a bird with "feathers bright and yellow"; let a child whistle a tune to the class. Proceed as suggested in the previous rhyme with the reading exercises. In this section there is a poem on the canary by Rose Fyleman—page 545.

LITTLE JENNY WREN

As little Jenny Wren
Was sitting by the shed,
She waggled with her tail,
And nodded with her head.

She waggled with her tail,
And nodded with her head,
As little Jenny Wren
Was sitting by the shed.

Old Rhyme.

Note.—This is a very easy poem for the children to learn, but it is not so useful as some for reading preparation, as the words *waggled* and *nodded* are not common.

One or more children can act the part of Jenny Wren while the others repeat the rhyme. Care must be taken that the children carefully enunciate *sitting*, *waggled* and *nodded*. The *ed* in the last two words can readily become *id*.



ROBIN AND WREN

THE SWALLOW

Fly away, fly away, over the sea,
Sun-loving swallow, for summer is done;
Come again, come again, come back to me,
Bringing the summer, and bringing the sun.

When you come hurrying over the sea,
Then we are certain that winter is past;
Cloudy and cold though your pathway may
be,
Summer and sunshine will follow you fast.

Christina Rossetti.

Note.—This poem can be read and learned after a talk about swallows. There are a number of points concerning the swallows' migrating habits which are brought out in this poem. The poem affords excellent practice in the pronunciation of sibilants; e.g., *sun, swallow, summer, sea, certain, past, sunshine, fast*; and also practice in the enunciation of *c* in the repeated word *come*, and in *cloudy* and *cold*.

When the poem has been learned and enjoyed, several questions can be asked in order to ascertain whether the children understand all its meaning:—1. Why do swallows fly over the sea? 2. Why is the swallow called sun-loving? 3. When does the swallow fly over the sea? 4. Why do we want the swallows to come back? 5. What will the swallows bring with them when they come back? 6. Why do the swallows hurry? 7. Where is your pathway? 8. When is your pathway cloudy and cold? 9. When is the swallows' pathway cloudy and cold?

WHAT THE BIRDS SAY

Do you ask what the birds say?
The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet, and thrush say,
I love and I love.

In the winter they're silent,
The wind is so strong;
What *it* says I don't know,
But it sings a loud song.

But green leaves and blossoms,
And sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving,
All come back together.

Then the lark is so brimful
Of gladness and love;
The green fields below him
The blue sky above,

That he sings and he sings
And for ever sings he:

*I love my Love,
And my Love loves me.*

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.



SKYLARK

Note.—When the Sevens are learning this poem care must be taken that they pay due regard to the inflection of the voice. The first line asks a question and the voice must be kept up. Let one child ask the questions of another and let them understand that it must be done in a natural and not an artificial way. The birds answer *I love and I love*, so here again the voice must be kept up. The last verse, too, calls for special attention in inflection.

THE LITTLE COCK SPARROW

A little cock sparrow sat on a green tree,
And he chirruped, and chirruped, so merry
was he;
A naughty boy came with his wee bow and
arrow;
Determined to shoot this little cock sparrow.
"This little cock sparrow shall make me a
stew,
And his giblets shall make me a little pie,
too";
"Oh, no!" said the sparrow, "I *won't* make
a stew,"
So he flapped his wings and away he flew.

Old Rhyme.

Playing the rhyme.—This jolly rhyme can be played by the children. One child, who represents the naughty boy, makes a "wee bow and arrow"; he can put a feather in his cap and stalk along like a Red Indian. The actor for the sparrow can wear a red bib-label with the name printed boldly on it. The sparrow sits on the table (tree) and chirrup. The class, or some of the members, say the first four lines while the "naughty boy" stalks the sparrow. When he gets near enough he says lines five and six. The sparrow says line seven, waves his arms and runs away.

The soft *g* sound in *giblets* will probably be new to the children. In this rhyme there is some useful practice in rolling the *rs*:—*sparrow, green, tree, chirruped, merry, arrow.*

MR. AND MRS. SPIKKY SPARROW

On a little piece of wood,
Mr. Spikky Sparrow stood;

Mrs. Sparrow sat close by,
A-making of an insect pie,

For her little children five,
In the nest and all alive,

Singing with a cheerful smile,
To amuse them all the while,

"Twikky wikky wikky we,
Wikky bikky twikky tee,
Spikky bikky bee!"

Edward Lear.

Note.—The children enjoy repeating the last verse of this poem. The story fits in well



with a modelling lesson. In paper or plastic material some children can make Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow, others the five young sparrows, a third group a nest, and a fourth an insect pie. When all the models are completed the scenes can be set as described in the poem. The teacher or a child can recite the first four verses, when all join in saying the last.

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

Who killed Cock Robin?
I, said the Sparrow,
With my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin.

Who saw him die?
I, said the Magpie,
With my little eye,
I saw him die.

Who caught his blood?
I, said the Fish,
With my little dish,
I caught his blood.

Who made his shroud?
I, said the Eagle,
With my thread and needle.
I made his shroud.

Who'll dig his grave?
The Owl, with aid
Of mattock and spade,
Will dig Robin's grave.

Who'll be the parson?
I, said the Rook,
With my little book,
I'll be the parson.

Who'll be the clerk?
I, said the Lark,
If not in the dark,
I'll be the clerk.

He's taught me lots of lovely things
 I never should have guessed;
 He's told me what they say and do
 (They all have wings; it's really true)
 And how the Queen is dressed.

He flits about the house at night
 A little lonely fairy;
 But nobody is there to see,
 And no one knows—excepting me—
 He's not a real canary.

Rose Fyleman.

Note.—Introduce this poem by a talk about fairies. There is a picture of fairies, No. 53 in the portfolio. Tell the children that long ago people thought that they could be changed into birds and beasts by good and bad fairies. Now we are going to hear about a fairy who "would not work," and "would not play," he would only sing all day long, so the queen of the fairies turned him into a canary.

The first and second verses are suitable for reading preparation. Write the first verse in phrases on the blackboard and write words on cards for a matching game, and, later, two sets of phrases for matching. A further stage is to write sentences on *Flash Cards*, e.g.,—1. The canary was once a fairy. 2. The fairy would not work. 3. The fairy would not play. 4. He was a singing fairy. 5. All day he sat and sang. 6. He is now a canary.

THE MAY SONG

(This rhyme is set to music on page 549)

Spring is coming, spring is coming,
 Birdies, build your nest;
 Weave together straw and feather,
 Doing each your best.

Spring is coming, spring is coming,
 Flowers are coming too;
 Pansies, lilies, daffodillies,
 Now are coming through.

Spring is coming, spring is coming,
 All around is fair;
 Shimmer and quiver on the river,
 Joy is everywhere.

Old Rhyme.



SONGS

ROBIN-A-BOBBIN

PERCY G. SAUNDERS

OLD RHYME

Quickly

Doh = C

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. The vocal line uses solfège notation (doh, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si) and includes lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a simple harmonic accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment.

System 1: The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by a half note 'doh' (C), a quarter note 're' (D), a quarter note 'mi' (E), a quarter note 'fa' (F), a quarter note 'sol' (G), a quarter note 'la' (A), and a quarter note 'si' (B). The lyrics are "Rob - in - a - Bob - bin".

System 2: The vocal line begins with a half note 'doh' (C), a quarter note 're' (D), a quarter note 'mi' (E), a quarter note 'fa' (F), a quarter note 'sol' (G), a quarter note 'la' (A), and a quarter note 'si' (B). The lyrics are "bent his bow, Shot at a pi - geon and".

System 3: The vocal line begins with a half note 'doh' (C), a quarter note 're' (D), a quarter note 'mi' (E), a quarter note 'fa' (F), a quarter note 'sol' (G), a quarter note 'la' (A), and a quarter note 'si' (B). The lyrics are "hit a crow. Rob - in - a - Bob - bin bent his".

System 4: The vocal line begins with a half note 'doh' (C), a quarter note 're' (D), a quarter note 'mi' (E), a quarter note 'fa' (F), a quarter note 'sol' (G), a quarter note 'la' (A), and a quarter note 'si' (B). The lyrics are "bow, Shot at a pi - geon and hit a crow.".

COCK ROBIN

Arranged by
PERCY G. SAUNDERS

Doh = C

Lit-tle Rob-in

Red - breast sat up - on a tree, He sang mer-ri - ly, a

mer-ry boy was he He nod-ded with his head, and his tail wag-gled

he, As lit-tle Rob-in Red - breast sat up - on a tree.

THE MAY SONG

ANONYMOUS

PERCY G. SAUNDERS

Gaily

Doh = A

1. Spring is com - ing,
2. Spring is com - ing,
3. Spring is com - ing,

spring is com - ing, Bird - ies, build your nest;
spring is com - ing, Flow'rs are com - ing too;
spring is com - ing, All a - round is fair;
Weave to - geth - er
Pan - sies, lil - ies,
Shimmer and qui - et

last time

straw and feath - er, Do - ing much your best.
daf - fo - dill - ies, Now are com - ing through.
on - the riv - er, Joy is ev - 'ry - where.

A COURSE OF CARPENTRY

By NANCY WALLACE

Introduction.—The work suggested below is suitable for children from six to eight years old, and there are certain simple operations which may be performed by the Fives.

A course of simple carpentry is of great assistance and educational value to young children. It introduces them to tools which they will use when they are older in more advanced work. It gives practice in measuring and general accuracy, and allows for the development of individuality through creative work. Teachers who employ the Project Method with their children are continually faced with the problem of erecting temporary stalls, pay boxes, dolls' houses, etc. They will find the suggestions contained in this article of great assistance in training their children in the use of wood and nails.

Materials and apparatus.—The woods required to make the articles described here may be obtained from any carpenter, who will cut them to the required sizes. The necessary woods are as follows:—

Slats of wood 1 in. across, not more than $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, and in various lengths convenient for the making of small furniture.

Convenient lengths of wood $\frac{1}{2}$ in. across and $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick.

Convenient lengths of round wood, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter.

The tools used should be light and strong. Cheap tools should be avoided as they may break. A good hardware store should be able to supply them suitable for the children. The necessary tools are as follows:—

Tenon saws, one between two or three children.

Hammers.

Nails— $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

In addition, the following materials are required:—

Glass paper.

Rulers, pencils and scissors.

Stains and brushes.

Paste.

Cardboard.

General directions.—The children should wear overalls when at work. The tools should be marked with the children's names and kept in a tool box where they can be easily found and put away by the children themselves. Each child should write his name on his own pieces of wood and tie them together when he puts them away. It is often advisable to let the children work in pairs for convenience in checking, and so that they can give assistance to each other by steadying when sawing. An old kitchen table or a firm packing case makes a good sawing bench. Low kindergarten tables may be used for this purpose if they stand firmly.

The children should practise all the steps of the work on rough pieces of wood. To teach the children accuracy and to enlarge their abilities and ideas, it is usually necessary to let them make certain articles under direction from the teacher. Several useful articles, the making of which forms a progressive course in simple carpentry, are suggested in the following pages, together with the practical details of their manufacture.

Plan of the work.—For convenience in planning, this course is arranged to cover a year's work, but the time taken may be varied to suit individual requirements. One model is selected to be made each term.

and these models are graded in difficulty of execution. An alternative or additional model of equal difficulty is suggested in each case.

The suggested course is as follows:

TERM I.—Weather indicator or bird board.

TERM II.—Toy garden seat and table or doll's chair or doll's airing horse.

TERM III.—Workbasket or doll's bed.

The making of these models is dealt with in detail as follows:—

A slat board weather indicator.—This model, shown in Fig. 1., can be used in connection with lessons on the weather, for holding cut-outs illustrating weather conditions.

Each child will require sufficient slats of wood to cut into 5 slats 9 in. long and 2 slats $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. long. Let each child measure the required length along both edges of the wood, and mark a line in pencil across it. If possible, the teacher should check the measurements before the children saw the wood. When sawn, the children may need to use glass paper to smooth the cut edges of the wood.

When all the slats are cut, the two measuring $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. are nailed across and below the five 9 in. pieces, at a distance of 1 in. from each end, as shown in Fig. 2. For the first step, place the 9 in. pieces side by side, close together with the ends exactly matching, and rule lines across them 1 in. from each end, as shown in Fig. 3. Then nail each 9 in. piece to the two cross pieces, having the pencil lines coinciding with the outside edges of the cross pieces. Put two nails at each end of the 9 in. slats, and start with the two outside slats. Then space the others accordingly. Fig. 4 shows

the underside of the resulting board and Fig. 5 the surface. Cover the working tables with newspaper, then stain the board. Vandyke crystals are good and clean to use,

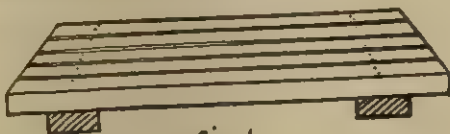
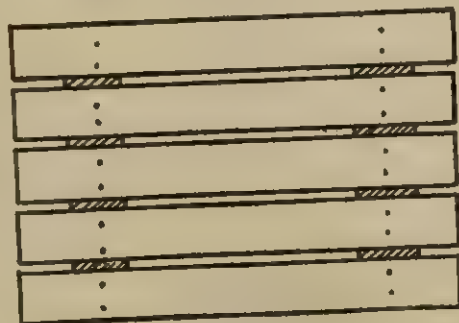
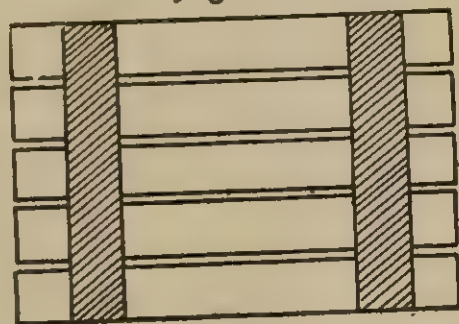
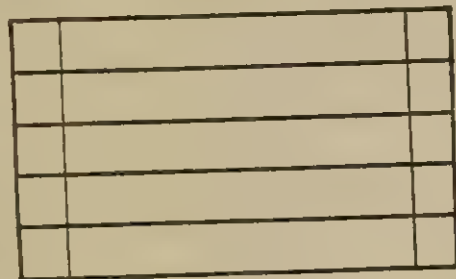
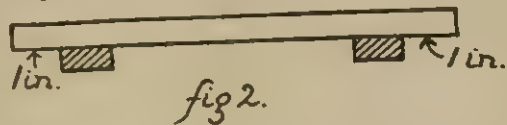
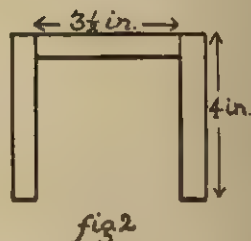
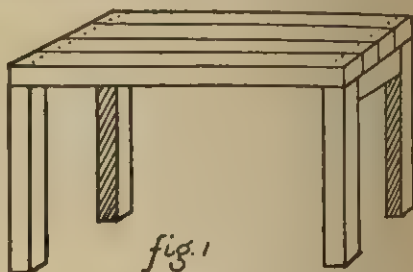


fig 5.
SLAT BOARD WEATHER INDICATOR

while coloured inks, diluted with water, make suitable stains.

Let the children draw and colour figures to represent different types of weather; e.g., a man with an umbrella to represent rain, a lady with a sunshade to represent a sunny day, etc. The teacher may, on the other hand, give the children hectographed drawings to colour. Paste the coloured drawings on cardboard, and when the paste is dry, cut out the figures, leaving a tab of about 1 in. depth below the feet. Stand the figures upright between the slats and make groups suggesting the weather day by day.

with the outside slats and spacing the others accordingly. Put two nails in each end of the 7 in. slats. Stain the table any suitable colour, as previously suggested for the weather indicator.



TOY GARDEN TABLE

Toy garden seat.—For this model, shown in Fig. 1, the following amounts of wood are required:—

- 3 slats 7 in. long.
- 4 pieces of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. square wood 3 in. long.
- 2 pieces of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. square wood $6\frac{1}{2}$ in. long.
- 1 piece of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. square wood 7 in. long.

To make up the seat, take two pieces 3 in. long and nail them together as shown in Fig. 2. Nail the other two 3 in. pieces in the same way.

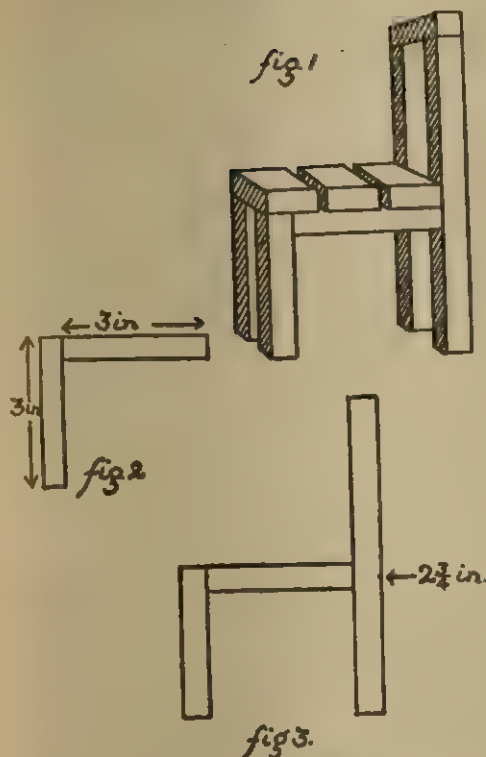
Now take the two pieces $6\frac{1}{2}$ in. long and on one side of each mark a spot $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. from one end. Join each piece by a nail through this mark to the pieces already joined, as shown in Fig. 3. Join the legs by means of the slats as shown in Fig. 1, putting two nails at each end of the slats and spacing them evenly. Complete the seat by nailing the remaining piece of wood along the top of the back, Fig. 1. Stain the seat to match the table.

Bird board.—This model may be made in connection with the study and care of birds. The wood required must be sufficient to make 5 slats 9 in. long and 2 slats 5 in. long. The slats may be sawn up as previously described for the weather indicator. The board is made like the weather indicator, the only difference being that no spaces are left between the slats. One brass-headed nail is driven into each corner of the completed board on the right side, and to each a piece of string is tied. The four pieces are cut of equal length and then tied to a curtain ring, which may be hooked to a nail on the house or to the branch of a tree. Brown or green are suitable colours for staining the board, which hangs laden with food for the birds.

Toy garden table.—The finished table is shown in Fig. 1. To make it the children require the following amounts of wood:

- 4 slats 7 in. long.
- 2 pieces of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. square wood $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. long.
- 4 pieces of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. square wood 4 in. long.

Cut these as previously described for the weather indicator. To make the table, take two pieces of wood 4 in. long and one piece $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. long and nail them together as shown in Fig. 2. Nail the other $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. and 4 in. pieces together in the same way. Now nail the 7 in. slats to the end pieces, starting



TOY GARDEN SEAT

Doll's chair.—This model can form part of a set of doll's garden furniture, as it is planned on the same scale as the seat and the table. The following amounts of wood are required:—

- 3 slats 3 in. long.
- 5 pieces of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. square wood 3 in. long.
- 2 pieces of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. square wood $6\frac{1}{2}$ in. long.

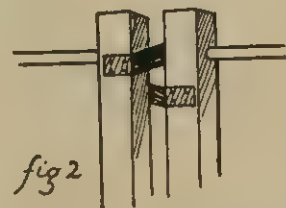
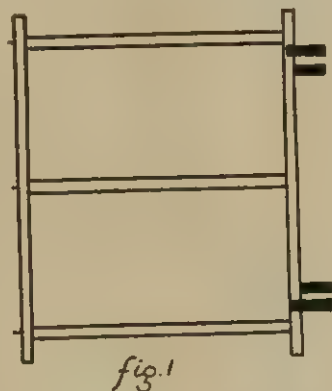
The chair is made in exactly the same way as the seat already described. The slats form the seat of the chair, and the two pieces $6\frac{1}{2}$ in. long make the back and back legs. Four of the 3 in. pieces form the front legs and the cross pieces of the seat. The remaining 3 in. piece forms the cross piece at the top of the back of the chair.

Doll's airing horse.—For this model the following amounts of wood are required:—

4 pieces of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. square wood 16 in. long,
6 pieces of round wood, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. diameter,
12 in. long.

To make up the horse, mark points $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. from the ends and 8 in. from the ends on one side of each 16 in. piece of wood. Then nail the two 16 in. pieces to three round pieces of wood, passing the nails through the points marked, as shown in Fig. 1. Make the other half of the horse in the same way.

Join the two halves of the model together by four pieces of wool braid, each $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. long. Nail the braid in position as shown in Figs. 1 and 2, placing two pieces near the top and two near the bottom.



DOLL'S AIRING HORSE

Work basket on legs.—The following amounts of wood are required for this model:—

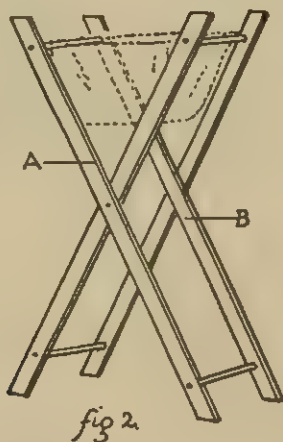
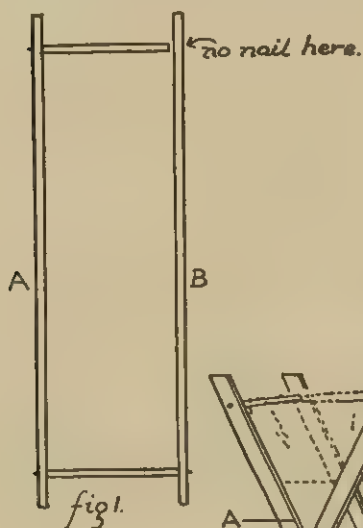
- 4 slats 36 in. long.
- 4 pieces of round wood, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. diameter,
12 in. long.

The bag is made from a strip of cretonne measuring 14 in. by 24 in. when the hems are made. Elastic measuring 14 in. is

threaded through the 24 in. hems and sewn firmly at each end.

To make the framework, join the pieces of wood as shown in Fig. 1, making two similar sides, and leaving one end of one round piece of wood free in each case.

Slip the 14 in. hems over the round pieces of wood which are fixed at one end only. Now nail up the free ends. At a point where the slats cross, 18 in. from each end, nail them together to keep the stand firm.



WORK BASKET

Doll's bed.—The amounts of wood required for this model are as follows:—

- 2 pieces $\frac{1}{2}$ in. square wood 12 in. long.
- 2 pieces $\frac{1}{2}$ in. square wood 10 in. long.
- 2 pieces $\frac{1}{2}$ in. square wood 6 in. long.
- 4 pieces $\frac{1}{2}$ in. square wood 7 in. long.
- 1 piece $\frac{1}{2}$ in. square wood 5 in. long.

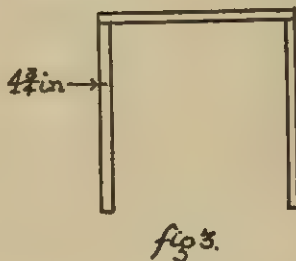
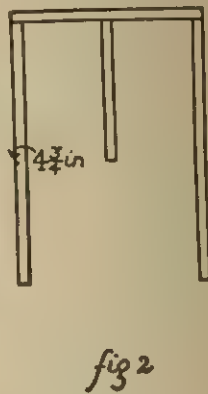
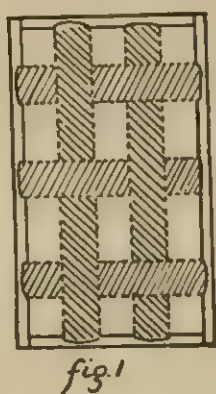
To make the frame of the bed take two pieces 12 in. long and join them to two pieces 6 in. long, as shown in Fig. 1. Nail pieces of wool braid, as shown, to form the "springs" of the bedstead.

To make the head of the bed, take two pieces of 10 in., one piece of 5 in. and one piece of 7 in. and join them as shown in Fig. 2.

To make the foot of the bed, take three pieces 7 in. long and join them as shown in Fig. 3.

To join the head and foot to the bed, mark points $4\frac{3}{4}$ in. from the free ends of the wood on both the 10 in. pieces, and also on both the upright pieces of 7 in. Now join the head and foot to the frame of the bedstead by nails through these points. Finally, nail the extra piece of wood on the head of the bed to the frame of the bedstead.

Stain the wood any colour desired. The clothes for the bed may be made the plan for needlework during the same period.



DOLL'S BED

HYGIENE FOR TEACHERS OF INFANTS

By WINIFRED C. CULLIS AND EVELYN E. HEWER

Introduction.—Health is one of the greatest assets in life and therefore the "practices of health" should be encouraged amongst all. Particularly is this the case in the young, when the foundations of health can be most securely established, and when, unfortunately, it is only too often ill-health rather than good which is developed. Healthy development is undoubtedly largely a matter of knowledge and education, and not essentially a matter of poverty or riches. Good health can be established in the well-run homes of the poor, and ill-health in badly-run homes of the rich. Poverty at a level that prevents adequate feeding will of necessity adversely affect health, but often the ill-health produced by lack of means is really a question of lack of knowledge, for those in easier circumstances can make up for their own ignorance by obtaining skilled help. Poor housing also adds enormously to the difficulties of inculcating habits of health, which are, however, more than anything else a matter of training and of knowledge. This being the case, it is easy to realise what a great opportunity lies in the hands of the teacher of young children. By developing in them good habits and by co-operating with the parents, the knowledge which is the great key to health can be placed at the disposal of those who otherwise will hardly have access to it. How much can be done in some of the darkest and most congested regions of our towns and cities can be seen by observing in a nursery school the development of children from such a district, or by noting the good health and appearance of babies brought by their mothers to the various clinics available. The education given to the mothers in this latter case is probably the chief source of benefit, although it is also important that

mild disorders and defects in eyes, ears, and teeth, and in breathing, should be detected and treated at a stage when these can be successfully dealt with.

Most babies are born healthy, and it is normal to remain healthy, yet how few of our population fulfil the promise of this good start. It is tragic to realise how far short of their possibilities are so many of our young people and of our men and women in their final development. Many factors of a spiritual and mental nature go to the making of a satisfactory human being, but a good physical development forms an excellent basis.

The health education of the quite young child must be one largely of practice and little of precept. No doubt even the very young can learn something from precept, but habit developed from regularly repeated actions and from imitation of an admired teacher will form the best basis of an education likely to be of permanent value.

The healthy child is as a rule a good tempered child, and it is easy to see how much this will help a probably overworked mother carrying on in a depressing and discouraging environment. With the best will in the world many mothers of families cannot cope successfully with overcrowding, bad environment and small income. To expect this is to ask for the most intelligent action from people the least equipped with training and opportunity. To have the children well trained and cared for (in many cases only possible in the school) is to give something of incalculable good to the children and of immense encouragement to the parents.

In teaching the children it is desirable to teach them, as far as possible, what they can learn to do for themselves, and to use

simple equipment such as they might be able to get in their own homes.

In the schools in France there is, in connection with the kindergarten classes, a woman called a "femme assistante" who helps with the physical care of the child outside the classroom, seeing to his washing, bathing, and general cleanliness, and to the proper use of the wash-places and lavatories. There seems to be much to be said in favour of such an arrangement, as such teaching is very necessary for small people, and it is usually not possible for the teacher to leave the class to give this kind of training and supervision to an individual child.

To be a teacher of the very young is to hold a position of great responsibility, one fraught with immense potentialities for good or ill to the children under her charge. The training in good habits of all kinds by practice, by instruction and by example is the great work of such a teacher. A knowledge of the simple laws of the practice of health is an absolutely necessary back-

ground for carrying out this work properly. Hygiene, or the science of healthy living, should form part of the curriculum of every school, and a predominant part in the training of young children. If the following pages can help the teacher in any way to carry out her great work, the authors will feel they have been greatly privileged.

SUBJECT HEADINGS

THE SKIN.
THE NAILS AND THE HAIR.
BREATHING.
FRESH AIR AND SUNSHINE.
CLOTHES.
POSTURE AND EXERCISE.
DIGESTION AND FEEDING.
TEETH.
SENSES AND SLEEP.
HABITS, PERSONAL AND SOCIAL.
THE HEALTH OF THE TEACHER.
FIRST AID TO CHILDREN.

THE SKIN

FOR THE TEACHER

Structure of the skin.—The skin covers and protects all the parts of the body, and in man also carries out certain activities that are essential to the healthy life of the individual. It is important that the structure of the skin should be understood so that it may be properly cared for.

The skin consists of two layers, an outer (epidermis) and an inner one (dermis) which is continuous with the underlying fat, connective tissue and muscles. The epidermis is the protective part, and it varies in thickness in different parts of the body: on the heels, soles of the feet, and palms of the hands, where it is continually coming into contact with hard surfaces, it is very thick indeed; whereas in such parts as the lips

and the back of the hand it is relatively thin. The epidermis consists of cells packed in layers, becoming thinner and more plate-like as the outer surface is approached, until the surface itself is merely covered with hard dead flakes. It is nourished by lymph, a watery fluid derived from the blood. The surface is perforated by numerous tiny holes; these can easily be seen by looking at the skin through a magnifying glass. From some of these holes emerge the hairs, while others are the openings of the ducts from the sweat glands that lie in the dermis.

The dermis is raised up into minute ridges which are closely covered over by the epidermis. It has a rich blood supply, and loops of blood vessels pass up into these ridges, which in addition contain many nerve fibres and nerve endings. The

dermis also has large numbers of sweat glands, coiled tubes whose ducts pass up through the epidermis to the exterior. The water of the sweat evaporates from the surface of the skin, so cooling the body. In the deeper part of the dermis there is a certain amount of fat, the thickness of the layer varying in different parts; it is especially developed in the abdominal wall.

Special functions of the skin.—

1. *Protection.*—The skin forms an ideal protective covering, in that if it is rubbed the outer layers flake off, and are replaced by growth from the underlying layers. This process also provides for a continual freshening up of the surface, and is helped by thorough rubbing with a rough towel after washing. A localised rubbing or damage sometimes gives rise to a blister; if the blister fills with clear fluid the epidermal cells only are damaged; if the fluid contains blood the underlying dermis is also involved. (Never prick a blister unnecessarily, as germs may easily be introduced; if pricking is required, use a clean needle that has been held in a flame for a minute and then cooled, and mop up the exuding fluid with a clean rag, continuing until the surface remains dry.)

The skin must be perfectly elastic, so that it can stretch, and not wrinkle; it must fit closely, but not so tightly as to interfere with movement, and it must be waterproof. This is achieved largely by the oily secretion made by the little glands of the hairs and passed to the surface where the hairs emerge. The secretion keeps the surface cells supple and soft, and is continually being removed by washing; a lack of this secretion makes the surface harsh and rough, and the outer cells peel off; application of a cold cream will help to replace the natural secretion.

2. *Sweat.*—Sweat contains about 99 per cent. of water, but in the remaining 1 per cent. the skin gets rid of some of the waste products of the body. (The other waste products are removed by the lungs,

intestines and kidneys.) But the real importance of sweating lies in the part it plays in regulating the temperature of the body. All the activities of the body result in the production of heat, so that if the temperature is to remain at 98·5 degs. F. there must be a way of getting rid of heat. This is done very largely by the evaporation of water from the surface. The actual pouring out of the sweat does not cool the body much, but when the water from it is evaporated (by heat, wind, dry air, etc.) then the surface is cooled. This process goes on slightly all the time, as can be shown by resting the dry hand on a clean mirror for a few moments, but we are not aware of it unless the sweat is being poured out more quickly than it evaporates. As sweat dries on the surface, the salt that was contained in it is left; this is why animals like to lick the palm of one's hand.

Only the water of the sweat is removed by evaporation, the salts and other contained substances being left on the skin with the oily secretion from the hair glands. Consequently, the skin should be washed all over at least once a day, because if these substances are allowed to remain, some of them begin to decompose, particularly in confined parts such as between the toes, giving rise to the very unpleasant odour associated with dirty people. For the same reason, clothes that have been near the skin and have absorbed sweat should be washed frequently.

3. *Sensation.*—The skin is the organ by means of which we "feel," and obtain information about our surroundings. Its special nerve endings respond to stimuli applied to the surface of the skin, and sensations are aroused of touch, pain, heat and cold; this is another protective function of the skin. The sense of touch is extraordinarily well developed in blind people, who are much more dependent than sighted people on information obtained by this means.

4. *Conservation of warmth.*—The layer of fat lying just below the skin keeps the body

Nature
says
Wash



[Reproduced by Courtesy of the Health and Cleanliness Council.]

DRAWINGS FOR THE BLACKBOARD

warm by preventing loss of internal heat. Very thin people tend to "feel the cold" more than fat people for this reason. In addition, the layer of fat provides a reserve store of food for the body.

Thus the skin is an extremely important part of the body, and the habit of treating it as such should be inculcated as early as possible. Children should be taught at school how to wash properly.

The necessity of washing.—

1. *Wash-basins and baths.*—Whatever the equipment of the school, some washing arrangement must be provided. Wash-basins should be at such a height from the ground that the child can reach the taps. When baths for small children are provided, these should be shallow, large enough to take three or four children at a time, and at a height convenient for the teacher. Both hot and cold water are desirable, and the taps should be of some reliable safety pattern. When dealing with children up to six or even seven years old there is no objection to bathing girls and boys together; simple and clear answers to any questions as to physical difference that may be asked by the children *themselves* provide opportunity for some sex teaching at an age where there is no danger of developing a sense of false shame. It should be emphasised, however, that ideas should *never* be put into the children's heads, nor should the teacher volunteer information.

2. *Towels and use of towels.*—Each child should be provided with a separate and labelled towel and washer. Brightly coloured towels keep a fresh look after much use longer than the usual kind, and are no more expensive. After use each towel and washer should be hung on its own peg; on no account should children use one another's towels.

3. *Special points about washing.*—
The frequency with which baths are

necessary depends on the home circumstances of the children. Children should not be bathed if hot, or just after a meal; discretion should be used about bathing a child who appears to be out of sorts; the temperature of the water must be personally tested. After bathing, the child must be well rubbed and perfectly dry before the clothes are put on again, and should not be allowed to run straight out from a hot bath into the open air, or into a draught.

Children should love water from their earliest youth, and if the school has the facilities of a swimming bath the children of five and upwards can be taught to swim and dive. In this case they should wash their feet before entering the swimming bath, and have a cold shower afterwards.



[Reproduced by Courtesy of the Health and Cleanliness Council.
PUSSY CAT, PUSSY CAT

Dont be afraid of SOAP and WATER



[Reproduced by Courtesy of the Health and Cleanliness Council.]

DRAWINGS FOR THE BLACKBOARD

PUSSY CAT, PUSSY CAT

"Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?"

"Washing my kittens to make them clean."

"Pussy cat, pussy cat, what do you there?"

"I'm cleaning my fur and combing my hair."

"Pussy cat, pussy cat, what should I do
To make myself tidy and clean like you?"

"Get soap and hot water, and have a good
scrub,

And then a clean towel to rub, rub, rub!"

"Oh dear little pussy, I'll do as you say,
And wash myself thoroughly every day.
I'll scrub clean my nails and keep my teeth
white,

By brushing them daily, both morning and
night."

[By permission of the Health and Cleanliness Council.]

PRACTICAL WORK

Hold a daily inspection for clean faces, necks, ears and hands. If a child is dirty, send a message to the mother and take particular note of the child next day.

Let one child describe how she washed herself, and then let the others tell of anything that they did differently.

With the children's help make a list of all the things needed for washing.

Draw the things used in washing.

Cut pictures of these things out of illustrated catalogues.

Let some of the children show how to use these various things. Be careful that all the children get the idea of the right way to wash by getting them each to do it in turn; the others can watch and criticise.

Show the children carefully how to use their towels for drying. (Point out the disgrace of "high-tide marks," and of marks on the towels.)

Show the children how to leave the basin clean, to rinse out their washers and to shake out the towel before hanging up.

Take a special lesson for teaching the children how to wash and dry their own feet, with particular attention to the part between the toes. At the same time teach them how to dry their own backs properly.

Tell the children stories of how and when animals wash themselves. Can the children tell anything about this?



[Reproduced by Courtesy of the Health and Cleanliness Council]

FITZDOODLE JANE

Susie Matilda

Fitzdoodle Jane,

Is a sweet little girl

In spite of her name;

Clean as a pin,

With nice curly locks,

You'd really have thought

She was kept in a box.

To sunshine, fresh air,
And soap not a stranger;
For Susie has learnt
"Where there's dirt, there is danger!"

At play or at lessons,
Her shoes bright and clean,
Wherever she is,
She is fit to be queen.

[By permission of the Health and Cleanliness Council.]

THE NAILS AND THE HAIR



FINGER NAILS—ARE YOUR NAILS TOO LONG, BITTEN SHORT, OR PROPERLY CUT?

FOR THE TEACHER

Nails.—The nails are specialised parts of the skin, where the outer layers have become particularly hard.

The nails should be smooth and shiny, with edge smoothly cut and level with the tip of the finger. It is of great importance that nails should be kept clean; dirt lodging in the crevices may contain disease germs;

or there may be some little abrasion round the nail bed where germs can enter and cause poisoned fingers and whitlows; and further, a child with dirty nails contaminates everything he touches, including his own food.

Toe nails are quite as important as finger nails and should receive as much care. The big toe nails should be kept well cut; inattention to this point is a frequent cause



NAILS OF CAT



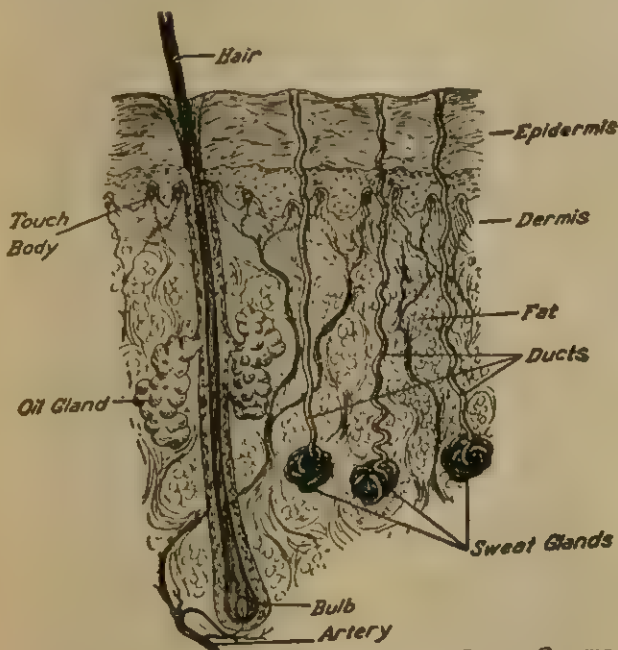
NAILS OF DOG



NAIL OF HORSE

of holes in stockings. The teacher should try to get the children to take a pride in the appearance of their nails, and no argument is so effective as personally well-kept hands. Bitten nails should be regarded as a disgrace.

Hair.—The hairs are also specialised parts of the skin. The hair is a long fibre made up of many cells and growing from a bulbous root in the dermis, which provides the hair with its nourishment from the blood. Half-way down the sheath of the hair are the sebaceous glands which pour out an oil secretion which serves both to lubricate the hair, keeping it from getting dry and brittle, and also to make a film on the surface of the skin.



SECTION OF SKIN SHOWING A HAIR AND SWEAT GLANDS.

Almost all parts of the skin carry hairs, as can be seen by looking at the part against the light, or by using a magnifying glass. But in some places the hairs are much more numerous, and thick and strong, as on the head, and then special attention is needed.

The oil is poured out at the base of the hairs, and can only be distributed along them by brushing. Constant brushing keeps the hair glossy and stimulates the flow of blood through the scalp, so helping to keep the hairs well nourished and healthy, and at the same time the little flakes of dead skin (dandruff) are brushed away.

Each child should be provided with a labelled brush and comb to be returned to its own place after use; these need frequent and thorough washing. On no account should children be allowed to use one another's brushes or combs. A small mirror hung at a height convenient for the children is of great value. Children's hair should not be washed at school, unless in very exceptional circumstances; if it is long it should be plaited or tied so that it is never in the way or hanging in front of the eyes. Small children are very observant, and the teacher should be careful to see that her own hair is always well kept and neat.

It is not usual nowadays to find a child sent to school with a "dirty head"; but if an insect is ever detected, the child must be sent home and refused readmission until the head is clean.

PRACTICAL WORK

Hold a daily inspection of finger nails and toe nails.

Teach the children how to use a nail brush when washing their hands.

Show the children how to dry their hands, pushing back the fold of skin to show the half moon of

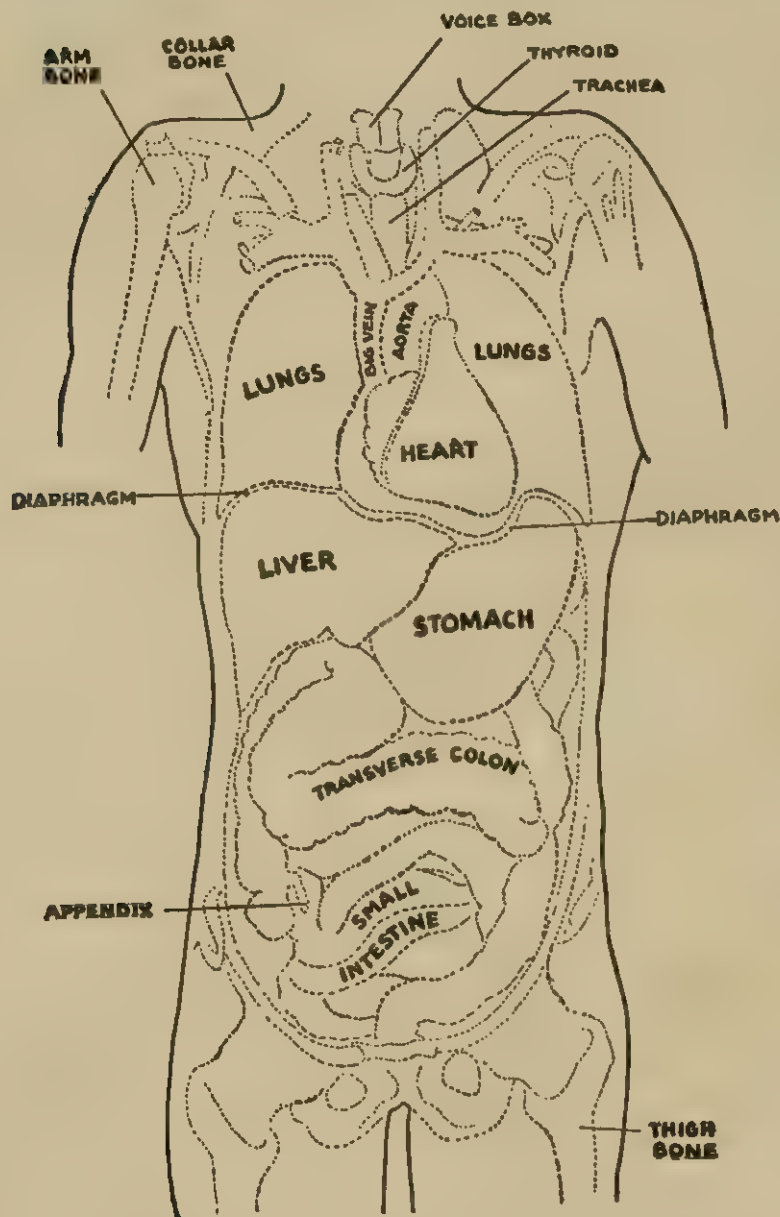
the nail. Children of this age could not cut their own nails, but the teacher can lay the foundation of the habit by doing this correctly and when required.

Get the children to describe the kinds of nails that various animals have, and what

they use their nails for. Draw them on the board.

Hold a daily hair brush drill. Show the

children *how* to brush their hair properly, and when they have learnt this let them do it to music.



After hair-brushing show the children how to comb the hairs out of the brush, to put this hair in the waste paper basket, and then to put brush and comb away in its labelled place.

Teach the children how to tie bows with tape. When they are proficient promote them to hair-ribbons and let them tie for each other. Boys should be able to tie as good a bow as girls.

Draw on the black-board a picture of a well-cared-for head, and beside it that of an uncared-for head (boy and girl).

Get the children to tell what they know about the hair of various kinds of animals, and how it is cared for.

BREATHING

FOR THE TEACHER

Structure of respiratory organs.—Breathing is necessary because practically all activities of the body involve using up of oxygen and making of carbon dioxide; the former must be continually provided and the latter must

[From "An Outline for Boys and Girls and Their Parents," by permission of Messrs. Victor Gollancz, Ltd.]

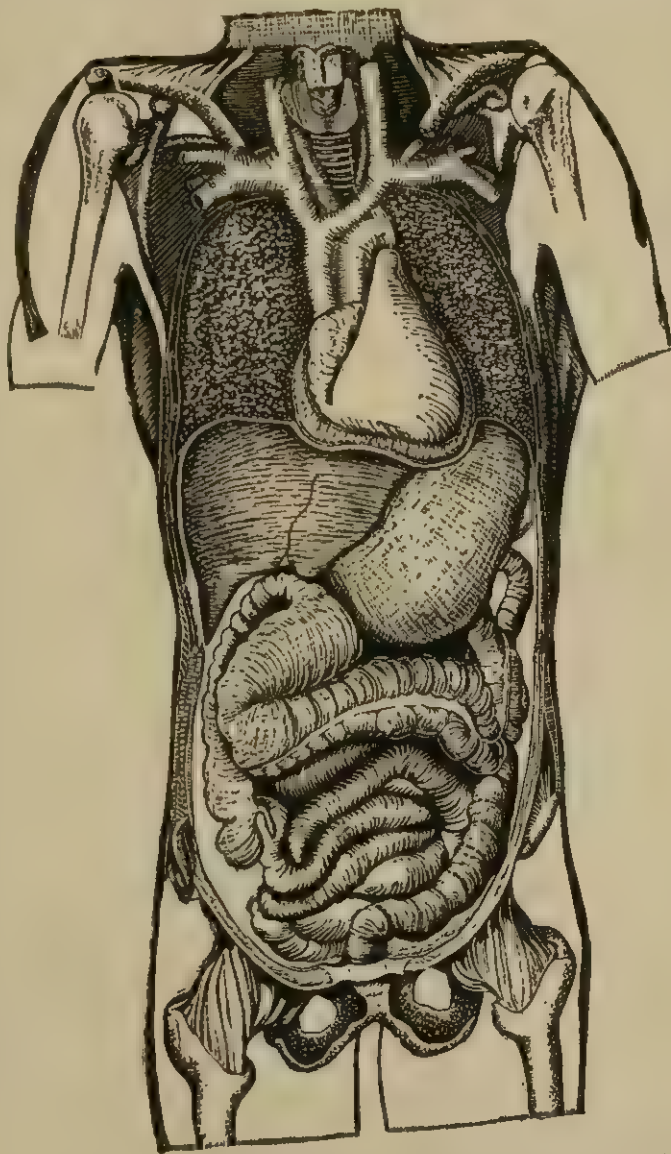
DIAGRAM SHOWING RELATIVE POSITIONS OF SOME OF THE ORGANS OF THE BODY

be continually removed. The air contains 21 per cent. of oxygen and only a trace of carbon dioxide; this air is taken into the lungs when we breathe in. The lungs are very richly supplied with blood vessels, and some of the oxygen is taken up by the blood, which carries it all over the body for its use. Much of this oxygen is used up for doing work, and carbon dioxide and water are formed; these must be got rid of, and the carbon dioxide is carried back again by the blood to the lungs and there breathed out, while the water is excreted, partly by breathing, but also as sweat and urine. The regular movements of breathing ensure the intake of oxygen and the loss of carbon dioxide.

The chest is a closed cavity containing the heart and big blood vessels; nearly all the remaining space is occupied by the lungs, which are soft, spongy, elastic; bag-like structures connected with the exterior by the windpipe (or trachea). The chest walls consist of bones and muscle, the bones making a strong protective cage with the breastbone in front, the backbone behind, and the ribs attached to both and directed downwards like the handle of a bucket. All these bones are covered by sheets of muscle, and the lower wall of the chest consists

almost entirely of strong muscle, the diaphragm.

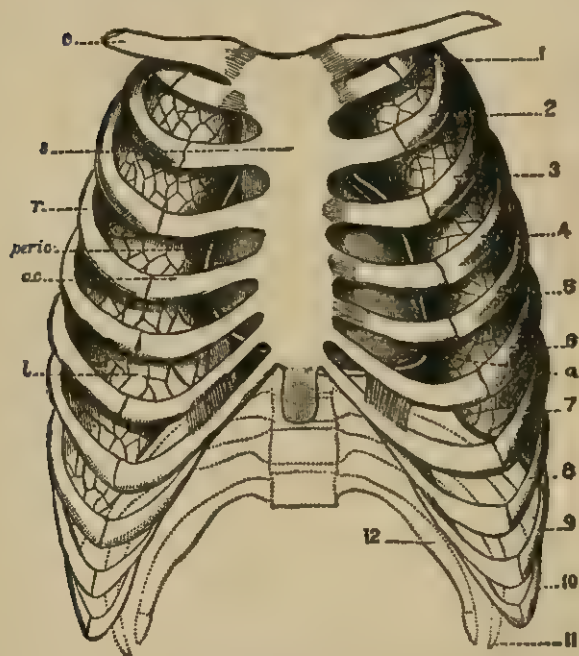
When we breathe in (inspire) the chest cavity becomes larger; this is because the



[From "An Outline for Boys and Girls and Their Parents," by permission of Messrs. Victor Gollancz, Ltd.]

DIAGRAM SHOWING RELATIVE POSITIONS OF SOME OF THE ORGANS OF THE BODY

muscles contract, pulling up the sloping ribs, and enlarging the chest from side to side. (c.f. raising of the bucket handle which will now easily clear the rim of the bucket); at the same time the breastbone is pushed out, and the diaphragm pulled down by muscular contraction, so that the chest is enlarged in all directions. As the lungs are elastic and hanging in this air-tight cavity they are pulled out, and because they are connected with the exterior by the trachea, air rushes in to fill them up; this is called "inspiration." After a very short interval the muscles all relax, the chest cavity gets smaller and the elastic lungs—no longer so strongly pulled out—recoil, and in so doing force out the air; this is "expiration."



[From Huxley's "Lessons in Elementary Physiology."

DIAGRAM OF THORAX

The lung itself consists of numbers of minute air sacs packed closely together. The windpipe, coming from the back of the mouth is a strong tube with gristle in the walls to prevent its accidental occlusion; after it enters the chest it divides into a branch for each lung. Each branch divides

and redivides a number of times, and the resulting small tube finally swells out to end blindly in a number of air sacs. If all the little air sacs were spread out flat their total surface would be about one hundred times that of the skin of the whole body, so that the surface exposed to the air in the lungs is enormous. The walls of the air sacs are very thin and contain many elastic fibres and large numbers of minute blood vessels. In the lungs the air is separated from the blood only by two very thin layers, and oxygen passes through into the blood very easily. The blood contains millions of red corpuscles floating in it, and their pigment (haemoglobin) combines with the oxygen giving the blood a bright red colour. The blood is pumped all over the body by the heart and in the organs where it is needed some oxygen passes out into the tissues. Here it is used to burn up food materials and give heat and energy, and at the same time water and carbon dioxide are made; these pass back again into the blood which ultimately comes round again to the lungs. The excess carbon dioxide then passes out into the air sacs, and is breathed out.

The following are the chief differences between inspired and expired air:

	<i>Inspired Air</i>	<i>Expired Air</i>
Oxygen	21 per cent.	16.4 per cent.
Carbon dioxide	Trace.	4 per cent.
Temperature	The same as that of the atmosphere.	Body temperature.
Humidity		Saturated with water.

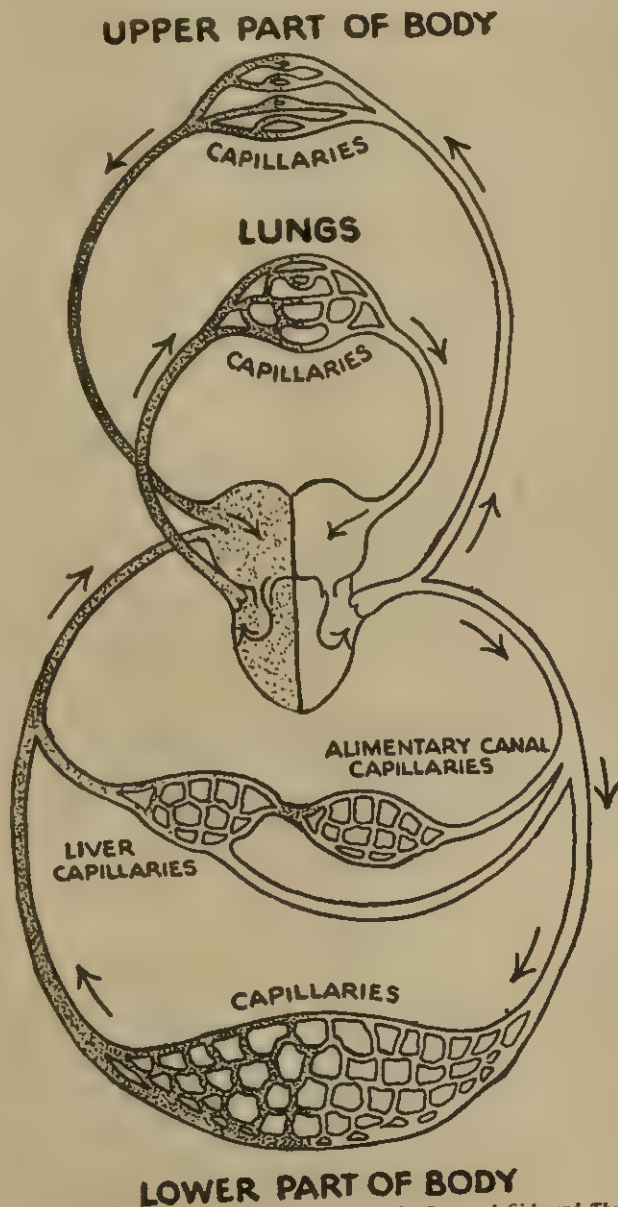
We do not use up all the oxygen of the air round us because green plants in sunlight are continually using the carbon dioxide we make, keeping back the carbon for their own use and giving up the oxygen to the air again; a field of oats of $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres liberates enough oxygen for thirty-two men for a year.

Applications.—Breathing exercises should always be carried out when possible in the open air, or with widely open windows; tight clothing should not be worn as it hinders free chest movements.

Breathing through the nose and not through the mouth is most important. The outside air is nearly always dry, colder than the body, and mixed with dust and germs. If taken in by the mouth this air goes straight down to the lungs with hardly any alteration; if taken in by the nose it is warmed and made less dry by its passage over the warm, moist surfaces of the nasal passages, and in addition it is filtered from its dust and germs by the tiny hairs that line the whole surface. These hairlets are in constant motion, and tend to sweep outwards the foreign matter entangled in the sticky mucous secretion. This germ laden secretion is removed by blowing the nose; sniffing will transfer it to the back of the mouth, and when it is swallowed the poisons are introduced into the body.

There are two small masses at the back of the throat (tonsils) whose function is to trap and render harmless any germs and dust that reach them. If breathing is habitually carried out through the mouth the tonsils are over-worked, they enlarge, and may degenerate, producing a further mass of poisonous material. This gives rise to ill-health, and the septic condition may affect the throat, the glands in the neck, and spread along the tube to the ear.

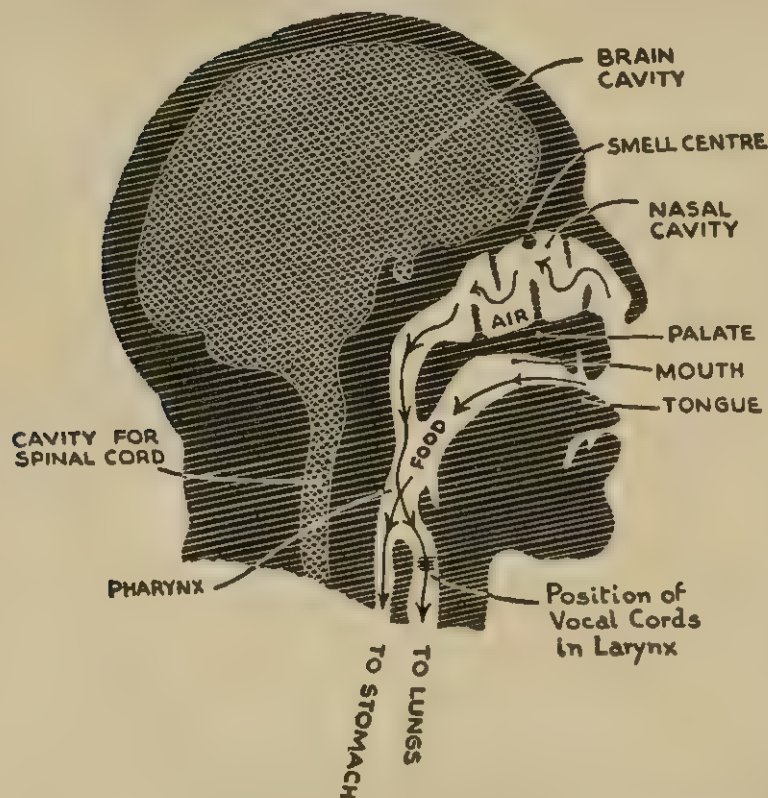
Mouth breathing is usually a habit which can be overcome by regular nose-breathing exercises. If there is some permanent blockage (e.g., enlarged adenoids) the doctor



LOWER PART OF BODY

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GENERAL COURSE OF THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD



[From "An Outline for Boys and Girls and Their Parents," by permission of Messrs. Victor Gollancz, Ltd.]

DIAGRAM OF FOOD AND AIR PASSAGES

should be consulted, but removal of the blockage will not of itself re-establish the habit of nose-breathing without breathing exercises.

Very young children can be taught to use soft paper handkerchiefs; a supply should always be available in every classroom, and used handkerchiefs should be put at once into the receptacle provided, and burnt every day. If the child brings a handkerchief from home it must be clean, and kept in the pocket; on no account should a handkerchief ever be pinned on to a child's frock. The children should never be allowed to use a handkerchief for any purpose other than the legitimate one, and the rule against using other's handkerchiefs must be strictly enforced. The

co-operation of the mother on this subject should be enlisted.

Speaking correctly is largely a matter of habit, and the children unconsciously copy their teacher. A teacher should *never* shout, and never allow children to shout. Stammering can often be cured by getting the child to breathe properly, and to speak slowly when breathing out; these children often try to speak when breathing in or when holding the breath. A left-handed child often begins to stammer if made to write with the right hand. Yawning usually means that the child's brain is tired or that he is not getting enough fresh air at the moment. Coughing and sneezing are special types of breathing.

PRACTICAL WORK

Hold an inspection of handkerchiefs every morning and every evening. (This provides opportunity for instruction on the use of pockets, and also on the misuse of handkerchiefs.)

If no handkerchiefs are forthcoming provide each child with a paper one.

Nose drill.—Produce the handkerchief.

Clean each nostril separately with the finger in the handkerchief. (Effect of fog.)

"Blow" into the handkerchief.

Wipe the end of the nose dry.

Take a deep breath in and out through the nose.

Close one nostril by finger pressure, and breathe *in* through the other nostril; change the finger pressure to the other nostril, and breathe *out*. Reverse the process. Repeat several times.

Clean each nostril again separately, and then "blow" into the handkerchief; dry the nose and upper lip properly.

Put the handkerchief away, or if of paper collect them all and burn as soon as convenient.

Correct breathing.—Show the children how ugly mouth breathing is. Draw on the board the head of someone asleep with the mouth open, and flies and germs going into the mouth. By the side draw someone asleep with the mouth shut, and the flies, etc., unable to get in.

At the same time show the children how the habit of snoring depends on sleeping with the mouth open.

Take the opportunity of instructing the children how to speak nicely—slowly and clearly and *not* through the nose.

If inclined to speak noisily, practise whispering.

Breathing exercise, standing up.—Take a very deep breath in slowly, hold the breath while the teacher counts 5, and then breathe out slowly—all through the nose.

Repeat, but this time breathe out slowly through the mouth as if whistling. Who can go on breathing in for the longest time? Who can go on breathing out for the longest time?

The bigger children can do the following exercise. Breathe in slowly through the nose, at the same time raising the arms to shoulder level sideways; hold the breath as before, and then breathe out through the mouth slowly, at the same time dropping the arms to the sides.

Let the children get an idea of blowing out the chest.

Train children to put the hand over the mouth and nose when coughing or sneezing, and explain the scattering of germs; teach them to use a handkerchief afterwards, to keep the upper lip dry.

FRESH AIR AND SUNSHINE. CLOTHES

FOR THE TEACHER

Clothes.—Two of the important functions of the skin are those of getting rid of water from the body by sweat, and of cooling the body by the evaporation of sweat; as most of the surface of the skin is covered by clothes the texture of the garments plays a large part in the efficient carrying out of these functions. The water of the sweat can evaporate only if it is in contact with air, so that clothing must never be skin-tight, impervious, nor constricting; rubber knickers are extremely bad for children.

It is best to have the layer next the skin of some loose woollen material; the tiny fibres come into close contact with the skin and draw up the sweat which passes into

the thickness of the garment without making it feel wet; the water then evaporates into the air which is held in the loose meshes of the material, so cooling the body; and the moisture-laden air passes away to the outside, being replaced by fresh air. Cotton clothes easily get wet and stick to the body; the air cannot get into the tightly woven fabric and so it cannot take away the water; the clothes get damp and so produce conditions tending to chill the body and lower resistance.

But whatever the texture of the clothes, adequate drying can be produced only if there is free circulation of air through them; in an unlined and unventilated mackintosh moisture soon collects until all the clothes are wet. Exercise increases circulation and

produces extra heat which is got rid of by increased sweating. If this water is allowed to evaporate too quickly the body is chilled; a change of clothes and a rub down after exercise is ideal, but if not possible a coat or sweater should be put on to prevent chilling. A draught produces a chill because of the rapid loss of heat from the body by increased evaporation.

As sweat is being continually produced and taken up by the clothes, *all* clothes when taken off should be hung up to air. The vest which is worn next the skin absorbs most sweat, so that this garment should be thoroughly aired at night and washed frequently. A different garment (nightdress or pyjamas) should be worn at night, or if this is impossible, it is better not to wear anything at night at all.

Black and dark materials absorb the light rays and are much hotter to wear than white and lightly-coloured fabrics; coloured washing materials have both hygienic and aesthetic properties. If at all possible, it is a good plan to have overalls of brightly coloured washing material for young children to wear at school.

Another reason that clothes are worn is to protect against cold; but most people, particularly in winter, wear far too many clothes, especially round the throat and neck. This practice makes the underlying skin hot and damp, and as soon as the extra outdoor clothes are taken off rapid evaporation occurs as the air can now reach the imprisoned sweat, and a chill is apt to result; such overdressed children have perpetual colds and sore throats throughout the winter. It is far better to encourage the habit of letting air get freely to the neck in all weathers. Damp clothes favour chills, and the greater their number the more uncomfortable and chilly does the child become; children should never be allowed to sit in school when damp. It is very desirable, in poor districts, to have a sufficient supply of shoes and socks for a change for those children whose own shoes let in the wet. In better circumstances, children should always change

their shoes at school; in no case should a child sit in school wearing goloshes or Wellington boots. Boots and shoes must never be tight, but allow plenty of room for the foot in its natural shape.



A—NATURAL SHAPE OF FOOT
B—FOOT CRAMPED BY BADLY-FITTING SHOES

[From Lyster's "A First Course in Hygiene," by permission of The University Tutorial Press, Ltd.]

Each child should have his own cloak-room peg on which only his own clothes may be hung, if possible so spaced that clothes do not touch. On no account should a child ever be allowed to put on another child's hat.

Ventilation.—Ventilation is the method by which the air is kept pure, clean, and at a comfortable degree of temperature and dryness. As the body is continually giving out heat and moisture, the air in a room with no ventilation and with people in it soon becomes both hot and damp; the temperature rises and drops of moisture appear on the cold windows. This makes the people in the room hot; more sweat is produced in order to cool the body, but it cannot evaporate as the air is so damp; and so the people become restless, uncomfortable and sleepy. If a class seems troublesome, make sure that the ventilation is not at fault. If the schoolroom is too crowded the air gets bad very quickly indeed, and any infectious disease spreads with extraordinary rapidity among the children. Class-rooms should be cleaned often (not only once a term) and some disinfectant used

frequently; blackboard chalk makes a great deal of dust which is bad for the respiratory mucous membranes.

In this country it is usually necessary to warm classrooms except in summer. The best method to warm a small room is by an open fire with a high guard; this warms the floor level, and at the same time produces a movement of the air, as hot air rises up the chimney and fresh cool air is drawn in through the open windows and through crannies round the doors and windows. Open fires, however, involve considerable labour, and are not of themselves adequate for large rooms. A central method of heating with pipes and radiators is that usually adopted in schools; children should not sit too close to radiators. Whatever type of heating is used, however, the floor level should be warmer than the head level, fresh air must be constantly supplied through windows or openings in the walls, and used air must be constantly removed by the chimneys or vents in the walls. If the draught up the chimney is not sufficient to draw in enough fresh air, the installation of a fan is the best remedy.

Children should get into the habit of liking fresh air and open windows; only too often they get very little of either at home.

Sunshine.—Sunshine plays a most important part in health, quite apart from producing an optimistic outlook. In sunlight, besides the visible rays which produce light, there are other rays which are chemically very active. These ultra-violet rays kill germs and promote the healing of sores and wounds, and also help children to resist tubercular and other infections. They also act on a substance stored in the skin, and convert it into vitamin D which protects children against rickets. Similar rays are present in the light coming from special lamps which are sometimes used in the winter to help delicate children. Ordinary glass prevents ultra-violet rays from passing; special glass is now available which allows of their passage, but the air warmed by

sunshine and coming through open windows should be made use of whenever possible. Exposure of the bare arms and legs to sunshine is excellent, but the head, the back of the neck, and the spine should always be protected, otherwise serious damage may be done to the underlying nervous structures. Sunlight is also necessary for plant life, the green plant using up carbon dioxide and giving off oxygen to the air only in the sunlight.

PRACTICAL WORK

As children should be encouraged to play out of doors as much as possible, it is imperative to train them from the very beginning in "Safety First" principles.

Invent some games, with suitable penalties.

1. Playing on the pavement—penalty for running off into the road.
2. Walking along the pavement, and then crossing the road—penalty for stepping off:
 - a. without help of a grown-up person if one is in sight,
 - b. without asking the policeman if one is in sight,
 - c. without looking both ways,
 - d. if anything is in sight in the road itself.

(There are two excellent booklets published by the National Safety First Association, Terminal House, 52 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1: *Safety First for the Little Ones in the Street*, and *Safety in the Home*. Also, posters may be obtained from the Association, of which Nos. P.S. 26, P.S. 33, P.S. 45, are suitable and useful for infant schools.)

Get the children to take a pride in keeping their pinafores clean.

Teach children how to "air" and dry their outdoor clothes and to shake out their pinafores and "air" them before hanging up.

Ask the children questions about their clothing—the texture, colour, etc., why they wear more or warmer clothes in winter than in summer, how often they should have clean clothes—and so on.

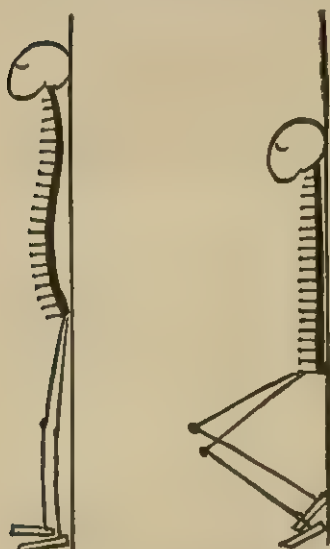
POSTURE AND EXERCISE

FOR THE TEACHER

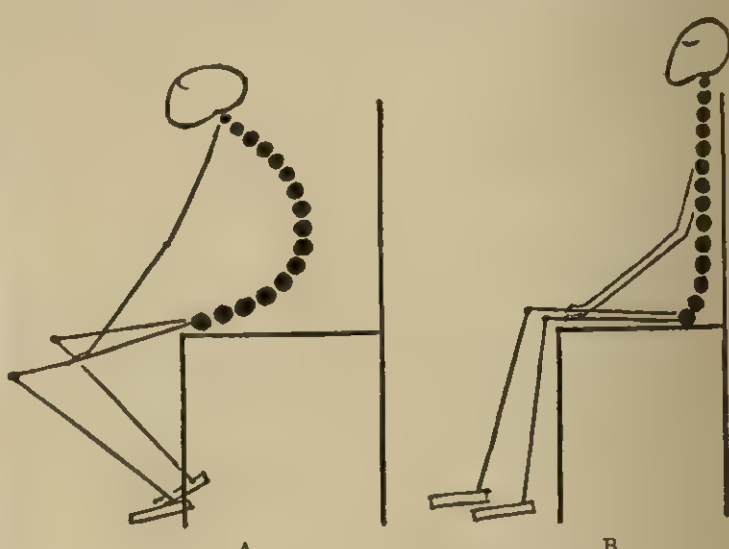
Posture.—The habits of sitting, standing and moving correctly cannot be learnt too

minutes' brisk physical exercise standing at the side of the desk, and with open windows.

When standing, the correct position involves a vertical spine, erect head and



CAN YOU STRAIGHTEN YOUR SPINE IN THIS POSITION?



A

B

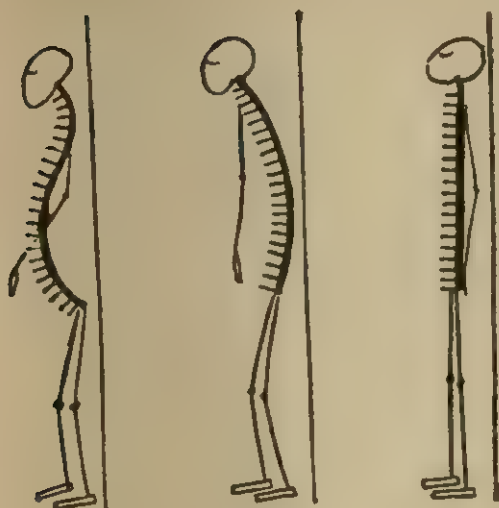
DO YOU SIT LIKE A, OR LIKE B?

early. Good posture is of great value in improving the breathing, minimising fatigue, maintaining the internal organs in their correct and relative positions, and in making a child mentally and physically alert.

The teacher should see that the desks are of the right size and shape for the children; single desks are better than the double type from every point of view. When not using his hands the child should sit straight up, with both feet on the floor (never dangling), and the whole spine resting comfortably against the back of the seat, and the hands in the lap. The light must fall on the desk from the left side, and children should not strain their eyes by using them in a bad light. Children must not loll about in their desks; a good cure for fidgets is a few

straight knees, with chin and abdomen drawn in, and the shoulders back. Trying to "grow as tall as possible" helps in maintaining a good carriage. When standing, the weight should be evenly divided between the two feet; if a child is tired or kept standing too long he will shift the weight first to one leg and then to the other. The teacher should try to eradicate such faults as round shoulders, hollow chest, poking chin, and hollow back.

Good walking is smooth, springy and without effort, with the head held well up and the chin drawn in. A child walks badly if the head is bent down, or the knees are bent, or the feet dragged (sometimes due to badly fitting shoes), or the body is slanted with the head poking, or if the gait is jerky or heavy.



A B C
DO YOU STAND LIKE A, B OR C?

Exercise.—Muscular exercise increases fitness and health by stimulating all the functions of the body. Working muscles use up more oxygen than when at rest, and make more waste products; hence the respiration is increased, and exercise should, when possible, be carried out in the open air. The circulation is also hurried up, more heat is produced and consequently more sweat is made to cool the body. Exercise is of great value in clearing waste substances out of the body by increasing the activity of the kidneys, and in promoting movements of the bowel. It helps to develop muscles rightly and maintain correct postures in walking and standing; physical and mental efficiency are increased at the same time.

For small children there is an admirable wooden structure available for the playground for babies to teach themselves to climb about without harm. A small wooden chute with a good, thick mat at the bottom is another excellent device. Children should never be forced to use such contrivances, but left to themselves to find out the joys of their use. Nervousness of rougher children sometimes makes a child stand about alone,

but if another quiet or nervous child walks about with him among the others, they cure each other of their fear.

Exercises carried out indoors should be in a room empty of furniture in the middle, and with all the windows wide open. Bare feet, or no shoes, are desirable, and the floor must be clean, and free from splinters, nails, etc.

No one exercise should be carried out for long at a time, otherwise fatigue or boredom follows and results in its being badly done. Whenever possible, exercises should be done to music, and a feeling for rhythm inculcated as early as possible.

PRACTICAL WORK

Get each child to stand erect, correctly, against the wall, and mark the height. A strip of paper can be pinned over the piece of wall. Show the children how to make themselves as tall as possible.

Mark the child's height once a month.

Practice in walking. Mark a long straight chalk line on the floor, and make the children walk, heel down first, with the inner side of the foot along the chalk line at each step; the ankles must not rub in passing, and the feet must not be wide apart.

Make the child stand correctly with chin drawn in; then balance a light copybook on his head and make him walk round the room without dropping it off.

Carry out tiptoe exercises, up and down to music; also walking on tiptoe.

A short spell of "running on the spot" is an excellent warm-up, usually greatly enjoyed.

Another good exercise is to make the children lie flat on the floor, and then raise both legs up at right angles, together and straight, and then drop them again.

Simple dancing exercises to music are also excellent, and the children love them.



[Reproduced from a Photograph of the Rachel McMillan L.C.C. Nursery School.
CLIMBING APPARATUS

DIGESTION AND FEEDING

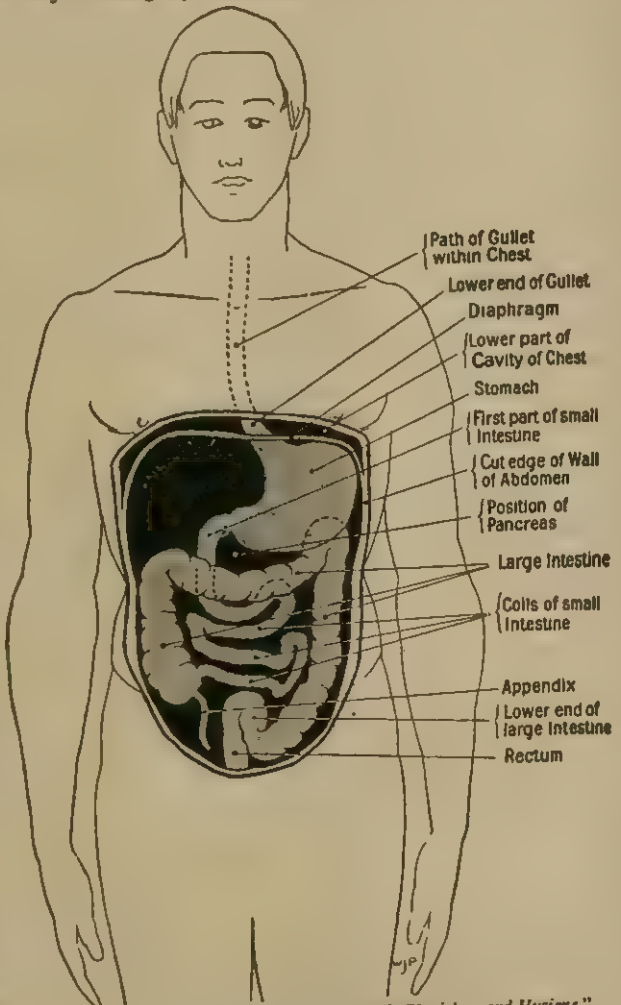
FOR THE TEACHER

Digestion.—The body is continually using up energy to make heat and to do work of various kinds; in addition the tissues of the body are constantly being renewed as they suffer from wear and tear, and in the young the body is also growing. For these purposes food is necessary, and young children will clearly need more food in proportion to their size than does a grown-up. The food taken must be of a kind that the body can digest, absorb, and use; but even so there is always some unsuitable residue, which is eliminated in the faeces.

The food we eat is changed chemically into much simpler and soluble substances as it passes along the alimentary canal.

It is chewed up in the mouth and mixed with the saliva, which begins the change of starch into sugar. Then the food is swallowed, being shot across the opening of the wind-pipe in the throat by a special muscular mechanism which prevents entry into it; if by any mischance any particle does "go the wrong way" a strong jerky expiration (cough) blows it back into the mouth. (Thus talking while eating should never be allowed.) The swallowed food passes down the gullet into the stomach, where more digestive juices are mixed with it and the protein part begins to be broken up. The muscle walls contract and relax rhythmically, churning up the food and mixing it thoroughly with the juice; during this time the lower opening of the stomach is closed.

After half an hour or so some of the food is sufficiently liquid and digested to be passed on; the exit then opens for a moment and the liquid is shot out a little at a time into the intestine. This food is then passed along by muscular contraction, being mixed



[From Campbell's "Readable Physiology and Hygiene,"
by permission of Messrs. G. Bell & Son, Ltd.]

DIAGRAM OF THE ALIMENTARY CANAL

with bile and other important digestive juices on the way. These complete the changing of the food into the simple, soluble substances that the cells of the body can use. The whole lining wall of the small intestine is covered with minute finger-like projections, like velvet pile, and they absorb these simple materials into the blood. These are then carried to the liver and either stored for future use or carried round to the tissues and used up at once. Any substance not absorbed is pushed along into the large intestine by muscular contraction and gradually becomes more solid as the water is absorbed. At the distal end is a slight enlargement (the rectum) which communicates with the exterior by the anus through which the faecal mass is periodically evacuated.

Some fresh foods are necessary in the diet to provide vitamins, but many foods are cooked to make them more digestible and also more palatable. The latter point is important because the taste, smell and sight of food are the chief stimuli for pouring out of the digestive juices; a child does not digest well and therefore cannot use completely foods that are unpalatable. Digestive movements are stopped by unpleasant emotions, so that there should be no scolding or upset just before a meal, and also as little correction as possible during it. Undigested food remaining in the stomach produces irritation and ultimately the contents may be forcibly ejected by the mouth as the stomach wall contracts strongly with its lower opening closed.

In order to supply plenty of juices when required and to facilitate the absorption of the digested food there is an increased supply of blood to the alimentary canal during digestion, the other parts of the body having less blood flowing through them during this time. It is unwise to take violent exercise or a hot bath directly after a meal, because more blood is sent to the muscles and skin, and the digestive tract goes short and indigestion probably occurs.

Feeding.—Many parents are extremely ignorant of the food requirements of children and school feeding can do a great deal to counteract the evils of the home in this respect.

The substances necessary in the food are of six classes: proteins, fats, carbohydrates, salts, water, vitamins.

1. *Proteins* are the body-building foods, also supplying energy. They are the *only* foods containing the chemical groups that the body can use for building up and repairing its tissues. Proteins are present in large amount in lean meat, eggs, fish, cheese, cereals and pulses, and milk.

2. *Fats* are the best heat-producing foods, and can be stored up for warmth under the skin and as a reserve of fuel. All dairy products contain a high proportion of fat, as do bacon, fat meat, etc. Margarine is cheaper than butter, but all children should get at least a very small allowance of butter (1 oz. per week) because this contains the necessary vitamins that vegetable fats like margarine usually do not. Cod-liver oil also supplies this vitamin and is an invaluable supplement to deficient diets.

3. *Carbohydrates* are the foods used for muscular work; they are present in large quantities in bread, tapioca, rice, jam, syrup, cornflour, etc.; sugar is pure carbohydrate. Carbohydrates are the cheapest form of food, and among poorer classes there is a tendency to take excess of this group and too little protein and fat. If more carbohydrate is eaten than is needed for the body's use the excess is stored up as fat.

4. *Salts* are found in all cells and fluids of the body. Sodium chloride is the most abundant, but lime salts are found in large quantities in bones and teeth; iron is part of the haemoglobin of the blood, and many other salts are also present. These must be provided in the food, particularly during the growth period. Green vegetables and

red meat are particularly rich in iron, milk provides lime and phosphorus salts in suitable proportions, and fresh fruit, vegetables and ordinary table salt supply the other salts required.

5. *Water* constitutes about 60 per cent. of the weight of the adult body, and is necessary for all its activities. All foods contain some water, but plenty of additional fluid should be drunk, particularly in hot weather when the body is losing much by sweat. Restriction of fluid intake may lead to difficulty in getting rid of waste substances made in the body, as these are passed out dissolved in water. The main supply provides pure water, but if the purity of the water available is suspected, it must be boiled before drinking.

6. *Vitamins* are essential for health. Four of these, known simply as A, B, C, and D, must always be included in the diet. A and D are found associated with fats, particularly animal and yellow fats, being present in milk, butter, eggs (especially the yolk), liver and fat of meat, and abundantly in cod-liver oil. A is necessary for growth, and helps to keep healthy the lining membranes of the respiratory and alimentary passages; D is necessary for the proper development of bone and teeth, and in its absence children suffer from rickets. B is also necessary for growth and for the proper actions of the alimentary canal; it is found in peas and beans and in the embryo of the cereals; consequently it is present in whole wheat flour and in unhusked rice, but not in white flour nor in polished rice; it also occurs in meat, eggs, milk, and is abundant in yeast. C prevents scurvy and helps in maintaining a generally healthy condition; it is found specially in lemons and oranges and in swede juice and in green vegetables such as spinach, cabbage, and green lettuce leaves. A, B, and C are all found in small quantities in tomatoes.

In nursery schools the children are usually given breakfast, dinner and tea, thus pro-

viding simple wholesome food at regular times. Meals at school also provide the properly balanced diet which is often lacking at home, at the same time giving opportunity for acquiring good habits.

The food should be chiefly of the kind that the parents can afford and can get. Milk is most valuable for young children, a pint a day being a fair allowance; usually milk must be pasteurised or boiled to ensure the absence of germs, and as some of the contained vitamins are thereby destroyed, some fresh fruit (e.g., orange) or fresh vegetable must be given as well. Children who dislike milk usually enjoy cocoa. Milk should be given in clean mugs that have no rim at the edge; the use of a straw and bottle may prove attractive to children who dislike milk, but in this case care must be taken to see that the straw is not used for extraneous purposes. Other particularly valuable foods for children are underdone meat and gravy, green vegetables (cut up fresh and cooked in the gravy), potatoes, milk puddings, light suet puddings with raisins, jam and treacle, butter, wholemeal bread, rusks. The meals should be varied, and every child allowed as much food as he wants. Some "roughage" which will not be digested should be included in the diet to help to give bulk to the unabsorbed residue and promote defaecation; this is provided by the cellulose of vegetables, fruit skins, husks in wholemeal bread, etc.

It is better to drink between meals than with meals, and water should always be available. No "snacks" and sweets should be allowed in between meals; such practice impairs digestion and appetite, and leads to constipation and ill-health. Some children are "difficult" over their food, but a sensible matter-of-fact attitude on the part of the teacher, and the inborn desire to imitate surrounding children usually effects a cure. The teacher should, however, be on the look-out for any real idiosyncrasy against a particular food, or for persistent lack of appetite, in which case the child should be referred to the doctor.

PRACTICAL WORK

(The following suggestions are applicable chiefly to young children and when meals are taken in school.)

Teach the children how to set the table; to put on a clean tablecloth and a vase of flowers or greenery; to set out the spoons and plates; to put up the chairs—not more than eight at one table.

Show them how to sit at table; their hands must be washed, their arms off the table and no lolling allowed.

Teach the children how to serve the food. One child in turn at each table may take the food round. Show how they can help themselves from the dish without spilling. Teach them to take enough, but not too much. All must wait until everyone is served before beginning to eat.

Teach the children how to eat nicely;

not to overfill mouth or spoon; to keep the mouth shut while eating; to finish one mouthful before putting in more; not to make a noise while eating; to put down the spoon between mouthfuls; not to talk with anything in the mouth; not to spill food; not to get food on the hands.

All the children must wait till everyone has finished before rising. They can then clear the table; clean and collect the plates, clean up little spills and messes, sweep up crumbs off floor and table, and leave everything tidy. They should wash their hands after food, and be taught to like the feel of clean hands.

Bibs.—Until a child can eat without making a mess, provide a clean bib. When proficient, promote the child to go without a bib, and if he makes a mess the penalty is to go back to the bib.

TEETH**FOR THE TEACHER**

Structure of tooth.—Good teeth are necessary for good digestion because the teeth break up the food and so help in mixing it with the digestive juice. It is therefore important that the food should be thoroughly chewed and not bolted; a sloppy, soft diet must be avoided, and some food provided in a form that necessitates much biting (e.g., rusks, dried bread, raw apples). If the teeth are to be healthy they must be used and kept clean, otherwise they will deteriorate and then decay.

A tooth consists of a root which holds it firmly fixed in the jawbone and gum, and of a crown which is the working part and which varies in shape with its function; the front teeth have sharp cutting edges and the back teeth broad grinding surfaces. The bulk of the tooth consists of a very hard white substance called dentine; if the child is getting insufficient lime salts or

unsuitable food lacking in vitamins D and C, the dentine is weak and liable to crumble. The whole of the projecting part of the tooth has a covering of extremely hard but



SECTION OF A TOOTH

very thin enamel outside the dentine. The line of the gum should coincide with the edge of the enamel, any exposed dentine being very liable to decay. The centre of the tooth is filled with pulp containing blood vessels and nerves which penetrate through a small opening at the base of the root; the nerve fibres penetrate into the dentine, ending just beneath the enamel. If the protective enamel is damaged the endings of these nerve fibres are stimulated by exposure or touch, and pain (toothache) results. This is nature's warning that the dentine is open to attack, and the hole should be filled by the dentist before decay spreads.

The formation of the teeth begins before birth, so that the mother, and later the baby, must have plenty of fresh and lime-containing foods. The condition of the milk teeth and also their position determines that of the permanent set, the latter forming beneath the milk teeth which they eventually push out by their upward growth. If the milk teeth decay, the poisons are carried down to the roots and attack the developing permanent teeth so that these will be malformed or decayed from the beginning.

Cleaning of teeth.—The germs that attack the teeth feed on food particles that are left in the crevices, and for this reason the teeth must be regularly and properly cleaned. It is best to do this both at night and in the morning, but if only once a day bedtime is the correct moment; eating food

in bed is a very bad habit. Each child must have a separate and labelled toothbrush which must be kept clean. Any decay of the teeth should be detected as early as possible before the painful stage is reached; this can be accomplished only by regular visits to the dentist. A child should never be frightened of going to the dentist, and consequently the first visit is particularly important. (The Dental Board of the United Kingdom, 44, Hallam Street, London, W.1., issues posters dealing with various aspects of dental health, of which some are sold at cost price, others being issued free in limited quantities.)

Never let children put things into their mouths indiscriminately, nor bite odds and ends such as pencils or string; cracking nuts with the teeth is very likely to crack the enamel at the same time, but a hard apple has good tooth-cleaning properties.

PRACTICAL WORK

Each child must have a toothbrush, mug of water and basin. Teach the children to rinse the mouth out first, and then clean the teeth,—the front, back, sides and top of the teeth. Brush downwards for the top teeth, and upwards for the bottom teeth. (Make sure the child has not got the teeth clenched together.)

Rinse the mouth out again, and dry the face.

Wash the toothbrush.

Hang the brush up again on its own nail.

SENSES AND SLEEP

FOR THE TEACHER

Sense organs.—All parts of the body are supplied with nerves which carry messages (impulses) between them and the spinal cord and the brain. The parts of the body depend on these messages to enable them to work harmoniously together.

The brain can never initiate impulses itself; it must be stimulated by messages coming to it. These come from:—

1. The skin—touch, pain, heat, cold.
2. The deeper parts of the body like the muscles; these messages do not usually arouse a conscious sensation, but they do produce resulting responses.

3. The special sense organs—eye for sight, ear for hearing, nose for smell, and tongue for taste.

The impulse is produced by the action of the appropriate stimulus on the endings of the nerve fibres.

The eye.—The greater part of the globe of the eye is hidden and protected by the bony socket into which it is packed with fat; the exposed part is protected from dust by the eyelids which close involuntarily in threatened danger. The innermost layer of the eyelid is actually joined to the layer that covers the front surface of the eye, so that dust can get only to the side and never

round behind. The surface is kept moist by the secretion of glands; the fluid normally drains away by a tiny hole near the nose, but if it is blocked up or too much water is made then tears flow over.

The outside covering of the eye is very tough and white, except just in front where a circular patch (cornea) is transparent and allows light to enter into the inside of the eye. Attached to this tough coat are the six outside (extrinsic) muscles which move the eye-ball and keep it in position; unbalanced action or strain of these muscles causes squint.

The inside of the eye is hollow, and divided into two by a coloured curtain (iris) which stretches across except for a round opening in the middle (pupil). Immediately behind the iris is the transparent lens which

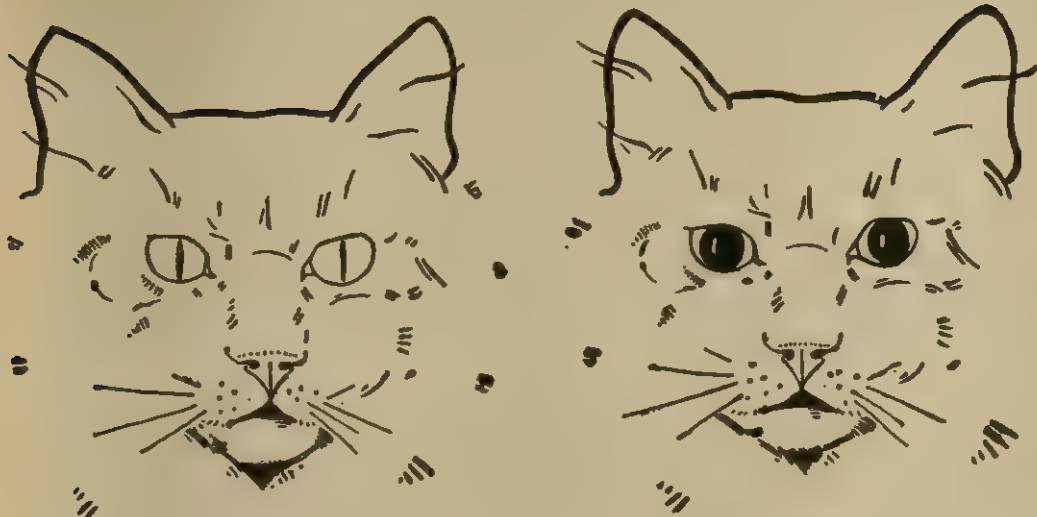
bends the entering rays of light so that a very extensive outside field of vision is brought to focus on a very small inside area of the sensitive surface of the eye. The back part of the eye is lined by this sensitive surface (retina) separated from the outer coat by a back layer containing blood vessels. The light rays entering the back chamber of the eye stimulate the retina from which nerve fibres carry the messages to the brain. The eye cannot function properly without a good supply of oxygen brought to it in the blood; in fainting or in a very sudden movement, the blood supply is momentarily interfered with, and everything "goes black."

The eye works like a camera. In order to get a clear picture the light rays must be correctly focused on the retina. Focusing



[From E. Sharpley Schafer's "The Essentials of Histology,"
by permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd.]

DIAGRAM OF A HORIZONTAL SECTION THROUGH THE RIGHT EYE OF A MAN



CAT'S EYES—BY DAY AND AT NIGHT

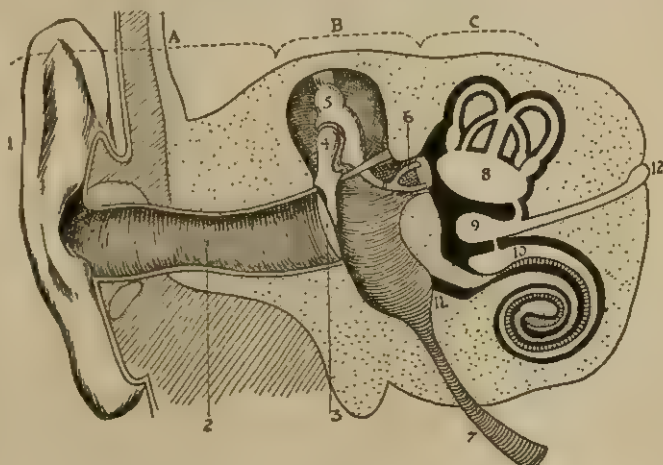
is brought about by altering the curvature of the lens by muscular action; it becomes more convex anteriorly when looking at near objects, in order to bend the rays sufficiently to bring them to focus on the retina. At the same time the size of the pupil is altered by muscular contraction, narrowing down to cut out too many rays in bright light or when looking at near objects, and enlarging in the dark or when looking at distant objects to catch as much light as possible. These various changes are known as "accommodation." If the teacher suspects any defect in vision the child should see the doctor, as irreparable damage may very easily be done when immediate treatment might have effected a cure. Sudden changes of accommodation for distance and light (e.g., in cinemas) are very tiring to the eyes.

When at rest the eye is accommodated for distant objects; consequently close work should be avoided as much as possible, and should be for short periods at a time;

blackboard and chalk are preferable to paper and pencil.

The ear.—The important part of the ear containing the nerves lies inside the skull thus ensuring its protection.

Sounds are produced by ripples in the air which are collected by the outer ear and directed through the opening down the channel towards the inside of the head. This passage ends in a membrane (drum)



(From Haldane and Huxley's "Animal Biology,"
by permission of Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd.)
DIAGRAM OF EAR

stretched tightly across it; the sound waves make this drum vibrate, and the vibrations are conveyed across the cavity of the middle ear by a chain of tiny bones. The last of the bones fills up the opening of one end of the very complicated tube that constitutes the inner ear; this tube is filled with fluid, and the vibrations thus conveyed to it stimulate the special nerve endings in the ear, the nerve impulse ultimately going to the brain.

One part of the internal ear is concerned with hearing, and the other part with equilibrium; disease of the ear is often associated with deafness and giddiness.

The outer passage of the ear should be

cure for this condition, and while we sleep the body regains energy; a little body requires more sleep and at more frequent intervals than an older, bigger one. Children under seven need at least twelve hours sleep a day, besides a midday sleep up to five years old or more. Insufficient sleep in youth always causes nervous exhaustion, although the ill-effects may not be apparent until the child is much older.

For the midday sleep each child should always have the same stretcher and blanket. The stretchers should be so placed that no two are touching, and no child is facing a bright light. No talking should be allowed,



DO YOU SLEEP LIKE THIS?

kept free from wax, otherwise the vibrations of the drum are damped down and the child becomes deaf; apparent inattention may be due to deafness. If the drum is ruptured the harm is irremediable; this may occur if the wax of the passage is carelessly removed with a sharp instrument pushed in too far; it may also occur from a blow on the head; a "cuff on the head" or a "box on the ears" is most dangerous. Any ear defect, however trivial it may appear, should be dealt with by the doctor; "running ears" are a great source of infection and should be at once reported.

Sleep.—All the time that we are awake our senses are at work, and consequently the nerve endings get tired. Sleep is the

even if the children do not all go to sleep. If possible the midday sleep should be in the open air; at any rate all the windows should be widely open. Parents should be encouraged to co-operate by keeping up the sleep habit in the holidays, and also by opening bedroom windows. A bad fright or the sight of some alarming cinema picture is very apt to upset a young child's nerves and may cause sleeplessness; the teacher should always investigate the cause if a child seems upset in this way.

PRACTICAL WORK

Teach the children how to wash and dry their eyes, their noses and their ears.

Teach the children how to put their

"beds" ready for going to sleep, how to fold up the blankets again and how to put the "beds" away.

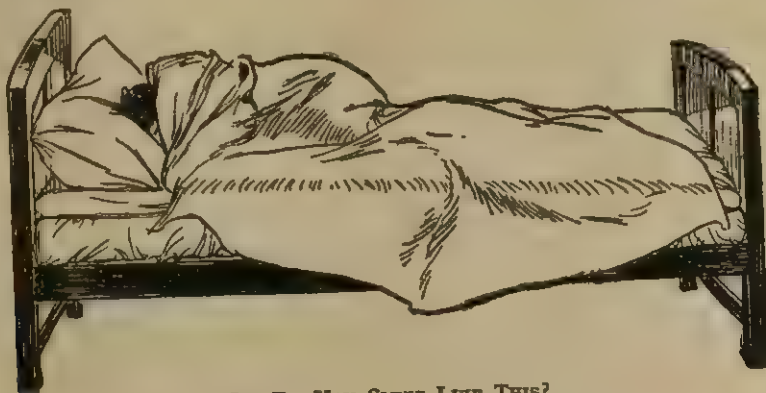
Teach the children how to lie properly in bed—not curled up, and not with the head under the blanket.

HABITS, PERSONAL AND SOCIAL

FOR THE TEACHER

Elimination of waste matters.—It is of great value to a young child to acquire regular habits with respect to the occurrences of his daily life; in this way a con-

results. The movements of the bowel moving on the food are most active after a period of rest and after a meal, consequently the most natural time for defaecation is after breakfast. This habit once formed is most persistent, and helps to



OR, DO YOU SLEEP LIKE THIS?

servation of his nervous energy ensures better development and growth of both body and mind. Such habits refer to the general school routine, meals, elimination of the waste matters of the body, sleep and exercise.

By two years of age the average baby should have acquired regular and clean habits.

I. Defaecation.—If meals are regular, there will be regular arrival of waste unabsorbed food at the lower end of the alimentary canal; the presence of this in the rectum causes nervous impulses to pass up to the brain, with resulting desire to defaecate. This desire should be responded to, otherwise it passes off and constipation

keep the body free from poisonous waste matters. Unfortunately the family "rush" after breakfast often leads to refusal in responding to the desire, and the good habit is broken; breakfast should be early enough to allow time for all before setting out from home. The teacher should enlist the co-operation of the mother in establishing this good habit. Constipation is difficult to cure, because if the bowel wall is kept habitually distended the muscle loses its tone, and its powers of contracting are much diminished. This condition produces bad breath, furred tongue, muddy complexion, pallor, dull eyes and listlessness. An increase of out-door exercise, and additional fruit (figs, prunes, apples, oranges) and vegetables are of help in promoting bowel action.

2. *Micturition.*—The excess water that is taken into the body with food and water made in the body by its own activities is got rid of by the skin in sweat, by the lungs in expired air, and by the kidneys in urine. The kidneys are continually separating water and waste materials like urea from the blood; this fluid passes down the ureters to the bladder where it is stored, and periodically evacuated by muscular contraction. As in the case of the rectum, the stretching of the muscle wall by the increasing contents causes a nerve impulse to pass up, resulting in a desire to micturate.

It is most important that the bladder should not be over-distended, and the desire to empty it should be responded to before discomfort arises. The muscle wall if continually stretched loses its tone, and there will be inability to empty the bladder properly; this may be followed by inability to retain urine even temporarily. Such a condition requires medical attention immediately.

Very small children should have an opportunity of passing urine at least every two hours; as they get older the interval can be lengthened.

3. *Use of lavatories.*—Children should be taught how to use the lavatory, and with young children supervision is always necessary. The teacher can train them in nice manners, insisting that the lavatory is kept tidy; even small boys should lift the seat before use. They should be taught the habit of using the lavatory towel, always insisting on consideration for others; and the children should acquire the habit of washing their hands afterwards. Any playing about in lavatories should be sternly discouraged. Some small children get into a bad habit of asking to leave the room in the middle of whatever they are doing; this is usually either to draw attention or to play about, but if real frequency of micturition is present the doctor should be told.

Social habits.—Children are never too young to imitate their elders, or to train. The consideration and courtesy shown, and the tone of voice used by adults to one another and to the children in their charge have a most important effect. In addition they can be taught to help each other over almost all the happenings of school life, and they can be helped to form habits of kindness, generosity and courtesy. Even in the most unpromising surroundings a teacher can do much to inculcate a sense of beauty and cleanliness.

Orderly habits of tidiness can be taught by giving a child his own personal things to look after—clothes-peg, brush and comb, toothbrush, towel, locker, crayons, plasticine. Tidy habits in undressing and dressing for the bath, or the doctor, or the bed, are soon taught; so that even at home the child likes to put his shoes in a pair together, and to shake out and fold his clothes. Quite young children can be taught to pick up bits of paper, string, pins, pencils, and so forth from the floor; if tidy habits were inculcated in the young there would be fewer complaints of litter left by holiday makers.

Sex hygiene.—Young children accept sex difference quite naturally, and a right attitude on the part of the teacher is of the utmost importance, especially when, only too often, the wrong attitude is taken at home.

If the school has a garden the facts of life can be acquired by young children simply and naturally by keeping pets; they can see eggs hatched out, and watch baby rabbits and guinea pigs and kittens, plant-life of all kinds, and so on. Even without a garden a certain amount of simple "nature study" observation can be made use of, and in this way a sound, if subconscious, foundation is laid for later biological teaching.

The schoolroom.—Whatever may be the material basis available, the teacher can do a great deal in making the most of the possibilities from a health point of view.

As the numbers of children in the younger classes are usually large, overcrowding is common, and therefore particular attention should be paid to the question of ventilation and heating. Better lighting of the children's desks can sometimes be achieved by altering their arrangement. Wherever possible bright, but good, colours should be introduced by such means as pictures (e.g.,

railway posters), and boxes or tins brightly enamelled or painted. If no school garden is available, much can be taught from plants in pots or boxes as to the need of living things for fresh air, clean water, light and sunshine. If the children can be taught to take a pride in their schoolroom, they will unconsciously help their own parents to do the same with their homes.

THE HEALTH OF THE TEACHER

Teaching is an exacting profession, making considerable demands upon the physique as well as upon other qualities of those engaged in it. It is the duty, therefore, of all teachers to keep themselves fit, and for this the most important factor is, perhaps, good and adequate food (a factor whose importance can hardly be over estimated). It is wise to start the day with a good breakfast, and plenty of time should be allowed if this has to be self-prepared. Every day a certain amount of first-class or animal protein should be taken, at least $1\frac{1}{4}$ oz. out of an average daily protein ration of $3\frac{1}{2}$ oz. being of this kind. To secure this will necessitate taking eggs, milk, cheese, fish, meat or, best of all, a mixture of these foods. The requisite $1\frac{1}{4}$ oz. is the actual quantity of protein and not the amount of the food containing the protein; meat contains only about $\frac{1}{3}$ protein, fish less than $\frac{1}{5}$, cheese about $\frac{1}{4}$, milk (which consists as to 87 per cent. of water) about $\frac{1}{25}$, and eggs without shell $\frac{1}{8}$. Plenty of fresh green vegetables and fruit and plenty of liquid should be taken; of the latter it is probably wise to take each day three to four pints as a minimum, and in hot weather considerably more because water is then being freely lost by the skin. Special thought must be given to the inclusion in the diet of the vitamins, which are essential to health. If due weight is given to these considerations, the other part of the diet will probably

be adequately provided for. One good solid meal should be taken each day, either in the middle of the day or in the evening.

Fresh air is also essential for good health and for good work; this can be secured by having good ventilation in the schoolroom, and open windows in the home, particularly in the bedroom, while every day a certain amount of outdoor exercise should be taken. Exercise and free movement are specially necessary for women teachers at the monthly period (period of menstruation) to encourage a good circulation. A slow blood circulation with consequent congestion in the reproductive organs at these times is a common cause of discomfort and pain, both of which can be obviated by exercise and warm baths; if this does not relieve the condition medical advice should be sought. Scrupulous cleanliness during the period is a great factor in the comfort of the individual, as is also regular action of the bowels. Attention to the latter is always wise, but is specially necessary in connection with the menstrual period, when there is often a tendency towards constipation. Headaches that recur frequently may be due to some defect of the eyes, in which case, medical advice should be taken. They may, however, be due to insufficient sleep, lack of ventilation (especially at night) or to constipation. Fresh air and attention to the bowels should be tried instead of taking drugs; five minutes brisk walk in the fresh air just before going

to bed, is often helpful in inducing sound sleep.

During teaching it is wise not to stand too still but to move about slightly, as this will tend to counteract the natural effect of gravity on the return of blood from the lower part of the body. Anything which interferes with a free return of blood to the heart may predispose to such troubles as varicose veins, which come largely from under-nutrition and from prolonged standing without free movement. In standing, it will be found less of a strain to the arch of the foot if the feet are kept parallel, or with the toes slightly turned in; the old "standing to attention" attitude with feet turned outwards is condemned by the orthopædic surgeon; straight knees when standing and an even balance of weight on the two feet diminish fatigue. Suitable shoes are important for good posture in standing and walking. Heels should not be too high and should have a fairly wide base, giving support at the right part of the foot; those of the peg-top variety certainly do not do this and should be avoided, as they prevent good, easy and graceful posture and so tend to displace internal organs. Well-shod feet are an important item in presenting a trim and well-groomed appearance.

Naturally, what the teacher does, and how she holds herself, and how she dresses will have a great influence on the children, so there is every reason for a teacher to pay considerable attention to her appearance; it is in fact a duty. Suitability of clothing is the hall mark of good dressing, so the whole dress should be workmanlike and fresh looking; though neat, it need not be drab or dowdy. There is much to be said, especially amongst teachers in schools of poorer districts, for the custom of wearing brightly coloured, washable overalls of which enough changes should be available for the overall to be always fresh and clean.

This will react beneficially, not only on the children, but also on the teacher herself. Care should be taken to avoid being in the classroom in damp clothes, and a waterproof and stockings to change at school are necessary precautions; prevention is better than cure, and a lack of care in this respect is a common cause of colds.

Good holidays should be taken, those involving an open air kind of life being specially good. For term-time, membership of some club or organisation with possibilities of exercise is wise. In general, quite apart from the necessary professional reading which has to be done by any teacher wishing to keep up with her work, some "learning" should be kept going. There is great refreshment in learning something outside one's work. To many the study of a new language offers an invigorating and entertaining occupation, to others some manual training is the greatest refreshment; and, of course, to many some aspect of music or drama makes strong appeal, particularly when enjoyed, not always as auditor or onlooker, but sometimes as performer. Some outside interest should always be cultivated according to the natural tastes and gifts of the individual.

For the mental health of a teacher it is particularly necessary to mix with people of good intellectual powers, who will keep the mind alert and stretched, and prevent the "superior" attitude which is easily acquired by those normally dealing with individuals of a less developed mental condition. Most teachers give themselves so whole-heartedly to their work and their children that there is need to stress the desirability of the cultivation of other interests to maintain and develop the "all-round" quality, the open-mindedness and generosity of outlook, which will make the teacher a refreshment and inspiration to the children who come under her influence.

FIRST AID TO CHILDREN

General principles.—In a short consideration of the general principles of First Aid to Children, emphasis must be laid upon its limitations, because it is always wise to consider an accident as serious until there is reasonable evidence to show that it is not.

The principal objects of First Aid, for the carrying out of which common sense is a most important factor, can be briefly summarised—after Dr. Corbet Fletcher—as follows:—

1. To preserve life.
2. To protect from pain.
3. To prevent aggravation.
4. To provide proper transport for the patient to home or shelter.

In cases where there is a lot of bleeding, the preservation of life may depend upon the control of that haemorrhage, and therefore a knowledge of the simple methods of doing this should be obtained by everyone who is in charge of children. Any manual upon First Aid gives this in detail, and with very little practice anyone can become efficient.

The alleviation of pain is not always easy, but only such handling of the patient as does not cause pain should be attempted, and a calm, collected attitude is invaluable.

When dealing with injuries to joints and bones, complete immobilisation of the affected part is probably the most effectual way of preventing pain, and until medical aid arrives it is a sound principle to leave everything exactly as it is, even though there is gross deformity, and to prevent movement by immobilising the joints above and below the site of injury; in this way any aggravation of the damage is prevented. For example, if an elbow is injured, the shoulder and the wrist should, so far as is possible, be immobilised; if the wrist is

injured, the elbow and the whole hand should be put firmly but gently upon something which will act as a temporary splint, so that the limb may be relaxed, and the muscles acting about the joint put out of play. In children, injuries to bone are often more severe than they appear owing to the elastic nature of the bone tissue. Separation of the growing ends of bones or of their partially ossified cartilages may be relatively serious without any obvious deformity; bones may also be partially fractured without any deformity. It is not advisable to attempt to replace what appears to be a simple dislocation in a child.

Proper transport must provide for immobilisation of the injured part. A child who has apparently injured its thigh should be carried home or to shelter lying flat, supported by rolled up coats so that it cannot move from side to side. A very handy stretcher can be improvised by two sticks passed down the sleeves of a coat turned inside out and buttoned up—or even two coats—or a sack with two sticks poked through its corners; doors are very useful, but are not so necessary with small children as with heavy adults.

Special cases.—*Skin abrasions.*—There are certain accidents which occur when a number of children are playing together which call for special consideration. Probably the most frequent is that of the child who falls down and gets severe abrasions on the knees, elbows, fore-arms and forehead. Experience has shown that 2 per cent. iodine in alcohol is the most effective treatment for all these conditions. The sting very quickly passes off, and the efficacy of this treatment is out of all proportion to the discomfort it causes. Thorough application of iodine without washing, even though there appears to be gross dirt in

the wound, is advised in all cases as the immediate first aid treatment. If the wound continues to bleed after the iodine has been put on, a bandage of a clean handkerchief or a piece of lint can be applied. Punctured wounds should always be considered seriously; e.g., nails into the soles of the feet or hands, and pins or pens, particularly down the nails of fingers, should all be looked upon as injuries for which medical aid must be sought as soon as possible. If a needle or nail can be grasped sufficiently firmly without its breaking, it should be withdrawn.

Foreign bodies in the eye, ear and nose.—

Foreign bodies in the eye, such as flies or eyelashes, may be removed with a corner of a handkerchief, but if there is any question of a foreign body such as dust, metal, stone or sand injuring the surface of the eye, then it is best simply to bind up the eye till a doctor can see it. If acids or chemicals should get in the eyes, it is always safe to bathe with tepid water to which a little baking soda—(about a teaspoonful to a pint)—has been added. An egg cupful of such a solution can be pressed over the eye, and as the eye opens and closes inside the egg cup the foreign matter is washed out and pain relieved, after which a drop or two of castor oil can be put into the lower lid, and the eye closed and covered.

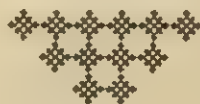
Foreign bodies in the ear, such as an insect, pea, button, etc., are wiser left alone until a doctor can be seen, and the same applies to any foreign body in the nose which cannot be removed by gentle massage.

Head injuries.—Special mention perhaps should be made of children who in falling

strike the head and become unconscious. It is as well to remember an old medical dictum, that no head injury is too severe to despair of, and none is so slight that it should not be considered seriously. A blow on the head which renders the child unconscious, or which is obviously painful and causes swelling, should be referred to a doctor as soon as is reasonably possible, the child, in the meantime, being kept quietly at rest lying down.

Choking.—Children sometimes swallow things, such as pennies and buttons. If these do not stick in the throat and choke the child, there is little that can be done by First Aid; treatment is the doctor's work. But should anything of this nature stick in the throat the child should be put on its back, the head pressed back, the mouth opened and a finger passed gently as far down the side of the throat as possible, to see whether it can be hooked round the object. If not, the child should then be turned over on to its face with its head down and one or two smacks between the shoulder blades may dislodge a foreign body that cannot be reached. It may be necessary to apply artificial respiration if the choking has been severe.

First Aid has become a large and important subject, and should be very carefully studied by everyone who is in charge of children, but all have not that opportunity; if, however, the general principles formulated above—calm behaviour, common sense, and a doctor as soon as possible—are followed, innumerable ills and perhaps tragedies may be prevented.



CENTRE OF INTEREST— THE FARM

XV. SEEDTIME ON THE FARM

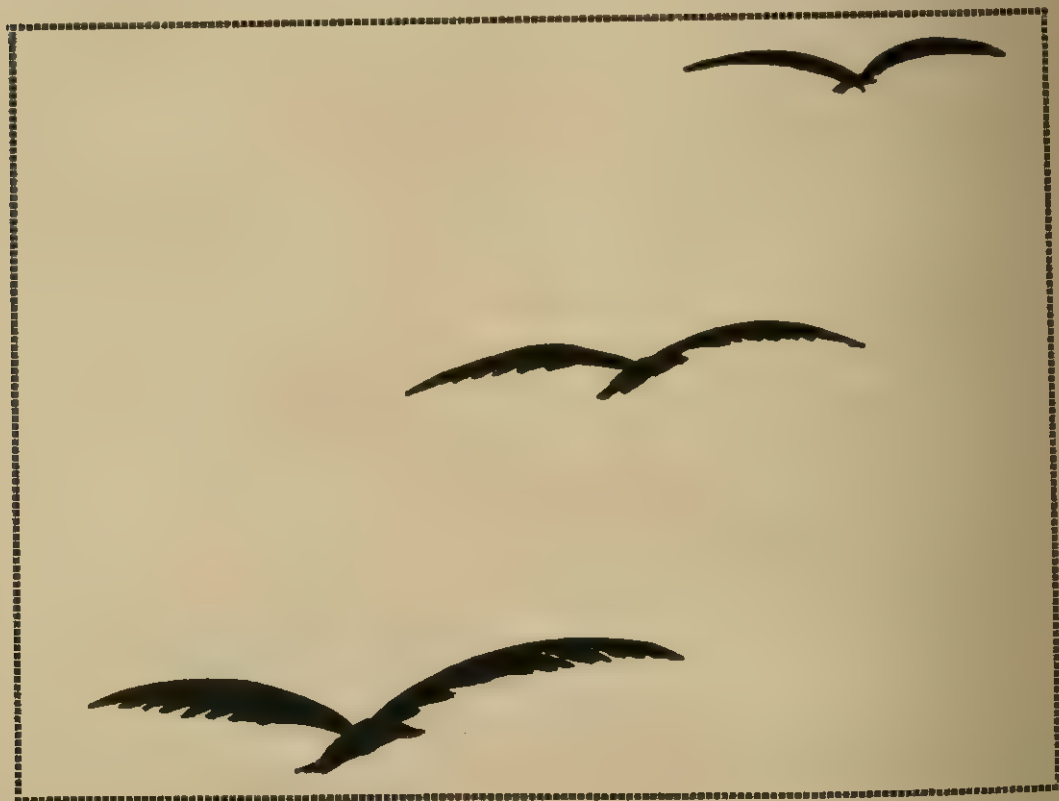


THE SCARECROW
Drawing in Outline of Picture No. 19 in the Portfolio.

Description of Picture No. 19.—The picture shows a stretch of countryside in early spring; the bare, ploughed land is newly-sown with the seeds of the autumn harvest. In the field stands a scarecrow,—a wooden post wrapped in straw, with a crossway stick to make the arms. An old coat is buttoned over the straw figure, a muffler is wound round its neck, and a battered hat stuck with a feather completes the scarecrow. A farmer's boy, warmly wrapped up and wearing thick boots with leggings, is walking by. He carries a clapper, like those used as children's toys, only much larger. When the boy twirls it round, the clapper makes noise enough to startle birds for miles around. A further device to keep away hungry rooks is a dead rook hung from a stick as a warning. In the

background of the picture the farm can be seen, with the farmhouse and outhouses. A tall tree by the house makes a nesting place for a colony of rooks which are seen wheeling away over the fields. On their daily travels for food rooks fly forty miles and more. They make their way in a huge cohort in the wake of a leader, as perfectly disciplined as a flight of migrating birds.

The frieze (see below) is made up of a flight of rooks and the figure of a scarecrow. Sketches for tracing these shapes are given. The rooks should be traced in outline and blacked in by the children. As the rooks are easy to do, half the number of children may each have two half sheets of paper traced with the rooks; the other half will require whole sheets with the tracing of the scarecrow. The colours for



TRACE-OUT FOR FRIEZE—ROOKS

Trace this Drawing for part of the Frieze, Picture No. 19.



TRACE-OUT FOR FRIEZE—SCARECROW
Trace this Drawing for part of the Frieze, Picture No. 19.

the frieze are shown in the picture. Black ink will probably be found best for the rooks. After colouring, the children may

cut out their segments along the guide lines so that they may be mounted, edge to edge, on the back of a strip of wall paper

LANGUAGE AND SPEECH TRAINING

Conversation on Picture No. 19.—The children should freely describe and discuss the picture. To stimulate thought and observation and to bring to the notice of the children any points overlooked, the teacher may make some of the following suggestions:—1. Tell how the scarecrow is made. 2. Tell how the scarecrow is dressed. 3. Tell what a scarecrow is for. 4. Tell why the birds come to the fields. 5. At what time of year are seeds sown? 6. What makes the furrow you see in the field? 7. What happens if the birds eat the seeds? 8. Tell how the boy is dressed. Is he a town boy or a country boy? 9. Tell what the boy carries on his shoulder. It is called a *clapper*. 10. When the boy twirls the clapper it makes a great noise. Why does he want to make a noise? 11. Tell what is tied to the stick in the ground. It is a dead *rook*. 12. Why do you think the farmer hangs out a dead rook? 13. Tell what you see in the sky of the picture. 14. Tell what you see at the back of the picture. 15. Tell what you see in the border under the picture.

During the conversation on the picture the leading words may be written on the blackboard; e.g., scarecrow, post, straw, stick, coat, hat, feather, muffler, scarf, neck, frighten, birds, seeds, spring, leggings, clapper, string, rooks, farm, house, shed, trees, hills.

The older children may copy these words into a book as a writing exercise, and the more familiar of them may be learnt as an exercise in spelling.

Talks to the children.—Each child should have a few seeds of various kinds—wheat, pea, bean, sunflower—to examine, and

handle. Put them in small boxes or box lids, so that they will not be dropped or lost.

What are these? Seeds. What do you know about a little seed? When it is planted in soil it will grow into a plant of some kind—flower, grass, wheat, tree. First it will send down into the soil a *root*, and at the same time will push up through the soil a *shoot*. The root will continue growing downwards and the shoot upwards until the plant—whatever it is—stops growing. You need food to make you grow and so does the little seed. It finds its food in the soil and in the air.

The little seed, though so small, is very important. Could we live without seeds? Why not? Because the food we eat is made of different things that have grown from seeds. (Get the children to name the usual foods.) *Bread* is made of flour, and flour is made from wheat which grows from seed. *Jam* is made of fruit, and fruit is found on a tree which has grown from a seed, though it may have taken years to do it. From animals we get *meat*; the animals feed on grass which springs from seed.

We cannot live without seeds; they are very important; therefore every year seeds are planted all over the land for our use.

Who are the chief people that sow seed? Farmers, and gardeners. When is seed-time? Spring. Let us talk about seedtime.

All the farmers and gardeners are very busy in the early spring, sowing seeds. Why do they choose springtime? The air is warm, the sun shines, the rain is gentle and not so cold as in winter. Then it is a good time for most little seeds. If they were put in the ground in winter what

would happen? They would be killed by frost and cold winds.

What seeds does the farmer sow in his fields? Wheat, barley, oats, peas, beans, cabbages and turnips. (A talk might follow on the uses of each of these plants.)

Pretend you have a little garden; you are going to sow some seeds in it. What would you do first? Get the soil ready. Dig it up and turn it over to let the air in; break the lumps; take away the stones, and then make trenches for the seeds.

That is what the farmer does to the soil in his big fields. He turns it over, he breaks the lumps, removes the stones, and makes long trenches or *furrows* as they are called, ready for the seeds. Does he prepare his soil with a spade? He uses a *plough*.

Think of your little garden again. You have prepared the soil, what will you do next? Sow the seeds. That is what the farmer does, when he has prepared his fields. How is it done? This is one way:—

The farmer takes some sacks of seed on a cart to his ploughed field. Then he carries the sacks on to the field. He puts them down here and there and opens the tops. He fastens a basket on himself; it hangs in front. He fills it with seed. Now he is ready to begin sowing. He walks up and down the field the way of the furrows. He fills his right hand with grain, he stretches his arm out to the side, then brings it forward, letting the seeds drop gradually out of his hand as he does so. While his right hand is stretched out he has dipped his left hand into the basket and filled it with seed ready to scatter in the same way. (Demonstrate to class. Allow children to try.) When he has finished the seed in his basket where will he get more? From the nearest sack.

Supposing the farmer has a great many fields to sow, this way of sowing, hand sowing as it is called, will take a long time. He may have a great deal of other work to do as well, and so a machine has been invented to help the farmer sow his seed more quickly. (Explain how the seed is

poured into a long box with holes through which the seeds fall.) The box is drawn across the field by one horse, guided by the farmer.

In your little garden, when you have sown your seed in the trenches, what will you do next? Cover the seeds up. Why? To keep them warm and safe so that they will grow.

That is what the farmer does, and again, because he has many big fields, a machine has been made to help him cover his seed quickly. It is called a *harrow*. It has big iron teeth and as it is drawn by horses across a field, the teeth drag the soil and so cover up the seed.

Think of your little garden again. You have prepared the soil, sown the seed and covered it up, are you now going to leave it and think no more about it? The birds will soon find those seeds you have planted and pick them out if you do not do something to keep them away. How does the farmer try to keep the birds away? He puts a scarecrow in his field of newly-sown seed. (Let children give descriptions of scarecrows they have seen and find out the reason for the name "scarecrow".) The farmer finds rooks the most troublesome birds.

The rook.—You have been for walks in the early spring while the trees are still bare. Your walk may have taken you to a place where there were houses, hedges and trees. Some of the trees were very tall trees. You may have heard, as you approached those trees, noises which became gradually louder,—hoarse, croaky "caws." Then as you looked at those tall, bare trees perhaps you saw among the topmost branches black, untidy patches, and about these patches flying in and out, big black birds. What were the birds and what were the patches? Rooks flying about their nests.

The rook is a big bird. His feathers are all black. When he is fully grown he has no feathers on his face near his beak. His beak is strong and straight. (See *Index* for blackboard drawing.)

A Visit to the Farm. I

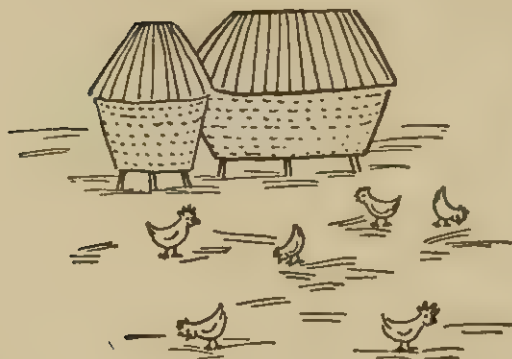


Jane took Peter, Dick and Dot to spend a day on the farm.

The farmer's wife gave



them each a glass of milk for lunch.



Dot took a basket to the rick-yard to look for eggs.

Dick went to the well to

get some water.



A Visit to the Farm. II



Peter went to see
the pig being fed.

Dot and Jane
help to make
hay.



Dick leads
the horse.

Peter rides on the hay waggon.

Dick helps the



farmer to drive the cows home at
milking time.

68.

In February the rook finds a mate and he looks out for a place in which to build his nest, or he mends up the one he had the year before. He does not choose a quiet hedge or a tree away from other birds. Instead he finds a tall tree among other tall trees, where plenty of other rooks are busy building new nests, or mending their old ones. The place where rooks live is called a *rookery*. Rooks are extremely noisy and extremely untidy birds; they drop twigs on the ground.

What materials do they use for their nests? They use twigs and turf and they line their nests with moss and soft grass. When the nest is finished mother rook lays her eggs, three, four or five. They are greenish with brown markings.

While mother rook is sitting on the eggs,

father rook finds food for her, and when the young ones are hatched he helps to find food for them.

He never goes by himself to look for food. Just as he likes to build his nest among plenty of other rooks, so he likes to feed with other rooks. They feed in large numbers or flocks on the ground. They find seeds and insects. The rook, then, is not a friend of the farmer in seedtime, because he takes his newly-sown seed. He is a friend sometimes, and that is when he eats the insects that harm the farmer's crops.

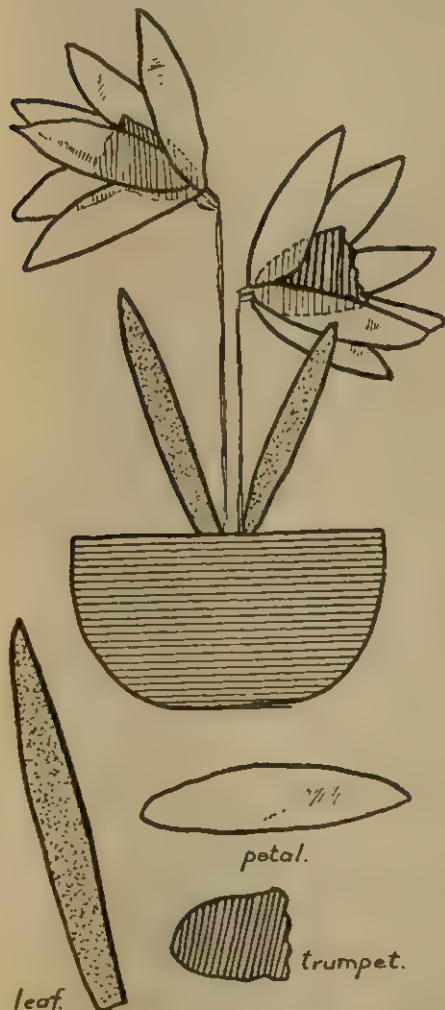
During the summer the rook often visits his nest, which is now hidden by the leaves. When autumn comes he goes to live in a wood where there are evergreen trees, but he will go to visit his old spring nest every now and then.



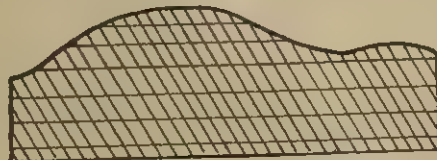
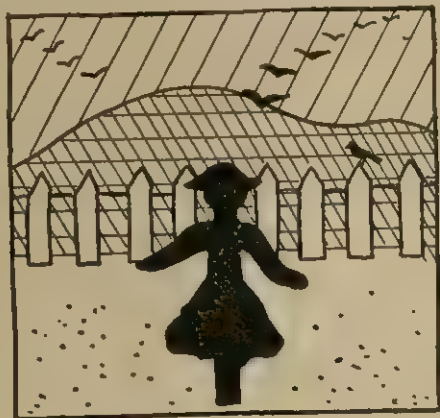
ACTIVITIES AND CONSTRUCTIVE WORK

Paper picture—bowl of flowers.—This may be a group model stuck on a large sheet of brown paper, the children supplying the flowers and the teacher the bowl. Alternatively, each child may make his own picture. The flowers chosen in this case are daffodils. Cut the trumpets from dark

yellow paper and the perianth leaves (called *petals* in the sketch) from lighter yellow paper. Stick three perianth leaves on the mount with their bases touching. Stick on the trumpet and three more perianth leaves over it. Draw the stalk in green crayon, and add some leaves of green paper. After making several flowers, cut a bowl of suitable size from folded coloured paper and stick it on the mount.

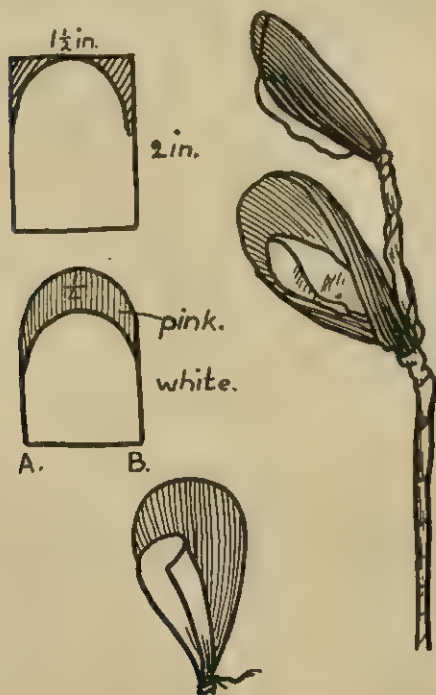


Paper picture—seedtime.—Mount the picture on a square of cardboard. First measure the sky from the blue paper, to cover about



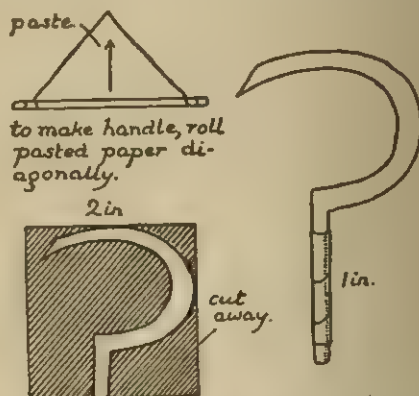
half the card. Cut out the blue paper and stick it on the top half of the card. Cut light brown paper for the field to cover the remainder of the card, and stick it on. Cut and stick on a piece of green paper making a hill against the sky. Cut strips of dark brown paper for the fence and stick them in a row between the green and brown papers. Join the uprights of the fence by lines in crayon or pencil. Cut the scarecrow from black or dark brown paper and stick it in the middle of the field. With pencil or crayon draw a flock of birds in the sky.

Paper decoration—sweet peas.—A pretty effect is given by using crêpe paper of contrasting colours; e.g., pink and white, mauve and pink, etc., for each flower. Make strips of the two colours 2 in. wide and any length which, when folded, gives sections $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide. Fold the strips, round off the top edge of the folded paper and cut down the fold, so that each petal is separate



and measures 2 in. by $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. Take one petal of each colour and lay the darker over the lighter leaving $\frac{1}{4}$ in. protruding at the top. Pinch the lower corners together and twist the wire round them, leaving the ends of the wire loose to fasten the flower to the stem. Pull the inner petal forward and crease it down the middle to give the correct effect. When several flowers are completed, wire one to the top of a stiff wire and others at intervals along it. Cover the stem with green paper $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide, neatening the join of each flower as it is reached.

Cardboard model—sickle.—Make the handle of the sickle from a 3 in.-square of thin brown paper, which is pasted on the inside and rolled diagonally. Cut from the stick a handle 1 in. long. Cut a 2 in.-square of cardboard and draw the blade of the sickle on it as shown in the diagram. Cut out the blade, cover the base with gum and push it into the paper stick.



Co-operative group model—hayfield.—A real hayfield that will please the children may be grown from lawn seed. Take a shallow wooden box or sand tray and fill it with soil to a depth of about 2 in. Moisten the soil, using a watering can with a rose, if possible, and sow the lawn seed thickly and evenly, covering it with a sprinkling of fine soil. Then leave the box in a sunny spot out-of-doors, and keep the earth moist. To keep off the birds, stick a skewer in the

earth at each end of the box and tie a thread bearing streamers of coloured rags between the two.

When the grass is grown, reap it with scissors. Leave it to dry, turning it each day, then stack it.

STORIES TO READ OR TELL

THE PEA

A ROW of peas lay in a pod just as peas always do. One day a boy broke the pod and the peas rolled out into his hand. "I shall send them flying high up in the air," he said, and he went off to get his pea-shooter. "Puff!" he blew the peas, and they flew far and wide.

Birds ate some of them, but one pea flew to the top window of a tall house. It stopped in a crack of the window sill. Some dirt fell on it and it began to grow. A little green shoot pushed out from the pea. The shoot grew and grew until it was so tall it could look into a room.

There on a bed lay a little girl. The days passed by but she never got up. She was so ill that her mother said, "Perhaps she will never get well."

One day, the little girl looked at the window. "Oh! mummy," she cried, "a dear little plant is peeping in at me." She sat up and put out her arms.

Her mother went to the window and saw the pea plant. She gave it more soil and a stick to climb up. It grew and grew, and the little girl looked at it each day.

"Do you know, mummy dear," she said, "I feel full of joy when I look at the little pea plant. If it ever grows a flower I shall get quite well."

One fine morning, a tiny folded bud looked in at the window. The sun had risen and he looked in, too. There was the little girl fast asleep in bed. Her cheeks were pink and a smile was on her lips. "Wake up, wake up," sang the sun. "See! the pea plant has a bud."

The little girl opened her eyes. She called

to her mother. "Help me, mummy, I must get up." Her mother helped her to walk to the window. The little girl looked at the street and saw the men going off to work. She looked at the houses and saw the boys and girls running in and out. The birds sang. White clouds sailed across the blue sky. The little girl bent to look at the tiny folded bud of the pea plant. "Soon I shall be quite well," she cried, and she clapped her hands for joy.

A day passed, then the next, and the bud grew bigger and became pale and pink. The mother gave the plant fresh water every day. The petals of the pink bud unfolded. One day they opened out. The flower was in full bloom, and hung on its stem like a big butterfly.

"Wake up! wake up!" again sang the sun. "See! the pea plant has a lovely flower." The sun, you must know, was very proud that his warm rays had helped the pea to grow such a pretty bloom.

When the sick girl saw the flower, she jumped out of bed and ran to the window. She opened it wide, bent her head, and kissed the sweet petals. "I am well! I am well!" she cried.

Under the dirt in the crack in the window sill, the pea still lay. What a clever little pea it was! It had cured a sick girl!

Playing the story.—In order to help the children to appreciate the story let them mime actions based upon it:—1. Pretend you are opening a pea pod. 2. Pretend you are blowing a feather. 3. Pretend you are blowing a pea-shooter. 4. Pretend you are a bird eating a pea. 5. Pretend you are ill. 6. Peep out of the window. 7. Look very



happy. 8. Pretend you are asleep. 9. Open your eyes wide. 10. Help another child to walk to the window. 11. Sing like a bird. 12. Clap your hands. 13. Jump up and run to the window. 14. Cry out, "I am well! I am well!"

THE WEEDS

Introduction.—Before telling this charming story to the children it will be a good plan to collect the ripe seed vessels of the plants mentioned in the story—thistle, burdock, poppy, harebell and dandelion—and let the children see how the seeds from each plant are dispersed. If it is not practicable to collect the plants, draw the seed vessels on a large scale on the blackboard, and explain to the children how the various seeds are dispersed.

Story.—It was a beautiful, fruitful season. Rain and sunshine came by turns just as it was best for the corn. As soon as ever the farmer began to think that things were rather dry, you might depend upon it that next day it would rain. And when he thought that he had had rain enough, the clouds broke at once, just as if they were under his command.

So the farmer was in a good humour, and he did not grumble as he usually does. He looked pleased and cheerful as he walked over the field with his two boys.

"It will be a splendid harvest this year," he said. "I shall have my barns full, and

shall make a pretty penny. And then Jack and Will shall have some new trousers, and I'll let them come with me to market."

"If you don't cut me soon, farmer, I shall sprawl on the ground," said the rye, and she bowed her heavy ear quite down towards the earth.

The farmer could not hear her talking, but he could see what was in her mind, and so he went home to fetch his scythe.

"It is a good thing to be in the service of man," said the rye. "I can be quite sure that all my grain will be well cared for. Most of it will go to the mill; not that being ground is so very enjoyable, but in that way it will be made into beautiful new bread, and one must put up with something for the sake of honour. The rest the farmer will save, and sow next year in his field."

At the side of the field, along the hedge, and the bank above the ditch, stood the weeds. There were dense clumps of them—thistle and burdock, poppy and harebell, and dandelion; and all their heads were full of seed. It had been a fruitful year for them also, for the sun shines and the rain falls just as much on the poor weed as on the rich corn.

"No one comes and mows us down and carries us to a barn," said the dandelion, and he shook his head, but very cautiously, so that the seeds should not fall before their time. "But what will become of all our children?"

"It gives me a headache to think about it," said the poppy. "Here I stand with hundreds and hundreds of seeds in my

head, and I haven't the faintest idea where I shall drop them."

"Let us ask the rye to advise us," answered the burdock.

And so they asked the rye what they should do.

"When one is well off, one had better not meddle with other people's business," answered the rye. "I will give you only one piece of advice: take care you don't throw your stupid seed on to the field, for then you will have to settle accounts with *me*."

This advice did not help the wild flowers at all, and the whole day they stood pondering what they should do. When the sun set they shut up their petals and went to sleep; but the whole night through they were dreaming about their seed, and next morning they had found a plan.



The poppy was the first to wake. She cautiously opened some little trap-doors at the top of her head, so that the sun could shine right in on the seeds. Then she called to the morning breeze, who was running and playing along the hedge.

"Little breeze," she said, in friendly tones, "will you do me a service?"

"Yes, indeed," said the breeze. "I shall be glad to have something to do."

"It is the merest trifle," said the poppy. "All I want of you is to give a good shake to my stalk, so that my seeds may fly out of the trap-doors."

"All right," said the breeze.

And the seeds flew out in all directions. The stalk snapped, it is true; but the poppy did not mind about that, for when one has provided for one's children, one has really nothing more to do in the world.

"Good-bye," said the breeze, and would have run on farther.

"Wait a moment," said the poppy. "Promise me first that you will not tell the others, else they might get hold of the same idea, and then there would be less room for my seeds."

"I am mute as the grave," answered the breeze, running off.

"Hol hol!" said the harebell. "Haven't you time to do me a little tiny service?"

"Well," said the breeze, "what is it?"

"I merely wanted to ask you to give me a little shake," said the harebell. "I have opened some trap-doors in my head, and I should like to have my seed sent a good way off into the world. But you mustn't tell the others, or else they might think of doing the same thing."

"Oh! of course not," said the breeze, laughing. "I shall be as dumb as a stone wall." And then she gave the flower a good shake and went on her way.

"Little breeze, little breeze," called the dandelion, "whither away so fast?"

"Is there anything the matter with you, too?" asked the breeze.

"Nothing at all," answered the dandelion. "Only I should like a few words with you."

"Be quick then," said the breeze, "for I am thinking seriously of lying down and having a rest."

"You cannot help seeing," said the dandelion, "what a fix we are in this year to get all our seeds put out in the world; for, of course, one wishes to do what one can for one's children. What is to happen to the harebell and the poppy and the poor burdock I really don't know. But the thistle and I have put our heads together, and we have hit on a plan. Only we must have you to help us."

"That makes *four* of them," thought the breeze, and could not help laughing out loud.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the dandelion. "I saw you whispering just now to the harebell and poppy; but if you breathe a word to them, I won't tell you anything."

"Why, of course not," said the breeze. "I am as mute as a fish. What is it you want?"

"We have set up a pretty little umbrella on the top of our seeds. It is the sweetest little plaything imaginable. If you will only blow a little on me, the seeds will fly into the air and fall down wherever you please. Will you do so?"

"Certainly," said the breeze.

And ush! it went over the thistle and the dandelion, and carried all the seeds with it into the cornfield.

The burdock still stood and pondered. Its head was rather thick, and that was why it waited so long. But in the evening a hare leapt over the hedge.

"Hide me! Save me!" he cried. "The farmer's dog Trusty is after me."

"You can creep behind the hedge," said the burdock, "then I will hide you."

"You don't look to me much good for that job," said the hare; "but in time of need one must help oneself as one can." And so he crept in safety behind the hedge.

"Now you may repay me by taking some of my seeds with you over into the cornfield," said the burdock; and it broke off some of its many heads and fixed them on the hare.

A little later Trusty came trotting up to the hedge.

"Here's the dog," whispered the burdock, and with one spring the hare leapt over the hedge and into the rye.

"Haven't you seen the hare, burdock?" asked Trusty. "I see I have got too old to go hunting. I am quite blind in one eye, and I have completely lost my scent."

"Yes, I have seen him," answered the burdock; "and if you will do me a service, I will show you where he is."

Trusty agreed, and the burdock fastened some heads on his back, and said to him,

"If you will only rub yourself against the stile there in the cornfield, my seeds will fall off. But you must not look for the hare there, for a little while ago, I saw him run into the wood."

Trusty dropped the burrs on the field and trotted to the wood.

"Well, I've got *my* seeds put out in the

world all right," said the burdock, and laughed as if much pleased with itself; "but it is impossible to say what will become of the thistle and the dandelion, and the harebell and the poppy."

Spring had come round once more, and the rye stood high already.

"We are pretty well off on the whole," said the rye plants. "Here we stand in a great company, and not one of us but belongs to our own noble family. And we don't get in each other's way in the very least. It is a grand thing to be in the service of man."

But one fine day a crowd of little poppies, and thistles and dandelions, and burdocks and harebells poked up their heads above ground, all amongst the flourishing rye.

"What does *this* mean?" asked the rye. "Where in the world are *you* sprung from?"

And the poppy looked at the harebell and asked, "Where do *you* come from?"

And the thistle looked at the burdock and asked, "Where in the world have *you* come from?"

They were all equally astonished, and it was an hour before they had explained. But the rye was the angriest, and when she had heard all about Trusty and the hare and the breeze she grew quite wild.

"Thank heaven, the farmer shot the hare last autumn," she said; "and Trusty, fortunately, is also dead, the old scamp. So I am at peace, as far as *they* are concerned. But how dare the breeze promise to drop the seeds of the weeds in the farmer's cornfield?"

"Don't be in such a passion, you green rye," said the breeze, who had been lying behind the hedge and hearing everything. "I ask no one's permission, but do as I like; and now I'm going to make you bow to me."

Then she passed over the young rye, and the thin blades swayed backwards and forwards.

"You see," she said, "the farmer attends to his rye, because that is *his* business. But the rain and the sun and I—we attend to

all of you without respect of persons. To our eyes the poor weed is just as pretty as the rich corn."

The farmer now came out to look at his rye, and when he saw the weeds in the corn-field he scratched his head with vexation and began to growl.

"It's that mischievous wind that's done this," he said to Jack and Will, as they stood by his side with their hands in the pockets of their new trousers.

But the breeze flew towards them and knocked all their caps off their heads, and rolled them far away to the road. The farmer and the two boys ran after them, but the wind ran faster than they did.

It finished up by rolling the caps into the village pond, and the farmer and the boys had to stand a long time fishing for them before they got them out.

Carl Ewald.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MANGLE

IT was washing day at the farmhouse, and the mangle squeaked and screamed and groaned almost all the time, for it was a wringing machine as well.

What a noise it made to be sure! Cook said that the gardener ought to oil the wheels, for it made her quite nervous to hear it. But oh, how Taffy loved it! Taffy was a boy nearly six years old. Not even to see the pony clipped would he be tempted away from within sound of the mangle. Only lessons and bedtime and meals could induce Taffy to leave his seat on St. Patrick's kennel on washing day.

St. Patrick was an Irish terrier, who lived in a green painted kennel just outside the washhouse window.

But even the bliss of a washing day must have an end; and alas, bedtime came.

Taffy slowly climbed down from his perch, and bidding St. Patrick "Good night," retired upstairs to bed.

In the middle of the night a very unusual thing happened. Taffy woke up—and, try as he might, he could *not* go to sleep again. He twisted and wriggled and turned, and sighed, but all to no purpose, for he was hungry. And if you have never waked up with hunger, and felt what a long, long while you would have to wait for breakfast, you cannot at all imagine how dreadful it is.

At last Taffy could bear it no longer. He slipped out of bed, determined to go to try if he could find anything to eat.

So he crept softly out of his room and down the back stairs, and along the passage which led past the doors of the kitchen and washhouse, to the pantry.

The washhouse door was just a tiny bit open, and there was a light shining through. Taffy stopped and peeped in. Perhaps cook had forgotten to turn out the gas before she went to bed. But no—it was the moonlight streaming in through the window, for the shutters had not been drawn together. Taffy pushed the door open wider, and went in. How different and creepy everything looked in the soft, white light! Even his old friend the mangle—as he caught sight of that, a delightful idea came into his head. He forgot his hunger and everything else, and pattering across the brick floor with his little bare feet, he seized the handle. Why should he not make it scream all for himself?

He turned it: once, twice—but not a sound came. He turned it again and again, in breathless anxiety; first slowly, then more quickly, but the mangle gave not the tiniest squeak—and as for a beautiful long squeak or a groan such as Taffy loved, why it evidently had not the slightest intention of doing anything of the sort. It was too much. Tears of disappointment crept into his eyes, although he was a big boy, nearly six.

"Well! What's the matter now?" said a queer, harsh voice, close beside him. "It is a pity if I can't be let alone even at night, when it's the only chance I get."

Taffy started, and looked round, but he had to rub the tears out of his eyes before he could see clearly.

Then—well, if he had not been feeling rather unhappy, I think he would have laughed. I am quite sure *I* should, for there, on the top of the mangle, sat the queerest little figure that could be.

It looked like a little, old man. But the strange thing about him was that he was almost like glass, like—well, rather like soapy water, with a little “blue” in it—and his hair looked just like the lather that comes over soapsuds when you swish them about in the washtub.

He was sitting cross-legged, busily engaged in wringing and squeezing the water out of—not his clothes—but *his own feet*.

Taffy had never seen anything so strange in all his life.

“I beg—your—pardon—I didn’t—mean—to—” He stammered, feeling that he ought to say something, though *what* Taffy could not imagine, for he had not even known he was there.

“Oh, that’s all very well,” said the Little Person crossly. “That’s just the stupid way people talk—as if ‘not meaning’ made matters better when the mischief was done. But what’s the matter? And why were you crying?”

Taffy hesitated—he was ashamed of his tears, and afraid that the Little Person would think him silly for liking to hear the mangle “sing,” as he called it—grown-up people generally did.

But the Little Person had stopped squeezing his thin blue legs, and was evidently waiting for an answer.

“Well? Be quick! I have no time to waste,” he said sharply, and his voice reminded Taffy a tiny bit of the mangle’s scream.

“Well, it was *rather* disappointing,” Taffy began hastily, in a rather timid voice. “You see, I wanted to make it scream for me—myself, I love it so! and I turned it a lot, but it doesn’t make the least little sound. Do you think it’s hurt?”

The Little Person almost smiled. “No,” he said. “Of course not: I only scream when I am hurt—why should I scream when I am outside? You can turn the handle as much as you like now.”

“Oh! was it you?” said Taffy, opening his eyes wide.

“Yes,” said the Little Person. “Who else should it be? There isn’t room for more than one spirit in one mangle, and even one is a tight fit.”

“Oh!” said Taffy again, “I thought it was the mangle singing. Cook says the wheels want oiling, but—”

“Cook!” said the Little Person. “Cook is an energetic old idiot! Who cares what *she* says? It is she who hurts my feelings, and makes me scream.”

“O—oh! weren’t you singing, then?” said Taffy.

“No!” said the Little Person, in a tone of deep disgust. “I don’t sing like that!”

“But how does cook hurt your feelings?” said Taffy.

“She is so fussy! She doesn’t give me a chance,” replied the Little Person. “If I could but once get thoroughly dry, I might fly home; but one can’t fly when one is full of soapy water: it makes one so heavy. It would be of no use to start, for I can’t bear sunlight—it always makes me ill. So unless I can get right home, where it is all moonshine, some night, before dawn, I have to come back here again. I’ve tried heaps of times, but never got farther than the bottom of the orchard.”

“Then isn’t the mangle your home where you always live?” asked Taffy.

“No,” said the Little Person. “I was put in there by the Powers, because I—eh—well, never you mind why: perhaps it was for a change of air.”

The Little Person coughed, and finished his sentence rather hastily. Taffy fancied he saw him grow rather red in the face, so he politely changed the subject by asking—

“But how does cook stop you from going? She never says anything about you.

Perhaps she doesn't know you live in the mangle."

"She wouldn't care, if she did know," said the Little Person.

"No; it's all a fad of hers to wash out the kitchen towels every day. She says she can't bear to see things lying dirty half the week—just as though she couldn't put them out of sight somewhere, for the washing day, and get another. There might be only one towel in the house by the way she goes on. I never get a chance—it's the thoughtless selfishness of it that disgusts me. First of all, there's washing day—when I get thoroughly soaked through. Then just as I am half dry—*kitchen towels!* It isn't as though she did it twice a week, or every other day even: I wouldn't mind that, for if I worked hard I think I could manage to get dry in two nights, with a whole day between. But no! Nothing will do but that she must use me every day!"

"Is that why you scream?" said Taffy.

"Well, wouldn't *you* scream, if you knew that all sorts of things were going on in Spirit Land, and you were missing all the fun through the fads of a wretched old woman—it screws my feelings half in two every time she turns the handle."

"I'm very sorry," said Taffy.

"You are, are you? I thought you *liked* to hear me scream," said the Little Person, in a most crushing tone.

"Oh, but please I thought it was singing," said Taffy earnestly.

"*That* singing—umph! You should just hear me sing—you would never want to hear me scream again," and the Little Person gave quite a snort of contempt.

"Please, I should like to hear you sing, if you wouldn't mind," said Taffy.

"Well, perhaps I will," said the Little Person stroking his own chin in a patronising way. "Yes; on the whole it will be keeping me in practice, and it will be rather pleasant to have an appreciative audience."

"What's a 'precipative audience'?" asked Taffy, who liked to understand things.

"'Appreciative' means 'enjoying to the

full extent,' and 'audience' is 'those who hear.' Don't interrupt any more."

Then he stood upon the mangle and began to sing.

Oh, and it was such singing! Taffy had never heard anything like it. I am not going to attempt to describe it, for it was beyond description, and you will never have any idea what it was like unless you can find the Little Person and get him to sing for you.

Suddenly he stopped.

"Well," he said with a self-satisfied smile, "what do you think of that?"

"Oh!—it was *lovely!*" said Taffy, drawing a long breath. "Can't you sing any more?"

"Not to-night," said the Little Person; "I must go on drying my things," and he sat down and recommenced squeezing and twisting himself as though his life depended on it.

"By the way," he remarked, after a pause, without looking up from his work, "how did you happen to come down here at all at this time of night? You ought to be in bed."

"I came to—oh!—I was hungry," said Taffy suddenly remembering, "and I came down to get something to eat."

"I see," said the Little Person, "and while you are there you might look round, and if you *do* come across a nice piece of soap, I should like it—best brown Windsor preferred. Only be quick, for I have to get into the mangle again at the first streak of dawn."

Taffy hurried away to the pantry, and to his joy found the door unlocked. He secured a large tart, and looked round for the soap. But of course he did not find any, as soap is not usually kept in the pantry. So after a vain search he had to go back to the washhouse without.

"I'm very sorry, but there was no soap," he said, before he noticed that the Little Person was gone.

The moonlight was gone, too, leaving in its place a very pale streak of red low down in the sky—that was the dawn.

Taffy laid his hand gently on the handle of the mangle. "I couldn't find the soap—good night!" he said softly. Perhaps he moved the handle just a bit, without knowing. Anyhow, there was a tiny squeak, like the beginning of a squeak, only more cheerful, and Taffy fancied it sounded like "All right—good night!"

So he scuttled back upstairs, and cuddled up in his little warm bed to eat his tart.

"I wonder if I'd better tell cook. No; she would only say, 'Bless the boy, what megrims has he got in his head now?'" Taffy said to himself, as he went to sleep again.

The next day there was a great bustle in the kitchen, for cook was going away for her holidays, and she had no time to wash anything.

Taffy was very glad, though he was rather fond of cook.

"Mary," he said coaxingly to the other servant, when cook was gone, "Mary, don't use the mangle to-day—it squeaks so."

"Very well, Master Taffy. I did think of doing so, but as you don't like it I can easily wait until it has been seen to. I am not so fond of washing as cook, and I've plenty to do."

And, indeed, for two or three days Mary was much too busy to think of anything but how to get through the extra amount of work which fell to her share.

Two nights afterwards Taffy woke up suddenly with a feeling that it was raining on to his face—which so astonished him that he sat straight up in bed.

There, on the rail at the foot of the bed, sat the Little Person.

He was blowing on Taffy as hard as he could, and his breath was like a spray of soapy water.

"Wake up!" said he; "I am going away at last, and I thought I'd just look in to say 'good-bye'."

"Good-bye! I'm glad you are going back to have some fun. Won't the mangle scream any more?" said Taffy.

"I shan't!" said the Little Person.

"Well, I think I'm glad of that, too," said Taffy, "for I should know it was getting hurt. And besides, I know what your real singing is like now. Could you sing just once before you go?"

"Yes; if it will please you," said the Little Person. And he balanced himself on the bed rail, and sang.

Taffy held his breath to listen.

"Oh, it is lovely!" he said, when the Little Person stopped again. "I do wish I could sing like that."

"Try," said the Little Person. "You will some day, but not on this side of the moon"; and he vanished.

When cook came back from her holidays, she fell into her old ways of washing towels every day: but no matter how many she put through the mangle, it never squeaked or groaned again, not once.

"The gardener must have oiled it," said cook.

But Taffy knew better.

G. M. Bradley.

HOW PERSEPHONE BROUGHT THE SUMMER

DEMETER, the goddess of the meadows and cornfields, had a little daughter named Persephone, whom she dearly loved. Her greatest fear was that some harm should happen to the child. Every day Demeter went out to visit the fields and meadows, to see that the young corn was sprouting, and the tender grass was growing.

"Farewell, Persephone," she would say. "Do not wander too far from home while I am away."

"No, indeed, mother," Persephone would reply, holding up her little face to be kissed. Yet in spite of her little daughter's promise, Demeter always hurried home from her work, fearful lest anything should have happened to Persephone while she had been away.



One fine day, when Demeter had gone, Persephone and her companions went out into the meadows. What merry games they had! They played at ball, and chased the gaily coloured butterflies that flitted here and there in the sunshine. Then, when they were tired with play, they began to pick flowers to make into garlands for their hair.

Persephone wandered away by herself. "My garland shall be the fairest of all," she said. "I shall put in only the very prettiest flowers."

Forgetting her mother's warning, she wandered on, picking a flower here and a flower there, till her little arms were full.

"Now I must turn," she thought. Just then she caught sight of a beautiful flower which she had never seen before. Its long black stalk bore over a hundred snow-white blossoms, which gave out a delicious scent.

"Oh!" cried Persephone, "I must have that one," and dropping all her other flowers, she seized the tall stalk with both hands.

It proved harder to pluck than she had

expected; for some minutes she pulled and tugged in vain. Determined to have it, she rested her little arms and then made one great effort to pull it up. With a tearing sound the plant came up by the roots, leaving a black gaping hole in the ground where it had grown. To her amazement the hole grew wider and wider before her eyes until it became a yawning black pit which seemed to sink to the bottom of the earth. Claspings the great white flower in her arms, Persephone stepped back from the widening hole. A rumbling sound came out of it, growing louder and louder, till Persephone dropped her flower in terror and covered her ears with her hands. Then out of the hole dashed an ebony chariot, drawn by coal-black horses and driven by a dark-faced man with flashing eyes.

"Aha, little Persephone," he cried, "I am Pluto, king of the Underworld. I have often watched you at your games, and I have loved you for your fair face. Now you shall

come with me to my dark palace under the earth, and be my bride, my queen of the Underworld."

Before poor Persephone could turn to run away, he had caught her up in his arms and swung her into his chariot. Then he grasped the reins, the horses turned and dashed back into the hole, and the earth slowly closed over the spot.

Persephone's little friends waited long in the meadows for their playmate to return. At last, when it grew dark, they dared wait no longer, and sadly set out for home. On their way they met Demeter hurrying towards them. "Where is Persephone?" she cried. "Is she not with you?"

"Alas," was the sorrowful reply of the children, "we do not know what has become of her. She wandered away picking flowers and she did not come back."

"She is lost! She is lost!" cried Demeter. "Persephone! Persephone! where are you?"

Then a sad time began for the earth. In her sorrow, Demeter forgot to tend the fields and meadows and watch over the orchards. The corn withered and died, the apples and pears fell from the trees and lay rotting on the ground, the grass dried up and the cattle starved for want of food. All day and all night Demeter wandered over the earth, crying, "Persephone! come back to me!"

After nine days and nine nights of wandering, Demeter came to the bank of a river. Its guardian spirit, the fair nymph Arethusa, was bathing in its clear waters.

"O Arethusa," cried the sad mother, "have you seen my lost child, Persephone?"

"Yes, I have seen her," replied the nymph, "but it is ill news that I can give you of her. My streams run underground through the dark hall of Pluto's palace under the earth, and there I saw your daughter sitting beside Pluto on a golden throne. Her face was sad and pale, as if she longed to be out in the sunshine once again."

Demeter cried fiercely, "I will go to Zeus,

king of the gods, and implore him to make Pluto give me back my child."

She climbed the steep side of Mount Olympus, where the gods dwell, and found Zeus seated on his throne of clouds. When he heard her story he said, "I will send Hermes, my swift messenger, to Pluto. It may be that he will restore your daughter to you."

Hermes, the swift messenger, set out to visit Pluto, but soon returned with the terrible news that Pluto would not give up his bride.

"Then woe to all the earth!" cried Demeter. "No green thing shall grow upon it, and men and beasts shall die, unless my daughter is restored to me."

At these terrible words the gods trembled, for they feared that all men would perish. Zeus called Hermes, his messenger, to him again. "Go once more to Pluto," said the king of the gods, "and say that I, Zeus the Thunderer, command him to return Persephone to her mother. He will not dare to disobey me."

Now all this while little Persephone had sat silent and sorrowful on her golden throne. In vain did Pluto's cooks serve up before her the most tempting dishes and the most delicious drinks. She could neither eat nor drink. Pluto's heart was deeply grieved, for he loved her dearly.

"Why will you not eat, Persephone?" he asked gently. "See, here is a ripe pomegranate." He handed her a round juicy fruit, about the size of an orange, and filled with seeds.

"Eat but one mouthful of this," he begged, "or you will die and break my heart."

Pluto looked so sad that Persephone took pity on him. She began to eat.

At that moment Hermes, the swift messenger, burst into the hall. "O Pluto," he cried, "I bring a command from Zeus, whom none dare disobey. He bids me take Persephone back to her mother on earth."

"It is the law of my land," replied Pluto, "that whoever tastes food in my hall must remain with me for ever."

"Have you eaten food in this hall, Persephone?" asked Hermes.

"Alas," she replied, weeping. "I have eaten six seeds of this pomegranate."

Back flew Hermes to Mount Olympus to tell Zeus that Pluto would not give up his bride because she had eaten six pomegranate seeds in his hall.

Zeus wrinkled his great brows in thought for many minutes. Then he said, "I will arrange matters so that both my sister Demeter and my brother Pluto may be contented. Persephone shall spend half the year with each of them in turn, six months with her mother on earth, and six with her husband in the Underworld. Go, Hermes, tell Pluto that this is my will." He nodded his great head as he spoke and the mountains round about shook. When Zeus nodded his head, gods and men alike knew that he had to be obeyed.

For the third time Hermes returned to Pluto's hall, and gave the king of the Underworld the message from Zeus. Very sad was Pluto to part with his little queen, but he dared not disobey. Hermes took Persephone by the hand, and led her up to earth once more. At the mouth of the dark cave which is the entrance to the Underworld stood Demeter, holding out her arms in welcome. With a cry of joy little Persephone ran to her, and her mother's arms folded her about as if they never meant to let her go again.

Now that her daughter was given back to her, Demeter went about her work again. The grass grew, the corn sprouted, and beasts and men had food once more. For six happy months Persephone and her mother journeyed over the land, watching the growing and gathering of the corn and fruit.

All too soon the six months came to an end, and Persephone was forced to return to her dark-faced husband. Pluto was very

kind to her, however, and though she missed the sunny earth and her mother's face, Persephone was not unhappy with him. Demeter, however, would not be comforted while her daughter was away. For the six months while Persephone lived in the Underworld, Demeter wandered through the land weeping and wailing as she had done before. The fields lay bare, there were no leaves on the trees, and men and beasts went hungry once more.

When the six months of separation were nearly at an end, Demeter looked out over the naked brown fields and leafless woods. "Persephone will soon be here," she thought to herself, "the world must not look sad when she returns. I will decorate it ready for her coming."

The thought made her smile again, and at once the buds began to sprout on the trees and little plants began to grow. "Spring is here," said the farmers, and they went out to sow their seeds. When Persephone came back to the earth she found the land covered with a green mantle—green grass in the meadows and green leaves on the trees.

For six months of the year Persephone dwells happily on earth with her mother. The first months of her stay we call summer, and the last months, autumn, when the harvest is brought in and the fruit is gathered. The other six months of the year Persephone spends in the dark Underworld with her husband. For three months after she has gone, Demeter weeps and forgets to look after the earth, so that nothing grows upon it. This sad time we call winter. Then Demeter looks forward to the time when Persephone will return, and she sets to work to prepare the earth for her coming. This happy time, when all green things begin to grow again, we call spring. Then on the first day of summer, when the sun shines warmly and the birds sing, we know that Persephone has returned to earth, and has brought the summer with her.

THE AMAZING ADVENTURE OF ARCHIBALD GUY



(This story of a guy has been introduced here because children frequently refer to a scarecrow as a guy. The telling of the story can be reserved for November 5, Guy Fawkes' Day.)

HE was a wonderful Guy.

John and the twins spent all Saturday afternoon making him, with the help of Philip and Judy, their cousins. Daddy had given them an old dress suit and a top hat, and mother had found them an old pair of kid gloves, and Uncle Bob produced a pair of patent leather shoes which he had finished with; so when the suit was carefully stuffed with straw, and the shoes and gloves fastened on, he began to look quite real. Then John made his head with newspaper and straw, and

Judy brought a lovely mask, with black moustache and eyeglass, all complete!

"I think he's quite the nicest Guy we've ever made," said Philip, and they all agreed with him.

"He's so grand, I think he deserves a special name," said Judy, "let's call him Archibald Guy, shall we?"

So it was decided, and when Archibald was safely stowed away in the tool shed, they all went off to collect materials for the bonfire on Tuesday night; but later on, mummy and daddy, Uncle Bob and Auntie Sue were brought to the tool shed to see Archibald, and they all decided he was the finest Guy they had ever seen.

On Monday evening there was great excitement when the children brought a

large box of fireworks and left them in the tool shed beside Archibald.

"There you are, Archibald," they said, "take care of them for us till to-morrow night, and then you shall make a lovely blaze!"

When the children had gone to bed, Archibald was left all alone, feeling very gloomy. The more he thought about that bonfire, the less he liked it. It made him so sad to think that soon his beautiful clothes and his fine top hat would all be burnt up, that he began to cry large oily tears! (Did I tell you they'd poured oil inside his body to make him burn well?)

Suddenly he heard a voice, "Hello! Hello, old chap, what's making you so sad?"

So he stopped crying to look around and see where the voice came from. And there, sitting on an upturned watering can, he saw a little figure that looked like a very small guy.

"And who are you?" asked Archibald in surprise, "and what are you doing here?"

"Oh, I'm a member of the A.O.B.G. and I've been sent to see if you are up to standard and can be admitted to our Order."

"A member of what, did you say?"

"A.O.B.G.—Ancient Order of Burnt-out Guys. You see, when a Guy is burnt, he doesn't just come to an end, not if he's a real, proper Guy. If he is approved by a member of the Order, he just shrinks a bit and then becomes one of US. I was Guy here last year, and I've been sent to see if you are fit to join US, so stand up and let's have a look at you; and, for goodness' sake, wipe up those tears!"

Archibald did as he was told and the other Guy, who said his name was Percy, walked all round him, examining his points.

"Yes," said Percy, "I think you'll pass. In fact I'd say you are a very handsome Guy. But don't get conceited about it, I beg of you, or you'll have an awful time with US. The Grand Master won't stand it either, and you want to keep well in with him."

"Whom do you mean by the 'Grand Master'?" asked Archibald.

"The Grand Master? Why, Guy Fawkes himself, of course! He's a wonderful person—had such an exciting life. We love to get him telling us stories. Of course, you'll be expected to give us your experiences, old chap! It's one of the rules. All newly-joined Guys have to relate their experiences. Every night, after supper, we sit round the Bonfire, and one of us has to tell a story. I felt jolly nervous when my turn came, I can tell you, but I'm not so bad now. You get used to it in time, you know! Of course, the really exciting nights are when the Grand Master tells us his experiences. You know a bit about him, of course?"

"I'm afraid I don't know much more than his name," said Archibald, nervously.

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed Percy, "that's bad! But come to think of it, I didn't know much either, before I joined the A.O.B.G. He's a wonderful chap, the Grand Master. He has a lot of stories to tell, but the one we like best is about the Gunpowder Plot. I can't give you all the details like he will, but I'll tell you the main facts. It seems there were a number of men, our Grand Master among them, who got rather annoyed with the government of that day—thought parliament wasn't really doing all it might for the good of the people, and all that sort of thing. So they thought the best thing they could do would be to blow them all up! They stored barrels and barrels of gunpowder in the cellars under the Houses of Parliament, and Guy Fawkes promised he'd go down on November 5th, lay a trail of gunpowder from the barrels, light it, and run. Of course, it had to be a brave man to do that, because he *might* not get away before the explosion! Unfortunately though, someone gave the game away and the plot was discovered. When Guy Fawkes went down to light the powder, he walked straight into the arms of soldiers who'd been posted there to capture him! And that, of course, was the end of *him*—so they thought! We know better! I'd have liked to see that

explosion! It *would* have been a beauty if it had come off all right! But there—if everything had gone according to plan, nobody would have known anything about Guy Fawkes, there'd have been no bonfires and no Guys, and you and I, my friend, would never have existed! So perhaps it's just as well."

Percy then began looking in the firework box. "Let's see what they've got for you—Catherine wheels, rockets, Roman candles, silver fountains—oh yes, you've got quite a decent lot, haven't you? You needn't worry, old chap—you'll enjoy it really. I know I felt a bit nervous myself last year. Did I tell you I was their last year's Guy? Jolly kids, aren't they? Look out for me to-morrow night. I'll be there with a few of the others, waiting for you, and enjoying the fun. *They* won't see us, of course, but *you* will. Better go now, I suppose. Good-bye, see you to-morrow!" And with a wave of his hand Percy disappeared.

"Well," thought Archibald, "that's a queer thing! Now I wonder whether I

really *shall* see him to-morrow? It's something to look forward to, anyway."

When Bonfire Night came at last, the children fetched Archibald from the tool shed and perched him on top of the heap of sticks and straw they had prepared for their fire.

"Doesn't he look fine?" said Judy, "and what a lovely fire we shall have! Hurry up, John, and light it."

John was the eldest, so he had to light the fire and look after the fireworks. As soon as the fire was burning well, the children all danced round it singing joyously. Then John began to let off the fireworks,—the rockets and the Catherine wheels and all the others.

It was the greatest fun! Suddenly Judy cried, "Look, Phil! Look at Archibald! I'm sure he's laughing!"

"Rubbish, Judy!" answered her brother. "It's only the fire melting his mask." But they couldn't see what Archibald saw—a whole ring of little Guys dancing in the flames all around him.

E. Bioletti.

STORIES AND RHYMES

PEASE PUDDING

Pease pudding hot,
Pease pudding cold,
Pease pudding in a pot, nine days old,
Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot, nine days old.

LUCY was a little girl just seven years old. She had a tiny garden about the size of a small hearth rug. An old market woman gave her a handful of peas.

"I will plant these peas in my garden," said Lucy to herself. So she dug the garden, and raked it smooth, and then she poked twelve holes in it with the handle of her

pen. In each hole she dropped a pea and covered it up.

The sun shone, and the rain rained, and the wind blew, and at last twelve little pea plants pushed up out of the soil. Lucy watched them every day, and when the peas grew bigger she pushed in pea sticks for them to climb up. The peas grew up the pea sticks and had lovely white flowers. After a bit, the flowers faded and left tiny pea pods which grew bigger and bigger, and fatter and fatter. In the hot sun the peas became ripe, and then Lucy cut off each pod with her scissors. She opened the pods, took out the peas and put them away in a basket in a cupboard.

So the time went on till November, and it rained and rained and rained, and Lucy

could not go out-of-doors. What was she to do? She wanted to do something fresh, something quite different, something very *exciting*. She was idly turning over the leaves of one of her story books when she saw these words:

"Pease pudding hot,
Pease pudding cold,
Pease pudding in a pot, nine days old."

"That's it!" cried Lucy. "I will make pease pudding with my own peas."

So Lucy fetched the peas from the cupboard, washed them in a colander and then put them to soak all night in a large basin. Early next day Lucy put the peas into a saucepan to cook. And they cooked, and they cooked and they cooked for hours and hours, and as fast as the water boiled away Lucy put more boiling water into the saucepan. Lucy took a large wooden spoon and a wire sieve and pressed all the peas through the sieve till only the outside husks were left to be thrown away. After this Lucy chopped some mint leaves very fine indeed and stirred them up with the pease pudding to make it taste nicer still. Then she put in a little salt and pepper. Now the pease pudding was ready to eat for supper.

While the peas were cooking Lucy had written a little note to her friends Rose and Dick. She wrote:

Dear Rose and Dick,

Will you come to supper this evening to taste my pease pudding which I have made with my own peas specially for you.

I am,

Your loving friend,

LUCY.

What a jolly party it was! And the pease pudding was the best they had ever tasted. About one helping was left, and this was placed in a small pot and carefully tied down like jam.

Nine days afterwards it rained again, and Rose and Dick came to tea. The three children remembered the pot of pease pudding. They took off the cover, and had a spoonful each all round until it was finished. It tasted just as good cold as it had tasted hot, and just as good nine days old as when it was first made.

J. Bone.

Articulation—the sound of "p".—This rhyme, *Pease Pudding*, affords practice in sounding *p*. The following well-known rhymes will be found useful for the *p* sound also:—

1. Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper,
A peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked.
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper,
Where is the peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked?
2. Once I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop;
So I cried, "Little Bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"
3. Pretty maid, pretty maid,
Where have you been?
Gathering a posy
To give to the Queen.

THE SCARECROW

(This rhyme is set to music on page (626).)

O, all you little blackey tops,
Pray don't you eat my father's crops,
While I lie down and take a nap,
Shoo—ah—O! Shoo—ah—O!
If father he by chance should come
With his cock'd hat and his long gun
O then you'll fly and I shall run,
Shoo—ah—O! Shoo—ah—O!

THIS is Hazel speaking. Once more I am with my dear Granny in the country. It is springtime. Granny has a cosy summer-house on a little hill at the bottom of her garden, and yesterday we were both sitting in it. Granny sat on a chair with her sewing, and I sat on a soft cushion on the floor. We could see across the country for miles. There were beautiful fields looking like green and brown patch-work. Close by was a field of brown earth, planted with corn, with a scarecrow in the middle of it. Round a farmhouse were some great elm trees and we could see big nests in the top branches.

"Granny," I asked, "what birds built those nests?"

"Rooks built them high up out of harm's way," answered Granny. "We call all those nests a rookery."

Just then a crowd of black birds came flying towards us, slowly flapping their wings. They followed one bird who was their leader. One by one they dropped down on the field near the scarecrow.

"Those are the rooks," said Granny.

Just then a farmer's boy began to run over the field.

"Caw, caw! Caw, caw!" cried out two rooks who were watching. Then the whole party of rooks flew up in a flapping cloud and dropped down on another field.

It was cosy and sunny in the summer-house, and the "Caw caw!" of the rooks was like a lullaby. All at once I heard "Caw! Caw!" short and sharp close beside me. "Caw! Caw!" like that. And there was a black rook standing close to my foot, looking straight at me, Hazel.

"How do you do?" I said, trying to be polite.

"How d'you do, Hazel?" answered the rook, but it sounded a bit like "Caw! Caw!"

"You see that scarecrow, and that bumpkin boy," said the rook. "The farmers think they can frighten us."

Then I said, "But—please forgive my asking—don't you eat the corn?"

"O, well," replied the rook, "if we are

hungry, we may eat a little corn, and we may take a new potato or a green walnut, but what of that! Look at the good we do!"

"What good work is it that you do?" I asked the rook.

"Why, we eat up the nasty wireworms, maggots, grubs, snails, slugs and all sorts of insects. Look at my brothers and cousins over there following the plough. They are snapping up all the grubs and things that would spoil the roots of corn, turnips, cabbages and many plants."

"Then the rooks are very kind to the farmers!" I cried much surprised.

"My dear child," cawed the rook, "we do much more good than harm, I can tell you."

"How splendid!" I said. "And now tell me all about the baby rooks."

The rook nodded at the tall elm trees. "There are the rook cradles," he said. "And they are made of sticks twined in and out, and are lined with mud, and grass, and wood, and bits of turf and such things."

"How clever of you!" I cried. "What do the eggs look like?"

"Mostly they have pale greenish shells, with brown spots."

"And how many eggs are there in one nest?" said I.

"Perhaps four, or five, or six, or even seven," he answered. "Just listen! What a noise of chattering and cawing! That is because the rooks are still building new nests or mending the old ones."

"Don't you get tired with flying about?" I asked him.

"In one day," answered the rook, "I can fly forty miles easily."

"How wonderful it is!" I replied. "Now, Mr. Rook, I want to ask you something? Is a crow different from a rook?"

Mr. Rook shook his head. "A crow is a relation—a bad relation I call him. We eat up grubs that would spoil the crops, but a crow goes about by himself, or with another crow, and murders our babies and then eats them. A crow is a clever rascal, he will kill and eat young birds, young

lambs, young pigeons, ducklings or chicks.
A clever villain is Jim Crow."

"Oh, how dreadful! What a wicked bird
to kill the poor babies!" I cried.

"Hazel! Hazel!" said Grandma's voice.

"You are talking in your sleep." I sat up
on my cushion, opened my eyes and looked
round. "Caw! Caw! Good-bye, Hazel,"
came from a long way off.

J. Bone.

A PLAY

THE THREE ROOKS

This play is in the nature of a game, and
should be performed in the classroom with-
out any attempt at scenery or properties.
The Farmer and Joe merely perform the
action of carrying a sack, sowing and
harrowing. Joe may twirl an imaginary
clapper and make a noise like one, or a toy
clapper may be used.

People in the Play.—FARMER GEORGE,
JOE (his boy). THREE ROOKS.

Scene. A ploughed field.

[Enter Rooks.]

1st Rook. Caw! Caw! Farmer George is
going to sow his wheat.

2nd Rook. I am glad, I have some babies
to feed. Caw!

3rd Rook. Let us stay near in case any
seeds blow our way. Caw! Caw!

[Enter Farmer George and Joe. They place
the sacks of seed on the field.]

Farmer George. I will begin sowing.
When I have been over some of the ground
you follow with the harrow.

Joe. There is not much wind, the seeds
will not blow away.

[They sow and harrow the field. Rooks
hover about and caw.]

Farmer George. Now it is finished we
will go home to tea.

Joe. I will come back after.

[Joe and Farmer go out. Rooks caw and
pounce on the seed.]

1st Rook. What a feast!

2nd Rook. I shall take some to my wife.

3rd Rook. Let us tell the others.

[Enter Joe with clapper. Sees Rooks, and
uses clapper. Rooks with caws of fright
fly away.]

W. M. Fox

RHYMES AND POEMS

EVENSONG

(This poem is set to music on page 622.)

Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
How clear the bells ring out their song;
The sun is sinking in the west,
And rooks are flying home to rest;
The bells still call to Evensong,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong.

Anon.

FIRST THE FARMER

First the farmer sows his seeds,
Then he stands and takes his ease;
Stamps his foot and claps his hands,
And turns him round to view his
lands.

Old Rhyme.

Reading preparation.—This old rhyme is
particularly suitable for the children to

repeat with appropriate actions. It can be said either individually or collectively.

Let the children represent in drawing their own ideas of the rhyme.

Print the rhyme in phrases on the black-board. The children will soon recognise most of the words. For a matching game print words on cards. Two sets of phrases can also be prepared for matching; e.g., *First the farmer; sows his seeds; Then he stands, etc.*

A further stage is to write sentences on *Flash Cards*:—1. The farmer first sows his seeds. 2. He puts his seeds in the land. 3. The farmer stands at his ease. 4. The farmer stamps his foot. 5. He claps his hands. 6. The farmer turns round. 7. He turns to view his lands.

AWAY, BIRDS AWAY

Away, birds away!
Take a little, and leave a little,
And do not come again;
For if you do,
I will shoot you through,
And there is an end of you.

Old Rhyme.

Note.—This rhyme is suitable for reading preparation, and can be dealt with in a similar way to the preceding rhyme. See that the children suitably inflect the voice when saying the first line. The last line but one must be said with emphasis. See that the word *little* is spoken clearly without any slurring.

THREE LITTLE GIRLS

Three little girls were sitting on a rail,
Sitting on a rail,
Sitting on a rail;
Three little girls were sitting on a rail,
On a fine hot day in September.

What did they talk about that fine day,
That fine day,
That fine day?

What did they talk about that fine day,
That fine hot day in September?

The crows and the corn they talked about,
Talked about,
Talked about;
But nobody knows what was said by the crows,
On that fine hot day in September.

Old Rhyme.

Note.—This rhyme can be learned by three sections of the class, or by three children, each section or child learning and then repeating one of the verses. By this plan the whole rhyme can be easily learned and repeated. There is excellent opportunity in this rhyme for practice in articulation; e.g., *sitting on a rail; fine hot day; what did they talk about; crows and the corn, etc.*

BED TIME

(This poem is set to music on page 623.)

The evening is coming,
The sun sinks to rest;
The rooks are all flying
Straight home to the nest.
"Caw!" says the rook, as she flies overhead;
"It's time little people were going to bed!"

The flowers are closing;
The daisy's asleep;
The primrose is buried
In slumber so deep.
Shut up for the night is the pimpernel red;
It's time little people were going to bed!

The butterfly, drowsy,
Has folded its wing;
The bees are returning;
No more the birds sing.
Their labour is over, their nestlings are fed;
It's time little people were going to bed!

Here comes the pony,
His work all done;
Down through the meadow
He takes a good run;
Up go his heels, and down goes his head;
It's time little people were going to bed!

Good-night, little people,
Good-night and good-night;
Sweet dreams to your eyelids
Till dawning of light;
The evening has come, there's no more to
be said;
It's time little people were going to bed!

Thomas Hood.

Note.—It would be asking too much of most children to learn the whole of this poem, so it is advisable to divide the class into five sections, letting each section learn one verse. This plan has the additional advantage of giving a small section an opportunity to sing while the rest of the class listen. A little competition can then be arranged to see which section can sing its own verse best. Let the class offer criticism of each section (when the whole song has been sung), and a section can repeat a verse and show how nicely they kept the tune, spoke the words, breathed correctly, stood up,—and so forth.

Note the sibilant sounds in some of the lines and see that they are not slurred in the recitation or singing; e.g., *sun*; *sinks to rest*; *straight home to the nest*; *the daisy's asleep*; *sweet dreams to your eyelids*.

Note, too, the enunciation of the repeated lines in the last verse:—*good-night, little people*.

KING STEPHEN

(This rhyme is set to music on page 625.)

King Stephen was a wealthy king,
As ancient bards do sing;
He brought three pecks of barley meal,
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the Queen she made,
And stuff'd it full of plums;
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

The King and Queen sat down to dine,
And all the Court beside;
And what they could not eat that night,
The Queen next morning fried.

Old Rhyme.

Note.—This song is suitable for the Sevens. It will not be necessary to explain such words as *ancient bards* or *pecks of barley meal*. Probably all the children will have seen mother put a pudding in a cloth. They will appreciate the fun of putting *lumps of fat* in a plum pudding. Divide the class into three groups, letting each group sing a verse in the right order.

THE SCARECROW

A scarecrow stood in a field one day,
Stuffed with straw,
Stuffed with hay;
He watched the folk on the king's highway,
But never a word said he.

Much he saw but naught did heed,
Knowing not night,
Knowing not day,
For having naught, did nothing heed,
And never a word said he.

A little grey mouse had made its nest,
Oh so wee,
Oh so grey,
In a sleeve of a coat that was poor Tom's
best,
But the scarecrow naught said he.

His hat was the home of a small jenny wren,
Ever so sweet,
Ever so gay,
A squirrel had put by his fear of men,
And hissed him, but naught heeded he.

Ragged old man, I loved him well,
 Stuffed with straw,
 Stuffed with hay,
 Many's the tale that he could tell,
 But never a word says he.

Michael Franklin.

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
 Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
 Then smoothed her work and folded it right,
 And said, "Dear work, good night, good
 night!"



Cora E.M. PATERSON.

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
 Crying "Caw! Caw!" on their way to bed,
 She said, as she watched their curious flight,
 "Little black things, good night, good
 night!"

The horses neighed and the oxen lowed,
 The sheep's "Bleat! Bleat!" came over the
 road;
 All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
 "Good little girl, good night, good night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good night!"
 Though she saw him there like a ball of light;
 For she knew he had God's time to keep
 All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall, pink foxglove bowed his head;
 The violets curtsied and went to bed;
 And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
 And said on her knees, her favourite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
 She knew nothing more till again it was
 day;
 And all things said to the beautiful sun,
 "Good morning, good morning! our work is
 begun."

Richard Houghton.

THE THREE FOXES

Once upon a time there were three little
 foxes
 Who didn't wear stockings, and they didn't
 wear sockses,
 But they all had handkerchiefs to blow their
 noses,
 And they kept their handkerchiefs in card-
 board boxes.

They lived in the forest in three little
 houses,
 And they didn't wear coats, and they didn't
 wear trousers.
 They ran through the woods in their little
 bare tootsies,
 And they played "Touch last" with a
 family of mice.

They didn't go shopping in the High Street
shopses,
But caught what they wanted in the woods
and copses.

They all went fishing, and they caught three
wormses,

They went out hunting, and they caught
three wopses.

They went to a Fair, and they all won
prizes—

Three plum-puddingses and three mince-
pieses.

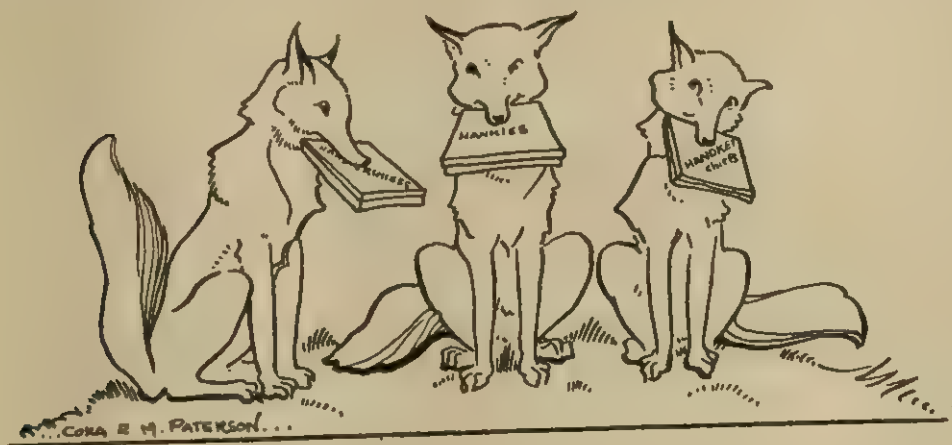
They rode on elephants and swang on
swingses,
And hit three coco-nuts at coco-nut shieses.

That's all that I know of the three little
foxes

Who kept their handkerchiefs in cardboard
boxes.

They lived in the forest in three little houses,
But they didn't wear coats and they didn't
wear trousers,

And they didn't wear stockings and they
didn't wear socksse. *A. A. Milne.*



SONGS

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye,
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing,
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before a king?

The king was in his counting-house
Counting out his money,
The queen was in the parlour
Eating bread and honey.

The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes,
By came a little bird
And pecked off her nose.

Old Rhyme.



Action song and dance.—Groups of eight children each, four boys and four girls, are chosen to play while the others sing. In each group the girls stand on the right of their partners, and the children make a ring, holding hands. During the singing of the two verses the children in the rings dance as follows:

Sing	Eight slip steps
. rye.—	to the left.

Four	Four running
birds	steps forward,
	raising hands,
	still joined.

Baked	Four running
pie.—	steps back,
	lowering hands.

When	Eight slip steps
. sing.—	to right.

Was	Four running
. . . to	steps forward as
	before.

set King?	Four running
—	steps back.

Final chord struck.

Face partners.

The King	Boys hold out
. . . . money, The	left hand and
	pretend to count
	out money with
	right hand, to
	rhythm.

Queen	Girls kneel on
. honey, The	one knee and
	pretend to eat
	bread and honey,
	to rhythm.

maid	Girls stand and
. clothes,	pretend to peg
—	clothes on line,
	to rhythm.

By	Boys make single
and	turn.

pecked nose.	Each boy pre-
—	tends to pick off
	girl's nose, put-
	ting his thumb
	between the first
	and second fin-
	gers of his right
	hand, and holding
	it up.

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

NURSERY RHYME

Arranged by
PERCY G. SAUNDERS

Doh = C || d' .t :1 .s | d' :m .m | m .s :s .m | s :- | d' .t :1 .s |

1. Sing a song of six - pence, A pock-et full of rye, Four and twen-ty
2. King was in the count-inghouse Count-ing out his mo-ney, The Queen was in the

|| d' :m | r :1 .1 | 1 :- | s .d' :d' .t | d' :s .s | 1 .r' :r' .de' |

black-birds Baked in a pie. When the pie was o - pened The birds be-gan to
par - lour Eat-ing bread and ho-ney. The maid was in the gar-den Hang-ing out the

|| r' :- | m' .r' :d' .t | d' .t :1 .s | 1 .d' :t .r' | ¹ d' :- .s || ² d' :- ||

sing, Was not that a dain-ty dish to set be-fore a King? The
clothes, By — came a lit-tle bird and peck-ed off her nose.

EVENSONG

Arranged by
PERCY G. SAUNDERS

Doh = D ||

Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, How

clear the bells ring out their song; The sun is sink - ing

in the west, And rooks are fly - ing home to rest; The bells still call to

Ev - en - song, Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong.

BED TIME

THOMAS HOOD

PERCY G. SAUNDERS

Slowly
Doh : Eb

1. The
2. The
3. The

even - ing is com - ing, The sun sinks to rest, The
flow - ers are clos - ing; The dai - sy's a - sleep; The
but - ter - fly, drow - sy, Has fold - ed its wing; The

rooks are all fly - ing Straight home to the nest.
prim - rose is bu - ried In slum - ber so deep.
bees are re - turn - ing No more the birds sing. Their

|| 1 :- :s .f | m :- .f :m | 1 :se :l | t :- :t | d' :t :l |

"Caw!" cries the rook, as she flies o-ver-head; "It's time lit-tle
Shut up for the night is the pim-per-nel red; It's time lit-tle
la-bour is o-ver,their nest-lings are fed; It's time lit-tle

|| s .m :d :f | r :- .m :r | d :- :- | - :- :- | : : ||

peo-ple were go-ing to bed!"
peo-ple were go-ing to bed!
peo-ple were go-ing to bed!

4. Here comes the pony,
His work all done;
Down through the meadow
He takes a good run;
Up go his heels, and down goes his head;
It's time little people were going to bed!
5. Good-night, little people,
Good-night and good-night;
Sweet dreams to your eyelids
Till dawning of light;
The evening has come, there's no more to be said;
It's time little people were going to bed!

KING STEPHEN

OLD RHYME

Arranged by
PERCY G. SAUNDERS

Doh = F *Moderato*

1. King Ste-phen was a wealth-y king, As
2. A — bag-pud-ding the Queenshe made, And
3. The King and Queen sat down to dine, And

an-cient bards do sing; He brought three pecks of bar-ley meal, To
stuffed it full of plums; And in it put great lumps of fat, As
all the Court be-side; And what they could not eat that night, The

make a bag - pud - ding.
big as my two thumbs
Queen next morn - ing fried.

Last time

THE SCARECROW

OLD RHYME

Arranged by
PERCY G. SAUNDERS

Quickly

Doh=F

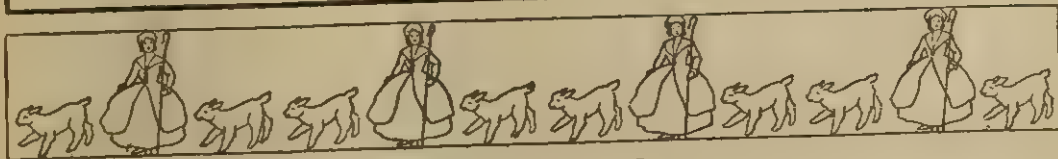
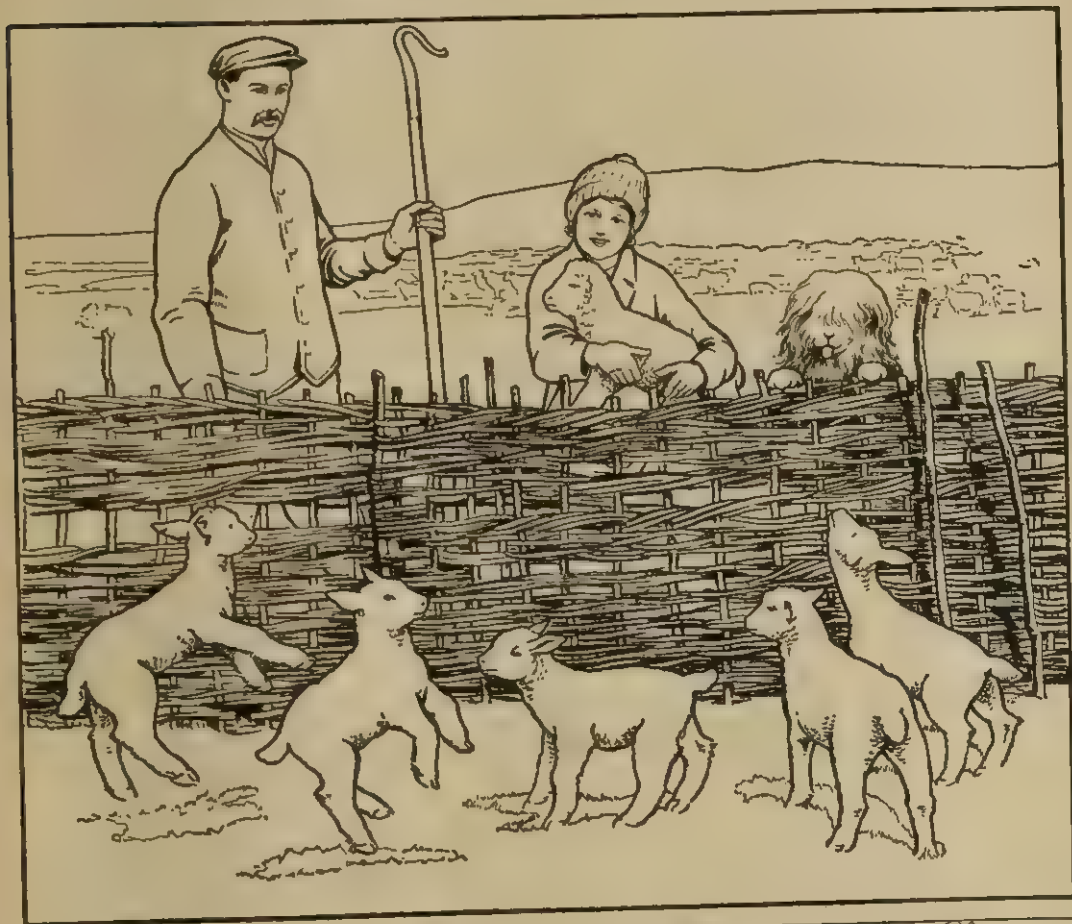
1. O all you lit - tle black - ey tops, Pray don't you
2. If fa - ther he by chance do come, With his cock'd

eat my fa - ther's crops, While I lie down to take a nap, Shoo-
hat and his long gun, O then you'll fly and I shall run,

- ah - - - ol Shoo - ah - - - ol

CENTRE OF INTEREST— THE FARM

XVI. SHEEP ON THE FARM



THE SHEPHERD AND HIS LAMBS
Drawing in Outline of Picture No. 20 in the Portfolio.

Description of Picture No. 20.—The picture shows a number of lambs enclosed by a wattle fence. The lambs are old enough to have had their tails cut. The shepherd with his crook stands watching them. A girl with a lamb in her arms is with him. The shaggy sheep dog, his forepaws on the fence, is looking over at the lambs. In the distance on the green pasture land the flock can be seen.

The frieze for the classroom wall is made up of Little Bo-Peep and two skipping lambs. Sketches in outline for tracing these

figures are given, see pages 630 and 631. One third of the children will each require a whole sheet of drawing paper with a tracing of Little Bo-Peep. The other two-thirds will each need a half sheet of paper with a tracing of a lamb. The colours for the frieze are shown in the picture. The children should first moisten their papers with a brush filled with clean water and apply the colours with sweeping strokes. After colouring, they may cut out their segments along the guiding lines so that they may be pasted, edge to edge, on the back of a strip of wall paper.

LANGUAGE AND SPEECH TRAINING

Conversation on Picture No. 20.—The children should freely describe and discuss the picture. To stimulate thought and observation and to bring to the notice of the children any points overlooked, the teacher may make some of the following suggestions:—1. Tell what you see in the front of the picture. 2. How many lambs can you see? 3. Why are the lambs shut in by a fence? This fence is made of woven twigs, called *wattles*. 4. Give a name to the shepherd; e.g., *Mr. Ball*. 5. Tell what a shepherd is. 6. Tell what this shepherd holds. 7. Give a name to the girl; e.g., *Margery*. 8. Tell what the girl is doing. 9. Tell what the sheep dog is doing. 10. Give a name to the dog; e.g., *Gruff*. 11. Tell how a sheep dog helps the shepherd. 12. Tell what this sheep dog is like. 13. What is a lamb called when it is grown-up? 14. Tell what you see at the back of the picture. 15. Say! Susie saw six silly sheep. (Practice in s.) 16. Say the rhyme, *Little Bo-Peep*. 17. Tell what you see in the border under the picture. 18. Are lambs born with short tails?

During the conversation on the picture the leading words may be written on the blackboard; e.g., lamb, fence, wattle, shepherd, crook, Mr. Ball, Margery, Gruff, dog,

long hair, short tail, sheep, flock, hills grass, Little Bo-Peep.

The older children may copy these words into a book as a writing exercise, and the more familiar of them may be learnt as an exercise in spelling.

Talks to the children.—Let us pay a visit to a sheep farm. You have all seen sheep and know what very thick, warm, woolly coats they have. Why do farmers keep sheep? For the sake of these warm, woolly coats which give us all the *wool* that we use. (Allow the children to name the *woollen* clothes they are wearing, also anything made of wool in the room or in their own homes.) Not only socks, stockings, jerseys and knitted gloves are made of wool, but also coats, caps, dresses, rugs, blankets and flannel. No wonder then that the farmer who keeps sheep does not have six or even twelve, but a large *flock* of them, sometimes as many as one thousand sheep in a flock. The farmer who has a thousand sheep spends most of his time looking after them. He has no time to look after a great many cows or pigs, and certainly he has no time to plough up the grass on his land and sow wheat or plant vegetables. The farmer needs all his grass for the sheep to feed

upon. Because of this all his land is grass-land,—*pasture* as it is called.

Sheep need plenty of space and they live on grassy hills. In Scotland and Wales where there are mountains, in the north of England and Yorkshire where there are high hills and big stretches of heathery moor, in the south of England where there are grassy hills called Downs, sheep farms are to be found. Let us suppose the farm we visit is in the north of England among some hills called the Cheviots. If we go in April we shall see the lambs. We shall find the farmhouse a long way from a village or town. It stands in a hollow in the hills and there is a mile or more between it and the next sheep farm. It is not a very big house; it is built of grey stone. There is no road up to it, only a narrow, uneven track. No motor cars or motor vans can go anywhere near it and the railway is a long way off.

As we cross the yard to the house the farmer's wife comes to greet us. She is pleased to see us and hear any news we have to tell, and she is proud to show us the farm. She may have one or two cows, a few pigs and some chickens, a horse or pony, but the rest of the animals are the sheep which we see dotted about on the hills all round. The farmer's wife may have some children; perhaps they are at school. We might ask, "Where is the school?" It is in the village some miles away. It is too far for the children to go to every day, so they go on Monday morning and stay there till they are fetched at the end of the week, when their mother and father go to shop in the village. It is a lovely place, this sheep farm. There are very few visitors, no errand boys, and the postman goes there only occasionally.

Presently we hear a weak bleating sound from the kitchen. There is a little lamb newly born; he is very weak, and having lost his mother he has to be fed from a baby's bottle. He seems to take the milk very eagerly.

Looking out we see the *shepherd*, as the

sheep farmer is called, crossing the yard. He has a staff in his hand and a sheep dog follows him. Perhaps he will take us on to the hills to see the sheep and lambs and the sheep folds.

Going out on to the hills we see that the fields have stone walls round them; not fences or hedges. Each mother sheep, or *ewe*, has one little lamb. The shepherd tells us that his ewes have only one lamb at a time. The sheep are white all over; their *fleece* is thick and straight, not long or shaggy. They have no horns. Some sheep in other parts of England have big curling horns and long shaggy fleeces, and there are other sheep with curly fleeces.

The shepherd takes us to a hut. In this hut is a ewe and a lamb. The lamb has a loose fleece flung on top of its own fleece. Why is this? This ewe has lost her own lamb, and the lamb has lost its mother. The shepherd has put the fleece of the dead lamb on this little live one. Why? The ewe knows her own lamb by its smell. The shepherd hopes that by putting the fleece of her own lamb on this other one, the ewe will know the smell and allow this poor motherless lamb to come to her to be fed and looked after.

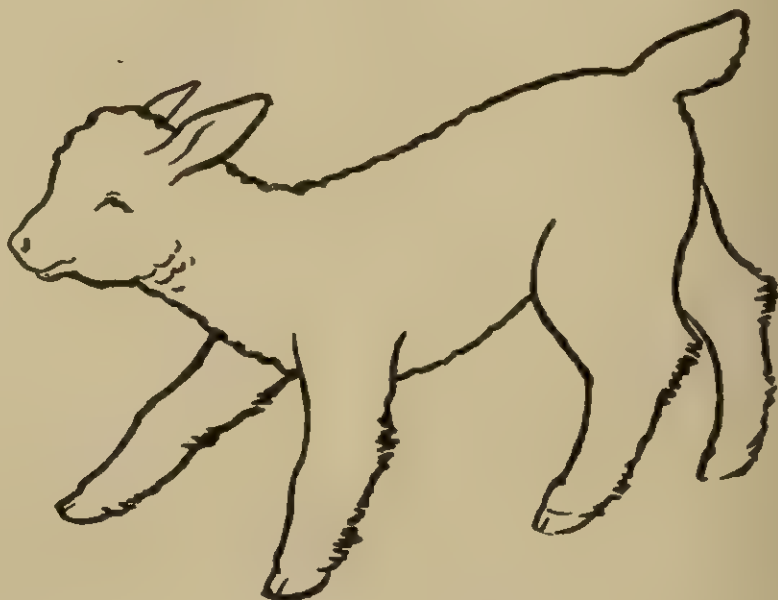
The shepherd will tell us that the lambing season is a very anxious time. The lambs sometimes die of cold; sometimes the ewes die. Often he is out on the hills all night keeping the newly-born lambs warm. He takes them into little huts on the hills where he has a stove burning. Even when they are a few weeks old, if it is cold or windy, they must be protected. We see sheep folds and sheep pens for putting the sheep in on cold and windy nights. In olden days, and even now in some countries, the sheep folds are needed to protect the sheep and lambs from wolves that roam the hills.

The shepherd will tell us that there are two other busy times for him later on in the year,—*dipping* time and *shearing* time. During the winter months the sheep's fleeces grow thicker and longer. Why? To

keep them warm. In the winter the sheep are brought away from the highest hill tops to lower parts, or they are fenced in pens nearer the farm. Then in spring they go back to their hill tops again. Their thick wool becomes tangled and matted; dust and dirt, twigs and leaves stick to it. The sheep must be washed; dipped as it is called. This dipping is very unpleasant for the poor sheep, but very good for them. Dipping is done at the beginning of the summer. The shepherd goes with his dog to the hills to bring down the sheep. The dog runs about barking here and there. He knows his work and can bring a whole flock from the hills where they are scattered, right down to the farm, passing through gates on the way down. The shepherd has a particular call for the sheep. They all know it. One ram is the leader and all the other sheep follow him.

They are all put into a pen. At one end of it there is a gate which opens into the bath or trough where the sheep have to be dipped. The bath is wide enough to hold one sheep, but it is quite long. At the other end of the trough is another pen. One at a time the sheep get down into the trough, they swim along it and get out at the other end into the pen, where the water drips from them. The shepherd has a long pole which he uses to help a sheep through the trough and also to keep it down, so that the water covers its back. There is something put in the water that makes the fleeces clean.

Then, a little later in the summer, comes shearing time. What is shearing time? Why does it take place in the summer? The fleeces are cut off once a year. The summer time is chosen for it, so that the sheep will not feel too cold without their fleeces.



TRACE-OUT FOR FRIEZE—LAMB

Trace this Drawing for part of the Frieze, Picture No. 20.



TRACE-OUT FOR FRIEZE—BO-PREP
Trace this Drawing for part of the Frieze, Picture No. 20.

Again the shepherd with his dog collects all the sheep from the hills and brings them down to the farm, where pens are ready for them. One by one each sheep over a year old is clipped. The air is full of noise,—sheep bleating, lambs crying for their mothers, dogs barking and men calling. There is a fire with a pot of tar hanging over it. The shepherd ties the sheep's legs together and holds the animal firmly down, while he cuts off the fleece with the shears. When a sheep is shorn, a man puts a mark upon its back using the tar in the pot. Why? So that the farmer will know his own sheep. When the shearing is done the sheep go back to the hills, and the fleeces are packed up and sent away.

Now we must leave the sheep farm and see what happens to the fleeces. Where have they been sent? To the woollen factories in Yorkshire, where the fleeces are changed into beautiful coloured cloth or skeins of wool. How do these wonderful changes take place? What a great deal must go on in the woollen factory! How busy the people must be! A woollen factory is a large building with tall chimneys. There are some factories in big towns like Leeds, Bradford, and Huddersfield. The houses of the people who work in these factories are near by.

Think of these fleeces. When the sheep were dipped, dust and dirt were taken from the fleeces, but not all. There are still leaves, twigs and dust sticking to them, so what will have to be done first in the factory? The fleeces will have to be sorted out, washed and dried; then the pieces of wool must be all separated from each other—*carded*. Then straightened out—*combed*. Then the pieces must be twisted together—*spun* into long yarn. The yarn is coloured—*died*. Afterwards it is *woven* into cloth. If you were to go into a woollen factory you would see machines with men and women looking after them. These machines *wash, dry, card, comb, spin* and *weave* the wool. Many years ago, before the machines

were invented, men and women did all these things with their hands.

FOR CHILDREN FROM FIVE TO SIX

Play.—Let the children mime actions or imitate sounds connected with the picture:—
1. Play at jumping like the lambs. 2. Speak like a lamb. 3. Speak like a sheep dog. 4. Pretend to be the shepherd and call your dog. 5. Pretend to be the girl and nurse a lamb. 6. Count out loud the number of lambs. 7. Pretend that the shepherd has twenty lambs. Count out twenty children. 8. Show how the shepherd catches a lamb with his crook.

Missing words.—Say such sentences as the following for the children to supply the missing words:—

1. In the shepherd's hand is a — (*crook*).
2. The girl has a lamb in her — (*arms*).
3. The dog is looking at the — (*lambs*).
4. The lambs are shut in by a — (*fence*).
5. A grown-up lamb is called a — (*sheep*).
6. Lambs eat — (*grass*).

A "Yes and No" game.—In this exercise for the Fives the children answer either *Yes* or *No*:—1. Do lambs eat meat? *No*. 2. Do lambs eat fish? *No*. 3. Do lambs eat grass? *Yes*. 4. Do dogs eat lambs? *No*. 5. Do dogs eat meat? *Yes*. 6. Do cats say "Baa-baa"? *No*. 7. Do sheep say "Baa-baa"? *Yes*. 8. Do dogs say "Tweet-tweet"? *No*. 9. Do dogs say "Yap-yap"? *Yes*. 10. Do lambs jump? *Yes*. 11. Do lambs draw carts? *No*. 12. Do donkeys draw carts? *Yes*.

Number.—The children can set out the correct number of counters, buttons, bricks, sticks, etc., to correspond with the number of various things seen in *Picture No. 20*:—5 lambs; 1 and 4 lambs; 2 and 3 lambs; 1 and 2, and 2, and 2, and 1 lamb in the border; 15 lambs in the picture; 1 dog, 1 girl, 1 man; 1 and 1 and 1 girls in the border.

All the class can make plasticine sheep and lambs, or tear or cut out shapes from paper, and arrange them on a tray or a flat piece of card for the shepherd's flock. If many are cut out they can be arranged in groups of 10, and incidental exercises can be worked in the decomposition of 10.

Articulation—"has."—Many small children find difficulty in speaking sentences in which the word *has* occurs. Exercises for practice in pronouncing this word can be framed in connection with most of the pictures; e.g.,—What has the shepherd in his hand? (He has a crook.) In this exercise the answer must be given in this form. What has the girl? What has Bo-Peep? How many legs has a lamb? How many ears has a lamb? Has a lamb a long or a short tail?

FOR CHILDREN OVER SIX

Flash Cards.—The following sentences might be written on strips of card:—

1. The shepherd looks after the sheep.
The shepherd has a dog.
The shepherd holds a crook.
The shepherd has some lambs.
2. The lambs are white.
The lambs have short tails.
Some of the lambs jump.
The lambs eat grass.
3. Margery went to see the lambs.
Her father was the shepherd.
Margery saw a sick lamb.
She took the lamb in her arms.
4. Gruff is the shepherd's dog.
Gruff drives the sheep.
He drives the sheep into the pen.
He does not hurt the sheep.
5. The sheep are white.
The grass is green.
The sky is blue.
The shepherd's coat is brown.

Flash Cards—questions.—Short questions can be written on *Flash Cards*:—1. What is the shepherd doing? 2. What is the girl doing? 3. What is the dog doing? 4. What are the lambs doing? 5. Where are the sheep? 6. How is Bo-Peep dressed? 7. How many lambs are there in the border? 8. Where do sheep live? 9. Where do dogs live? 10. Where does the shepherd live?

Individual reading cards.—This description of *Picture No. 20*, can be hectographed for children's individual reading:—

This is a picture of the country in spring. Lambs are born in the spring. At first they have long tails, but the shepherd soon cuts them off.

You see the lambs frisking about. They are shut in by a fence so that they cannot stray away. The fence is made of woven twigs.

The shepherd stands watching the lambs. He holds his crook in his hand. Margery is beside him. She has a lamb in her arms.

Gruff, the shaggy sheep dog, stands with his forepaws on the fence. He is watching the lambs, too. The tip of his pink tongue peeps out.

You can see the flock of sheep at the back of the picture. They are nibbling the grass in the meadow.

In the border under the picture you see Little Bo-Peep and her lambs.

Choose the right word.—Write the following on the blackboard or on cards and let the children rewrite the sentences, choosing the right word to complete each sentence by reference to *Picture No. 20*:—

1. The shepherd's coat is (green, red, brown).
2. The girl's hat is (yellow, green, white).
3. The lambs (jump, fly, trot).
4. The sheep eat (bread, butter, grass).
5. The dog drinks (tea, water, cocoa).
6. The meat of sheep is called (beef, pork, mutton).

Sentence making.—An interesting and useful way of getting children to construct sentences on a given word is to write on the blackboard the letters of the word in a column, and let the children frame sentences each beginning with one of the letters. The children enjoy a game of this kind; many mistakes are made, but these add to the fun; much profit and pleasure can be got from this form of sentence making. Here is an example based on the word LAMBS:

Lambs are baby sheep.

All young lambs have long tails.

Men who mind lambs are shepherds.

Big dogs watch the lambs.

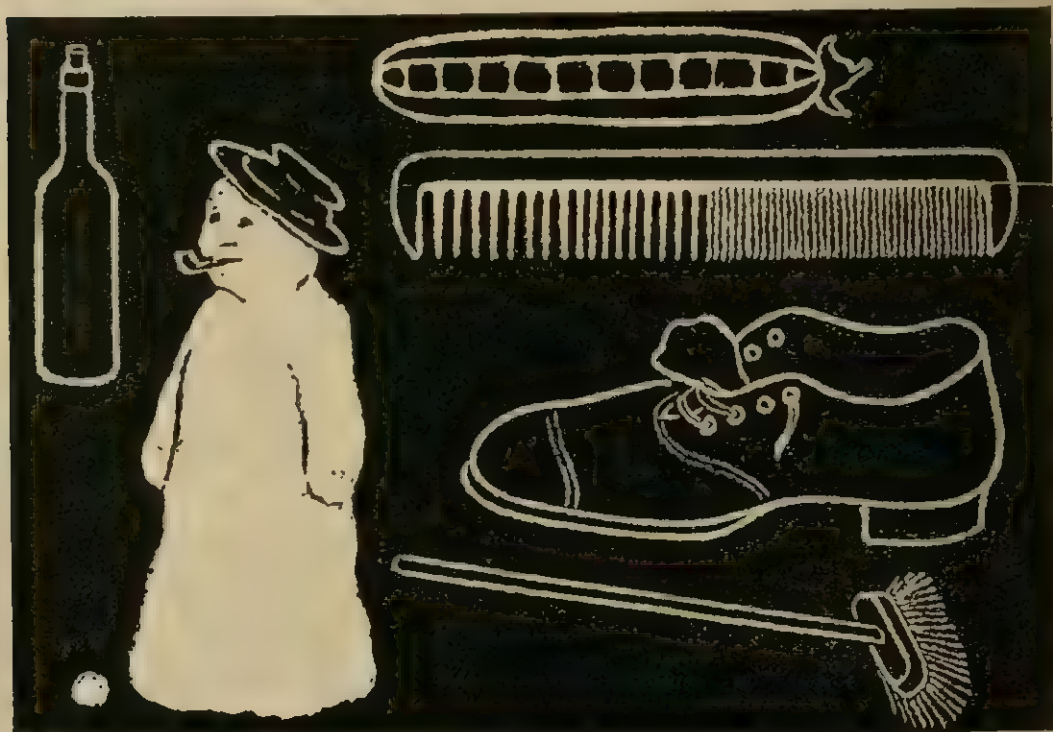
Some lambs have black heads.

Drawing.—The children could make brushwork pictures of coloured balls and skeins of wool, using primary colours. They could also paint pictures of coloured woollen

scarves, stockings, caps, and gloves. A picture of a sheep farm could be made. There should be a blue wash for the sky, a green wash for the fields, while white patches could be left to indicate sheep. The farm could be painted grey, also any walls, or sheep folds. These pictures could also be done in chalk on coloured paper or cut out freely in coloured paper.

Pictures of sheep and lambs in white chalk or paint on dark paper could be made. The children could draw these freely after having seen pictures of sheep and lambs. Imaginative drawings bringing in shepherds and sheep dogs should be encouraged.

Riddles.—On the blackboard draw outlines of the illustrations of objects shown below. Let the children select the drawing which correctly answers the riddle.



BOTTLE
SNOWMAN

PEA POD
COMB

SHOE
BROOM

1. I have no head,
No arms, no legs;
I have lots of teeth,
But I cannot bite.

(Answer: Comb.)

2. I walk with you,
But cannot walk alone.
I have eyes,
But cannot see.
I have a tongue,
But cannot talk.
Sometimes I squeak.

(Answer: Shoe.)

3. A white man in a field
Had a pipe and a hat.
He looked at the sun
And then melted flat.

(Answer: Snowman.)

4. I have a glass body.
You can see inside me.
I have a neck,
But I have no head.
I hold a cork in my mouth.

(Answer: Bottle.)

5. I have many brothers.
We live in a green house.
When the door is opened
We all fall out.

(Answer: Pea.)

6. I have one long arm.
My foot is covered with hair.
Mother likes me
To clean her house.

(Answer: Broom.)

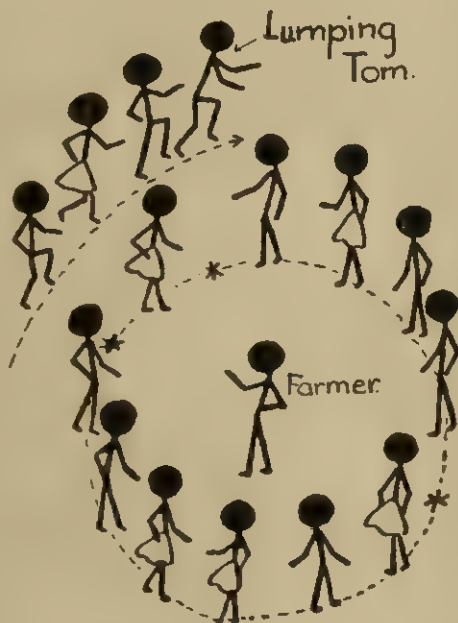
ACTIVITIES AND CONSTRUCTIVE WORK

Game—"Lumping Tom".—An even number of children stand in a ring. One child, the Farmer, stands in the middle, and one other, Lumping Tom, stands outside. Lumping Tom begins the game by running round the outside of the ring. The Farmer calls out, "Who is running round my house to-night?" and Tom answers, "Only poor Lumping Tom."

Then the Farmer asks, "Have you come for one of my fat sheep?" To which Lumping Tom replies, "Only for this small one," tapping one of the children in the ring on the shoulder.

The child touched leaves the circle and runs behind Tom, and the dialogue is repeated till half the number of children in the ring have been taken and run behind him. Then the Farmer says, "I will pull you for my sheep, Lumping Tom."

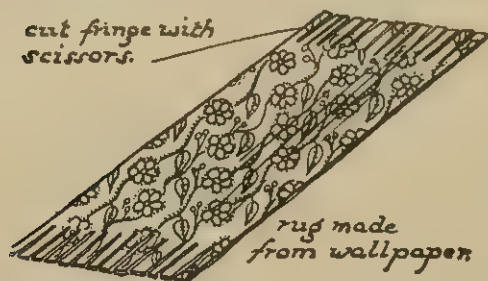
The Farmer, with the remainder of his sheep holding on behind him, then has a tug-of-war with Tom and his sheep.



Tray model of a sheep farm.—Dye a piece of Turkish towelling to represent grass. Place this on the tray over heaps of sand or sawdust to indicate hills. The house can be made of plasticine, or a cardboard box with windows and doors can be cut out and a sloping roof placed upon it, all painted stone colour. The sheep can be modelled from plasticine. A pen is put near the house. The fencing of the pen can be made of match sticks and cardboard strips. A stream flowing between the hills can be made from silver paper.

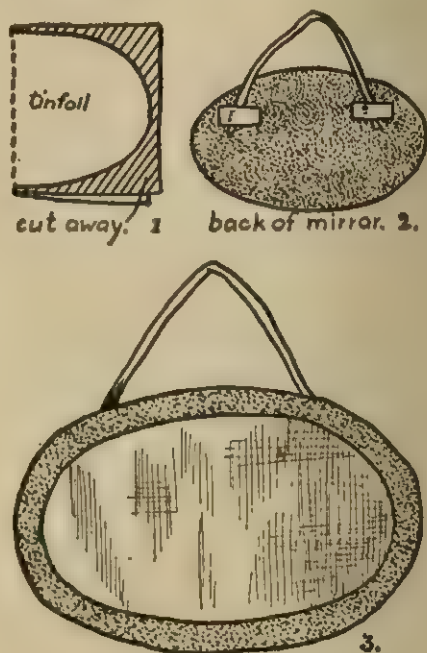
Co-operative group model—sitting room.—In connection with the farmhouse a third room for the doll's house may be made out of a hatbox and added to the doll's bungalow, described on page 17. The walls and floor of the sitting room are prepared in the same way as those of the kitchen, using a flowered wall paper for the walls and the floor. The doors and windows can be made as described on page 18, taking care to make the interior doors of adjoining rooms coincide, and to place the windows on the outside walls of the assembled model. Suitable furniture for the sitting room and accessories for the doll's house are described on the following pages.

Paper cutting—wall-paper rug.—Cut an oblong of dark coloured wall paper, and fringe the short ends by cutting or tearing.



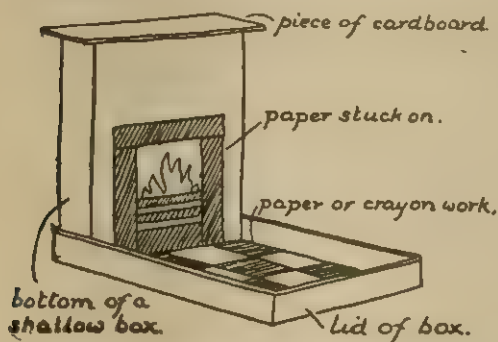
Paper cutting—oval mirror.—A mirror for the sitting room can be made of a piece of brown paper and silver tinfoil. Rub out creases from the tinfoil with a piece of

soft rag, then fold it in half and cut out a semi-circular shape, Fig. 1. Lay the folded shape on a folded piece of brown paper, with the folds matching, and cut out the brown paper back, leaving a margin all round the tinfoil. Thoroughly smear the dull side of the tinfoil with seccotine, or some other strong adhesive, as paste will not hold tinfoil. Then stick the tinfoil to the middle of the brown paper backing. Attach the ends of a length of raffia by crossway strips of paper to the back of the mirror, Fig. 2., and the model is complete, Fig. 3.



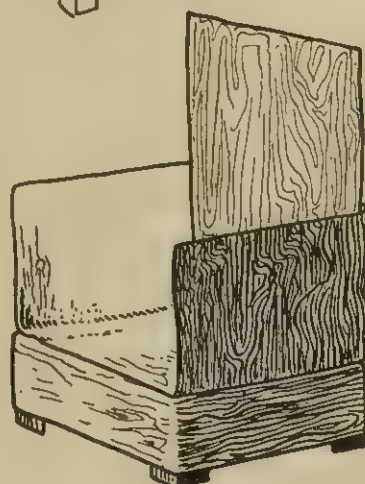
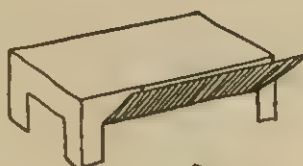
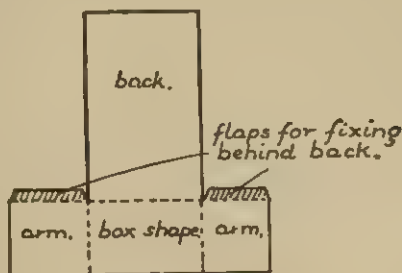
Cardboard model—fireplace.—Take a shallow cardboard box, use the bottom for the grate and the lid for the hearth. Cut out the flames, the bars of the grate and the fireplace in coloured paper, and stick them to the bottom of the box. Make the mantelpiece of a strip of cardboard which can be measured from the end of the box and cut to project on three sides. Stick the mantelpiece to the end of the bottom of the box. Draw the tiles on the hearth

in crayons, or make them with cut-out squares of coloured paper pasted on. Paint the edge of the lid black to represent the fender. Now stick the bottom of the box into the lid and the fireplace is complete. Encourage the children to improve on this simple design; e.g., by making a curved mantelpiece.

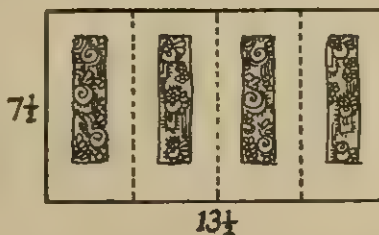


Cardboard model—arm chair.—Take two pieces of wall paper and paste them together with the patterns outside. Keep them under a weight to dry. Take a small square or oblong box without a lid. Lay it flat on the double wall paper and draw round it,—this area marks the seat of the chair. At the sides of the marked area rule off on the paper the arms of the chair, leaving a flap for fixing them back, as shown in the diagram. Then rule out an oblong for the back. Cut down the dark lines and bend at the dotted lines, pasting the two flaps behind the back. Slit down the sides of the box near the corners, making the slits of equal depth. Turn up the flap on each side and cut it off,—this process makes the four legs of the chair. Paste a strip of wall paper round the sides of the box to hide the top edge. Now stick the base of the chair to the box and the model is complete.

Paper model—screen.—This is a simple piece of furniture which a young child can make. Take a piece of coloured paper measuring about 7 in. by 13 in. Fold it in half, then fold the outer edges back to the centre. The decorative panels can be made



of tinfoil wrappers. These are smoothed out by rubbing down with a soft rag. Place four wrappers together and cut them to fit in the four sides of the screen. Stick them on with seccotine and put the screen under a heavy book till dry, to prevent the edges curling up.





Cardboard model—easy chair.—A small round lid, like that of a gas mantle box, or a powder box, is required for this model. Cut a piece of thin card about three times the height of the lid and long enough to wrap more than half way round it. Cut out two strips from the bottom edge, as shown in the diagram, thus making three legs to the chair. Cover the card on the outside and inside with coloured tissue paper or wall paper, cover the top of the lid with a circle of the same paper. Wrap the card round the lid and mark the position of the sides on it, then paste a wall paper frill the depth of the legs along the upper edge of the lid between these marks. Now gum the card round the lid, leaving three legs below, Fig. 1. A piece of string or

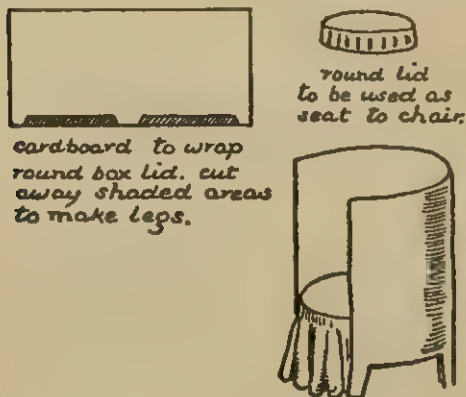


FIG. 1

elastic band will hold the card in position till the gum has set. The youngest children can make the chair without legs, using two

boxes of the same size with stiff coloured paper wrapped round, Fig. 2.

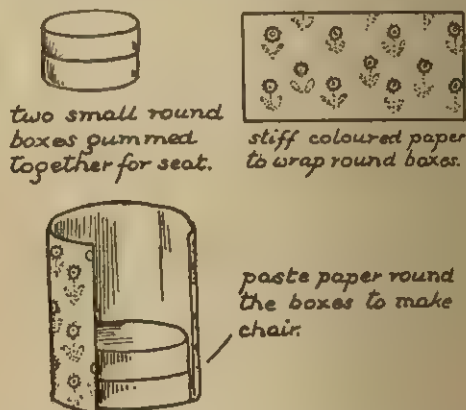
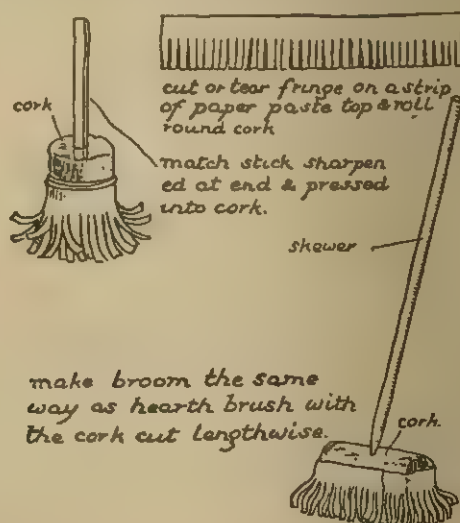


FIG. 2

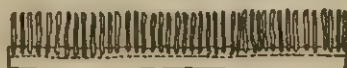
Model of odds and ends—hearth brush.—Make the "bristles" of the hearth brush from a piece of paper about 2 in. by 8 in. Cut or tear a fringe along one long side. Smear paste along the uncut portion and roll it round a cork, keeping it in place with a rubber band or a piece of cotton till dry. The teacher or an older child can sharpen a match stick and make a hole in the top of the cork with the point of the scissors. Push the match stick into the cork, and the hearth brush is complete.



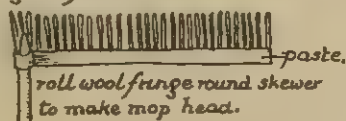
Model of odds and ends—broom.—The "bristles" for the broom are made from paper in the same way as for the hearth brush, only they are attached to the cork lengthways. A slender wooden skewer is used for the handle.

Model of odds and ends—mop.—The mop head is made from odd pieces of wool. To make strands of even length, bind the wool round three fingers, then slip it off and cut it at each end. Hold the bundle of strands firmly in the middle and smear one end with gum. Before the gum has time to dry, take a strip of paper about 6 in. by 1 in., smear one side with gum and place the gummed ends of the strands along it. The wool need not be placed strand by strand, for any irregularities in thickness will not show when the strip is rolled up. Bend

the paper at the dotted line as shown in the diagram, and press it down over the ends of the wool with the edges of the paper matching. When it is dry, smear the paper with gum and roll it tightly round a wooden skewer, keeping it in place with elastic or cotton till dry.



gum pieces of wool to strip of paper 1 in. X 6 in. fold at dotted lines & gum over edges of wool.



roll wool fringe round skewer to make mop head.



STORIES TO READ AND TELL

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

THE bad wolf left his den to look for his dinner. It was a cold spring morning, so he tied his scarf round his neck. He put his flute into the pocket of his coat for he might wish to play a tune. He walked on and on till he saw a little lost lamb. "Baa-baa," said the lamb, but the shepherd was too far off to hear her weak call.

"Ha! ha!" said the bad wolf. "I shall eat you. You will do well for my dinner to-day."

The little lamb shook with fear. How she wished the shepherd would come to her help. What could she do? She sank to her knees. "O, sir," she begged, "I am very fond of a tune. Will you not play to me before I die?"

"Why, yes," said the wolf. He took his flute and began to play.

"It is very pretty," said the poor lamb,

"but I have a cold in my head, and I am a little deaf. Would you play a little more loudly, please, kind sir?"



The wolf played more and more loudly. The shrill notes could be heard far off. Over the hill came the shepherd and his dog.

"Yap! yap!" said Jock the dog, as he sprang at the wolf. The shepherd lifted his thick stick, and, with a sharp blow sent the wolf howling away.

Playing the story.—To help the children to appreciate the story let them mime actions and imitate sounds based on it:—

1. Rub your hands as if they were cold.
2. Pretend to tie a scarf round your neck.
3. Pretend to put a flute in your pocket.
4. Say "Baa-baa" in a weak voice.
5. Say "Hal hal" in a loud voice.
6. Pretend to shake with fear.
7. Kneel down and say, "Sir, will you not play to me before I die?"
8. Pretend to play a flute.
9. Say "Yap! yap!" like Jock the dog.
10. Pretend to hit the wolf with a big stick.

Describing-words.—Point out to the children some of the words used in this story to describe the name-words. Tell them to listen carefully while the story is read again and then let them try to fill the gaps in the following from the story:—

— wolf; — spring morning; — —
lamb; — call; — tune; — notes;
— stick; — blow.

Put right.—The statements in the following sentences are not given as in the story. The children are required to rewrite them correctly:—

1. The good wolf left his den.
2. He tied a scarf round his feet.
3. He saw a big lamb.
4. "Baa-baa," said the wolf.
5. "Hal hal" said the lamb.
6. "Would you play more softly," said the lamb.
7. Over the hill came the stick and his dog.

THE SHEPHERD BOY AND THE WOLF

THERE was once a young shepherd boy who minded the farmer's sheep at the foot of a mountain near a forest. Wolves lived in the forest, but the days went by and no wolf came to steal

the sheep. It was rather lonely for the shepherd boy all day. He had no one to talk to, so he thought out a plan by which he could get some people to come to him.

He rushed down towards the village calling out, "Wolf! wolf!" The men of the village seized thick sticks and hurried up to the shepherd boy, but of course there was no wolf to be seen. The boy was so pleased with what he had done, that a few days afterwards he tried the same trick. "Wolf! wolf!" he shouted, and again the men seized sticks and ran to help him.

Shortly after this a wolf really did come out from the forest and begin to worry the sheep. The boy was dreadfully frightened and he ran to the village shouting "Wolf! wolf!" still louder than before. But this time the men thought that the boy was not telling the truth and that he was playing his trick again, so no one went to his help.

The wolf made a good meal off the sheep, and the boy went to tell his master the bad news. "No one came to help me," he said, "although I shouted as loudly as I could."

"Ah," said the farmer, "a boy who does not speak the truth always, will not be believed even when he does speak the truth."

Speech training.—In order that the children may fully appreciate the story and to give them practice in speaking, the teacher might ask the following questions:—1. What does the beginning of the story tell us? 2. What is a shepherd boy? 3. Where did the shepherd go to mind the sheep? 4. What animals in some countries kill sheep? 5. Are there any wolves in England? 6. What is a wolf like? (An Alsatian dog.) 7. Why did the shepherd boy feel lonely? 8. What does the middle of the story tell us? 9. Why did men with thick sticks hurry to the boy? 10. Why did the boy try the trick a second time? 11. Was the boy speaking the truth? 12. Why did the boy cry "Wolf!" the third time? 13. What happened when the boy called "Wolf! wolf!" the third time? 14. What does the end of the story tell us?

Missing words.—Write these words on the blackboard and write the sentences on cards. The children rewrite the sentences adding the correct doing-words:—

rushed, tried, minded, seized, made, lived.

1. The shepherd boy — the farmer's sheep.

2. Wolves — in the forest.

3. He — down towards the village.

4. The men of the village — thick sticks.

5. A few days afterwards he — the same trick.

6. The wolf — a good meal off the sheep.



HANS THE SHEPHERD BOY

HANS was a little shepherd boy who lived in Germany. One day he was keeping his sheep near a great wood when a hunter rode up to him.

"How far is it to the nearest village, my boy?" asked the hunter.

"It is six miles, sir," said Hans. "But the road is only a sheep-track. You might easily miss your way."

"My boy," said the hunter, "if you will show me the way, I will pay you well."

Hans shook his head. "I cannot leave the sheep, sir," he said. "They would stray into the wood, and the wolves might kill them."

"But if one or two sheep are eaten by the wolves, I will pay you for them. I will give you more than you can earn in a year."

"Sir, I cannot go," said Hans. "These

sheep are my master's. If they are lost, I should be to blame."

"If you cannot show me the way, will you get me a guide? I will take care of your sheep while you are gone."

"No," said Hans, "I cannot do that. The sheep do not know your voice—and—" Then he stopped.

"Can't you trust me?" asked the hunter.

"No," said Hans. "You have tried to make me break my word to my master. How do I know that you would keep your word?"

The hunter laughed. "You are right," he said. "I wish I could trust my servants as your master can trust you. Show me the path. I will try to get to the village alone."

Just then several men rode out of the wood. They shouted for joy. "Oh, sir!" cried one, "we thought you were lost."

Then Hans learned to his great surprise that the hunter was a Prince. He was afraid that the great man would be angry with him. But the Prince smiled and spoke in praise of him.

A few days later a servant came from the Prince and took Hans to the palace.

"Hans," said the Prince, "I want you to leave your sheep to come to serve me. I know you are a boy whom I can trust."

Hans was very happy over his good fortune.

"If my master can find another boy to take my place, then I will come to serve you," said he.

So Hans went back and tended the sheep until his master found another boy. After that he served the Prince many years.

Ella Lyman Cabot.

Missing words.—The following sentences can be dictated, or written on cards. The children have to fill the gaps with the correct words. This form of exercise is valuable, as it trains children to listen carefully when a story is read or told:—

1. Hans was a little shepherd boy who lived in —.
2. One day he was keeping his sheep near a great —.
3. "No," said Hans, "you have tried to make me break my word to my —."
4. Then Hans learned to his great surprise that the hunter was a —.
5. A few days later a servant came from the Prince and took Hans to the —.

Put right.—The following is a good exercise for the brighter children. The statements in the sentences are not given as in the story, and the children are required to re-write them correctly:—

1. Hans was minding his sheep in a great wood.
2. The hunter came from the village.
3. Hans was ready to leave the sheep.
4. Hans trusted the hunter.
5. The Prince was angry with Hans.
6. Hans left his old master at once.

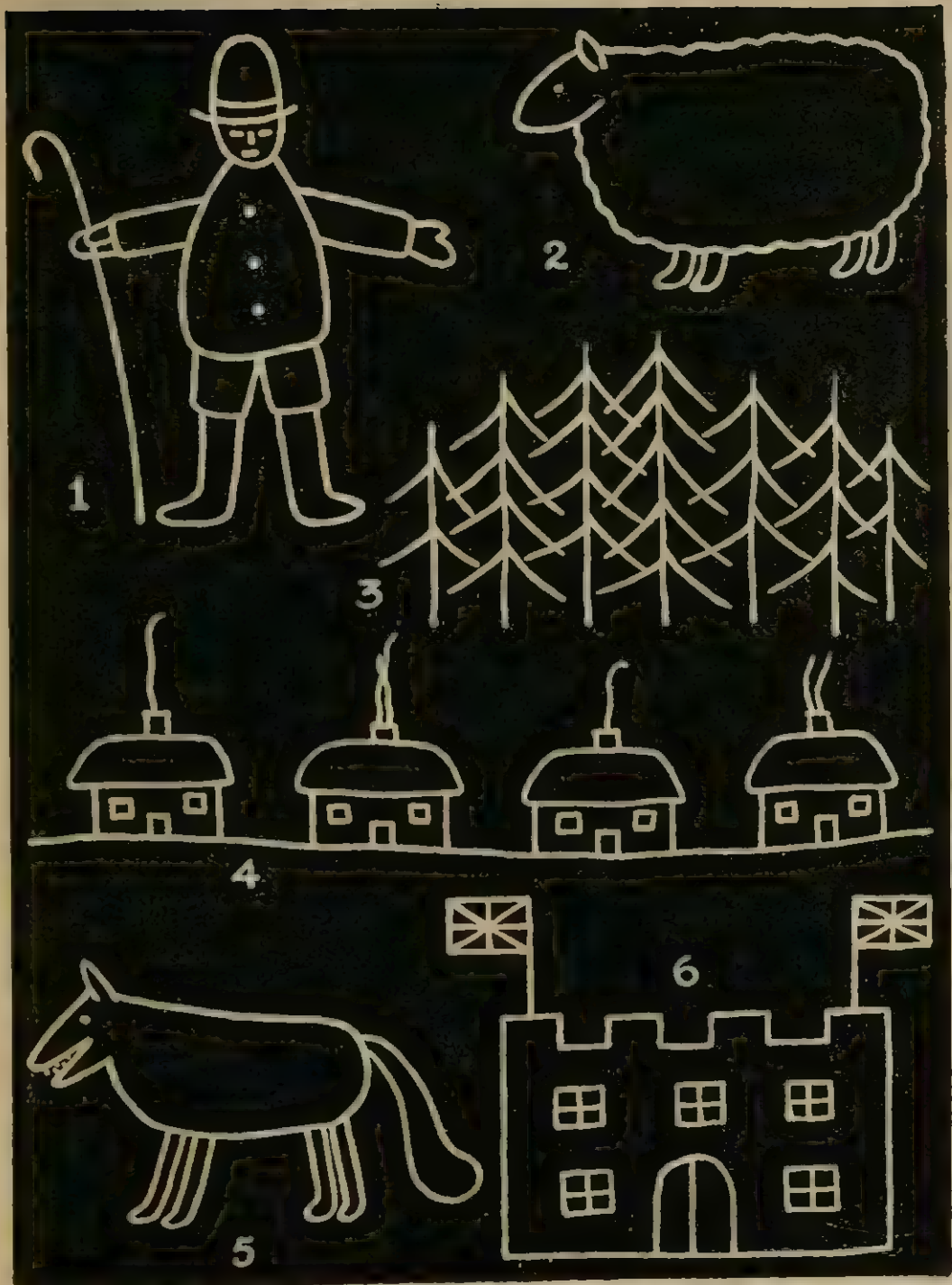
A STORY FROM HISTORY

SAINT JOAN THE SHEPHERDESS

Introduction.—Before reading or telling this story to the children it will be necessary to explain that when King Edward III ruled over England, the English and the French were enemies. The chief cause of the quarrel between the two nations was the rivalry between the English and French merchants for the wool trade of Flanders. In those days merchants depended upon the wool and woollen cloth for most of their wealth. The cloth-manufacturing cities of Flanders had quarrelled with their ruler, the count of Flanders, and when the count asked the French to help him, the merchants asked

the English to come to their assistance. The French, too, wished to recover for France the small province of Gascony which was ruled by England. The war which broke out lasted on and off for over a hundred years, from 1337 to 1453, and it is generally known as *The Hundred Years' War*.

At first the English were entirely successful. Great battles were won and a large part of the north of France was conquered by the English. The last town to hold out was Orleans which was besieged by the English in 1428. The French king, Charles VI, had recently died, and the dauphin, or crown prince, had not yet been crowned. Charles, the dauphin, was of little use as a

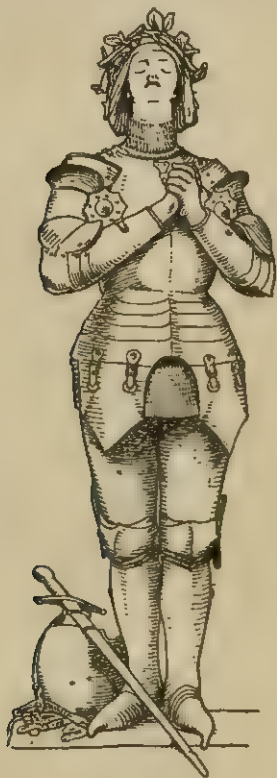


CHILDREN'S DRAWINGS ILLUSTRATING HANS THE SHEPHERD BOY

1. HANS 2. SHEEP 3. FOREST 4. VILLAGE 5. WOLF 6. PALACE

leader; the French had lost heart and the city of Orleans seemed doomed to fall. Then a miracle happened. Joan of Arc, a shepherdess, came to the rescue and saved France.

Children's story.—In a little village called Domrémy, far away from the noise of battle, there lived a peasant girl called Joan (in French, Jeanne). Her parents' surname was



ST. JOAN
THE MAID OF ORLEANS WHO SAVED FRANCE
A modern statue.

d'Arc and her full name was Jeanne d'Arc, or as we should say, Joan of Arc. In the daytime Joan would follow her father's plough or mind the sheep in the meadows and pastures. All the boys and girls of Domrémy loved Joan because she was so simple and good. But she seemed strange to them too. Often she would slip away by herself, and when they asked her where

she had been, she would say, "I went to talk with God." In the evening Joan and her mother would spin linen, and make clothes for the rest of the family. Joan could spin and sew very well, and was a great help to her mother. Indeed, she was helpful to all whom she knew. She loved to visit those who were ill, and if poor people came to the house she did all she could for them, even sleeping by the hearth so that they might lie in her bed.

When Joan was thirteen years old she was sitting one midsummer day in her father's garden. All was still save for the humming of the bees, when suddenly she seemed to hear a voice saying, "Go into France and raise the siege of Orleans." Three times the words were repeated, and the third time Joan felt that they must come from the lips of an angel. Again and again the voice came to her. She heard other voices as well and sometimes saw beautiful forms wearing jewelled crowns, who seemed to her to be the figures of saints, Saint Michael, Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret.

Joan was afraid at first. "How can I be of use among rough soldiers?" she thought; "I, a simple girl who cannot ride a horse or use a spear or lance?" But the Voices told her of all the sad things that were happening in France, and Joan's heart was so full of pity for the French, and of longing to help them, that at last she went to a captain who lived in a town near by, and begged him to help her.

For a long time the captain would not believe her story, but at last her simple faith won his heart. He gave her a horse, and the people of the town gave her men's clothes to wear on the journey—a doublet or short jacket, hose or long stockings, a coat, boots and spurs. Joan had a sword, too, which she had found behind the altar of the church. She believed that it was a sacred sword sent to her by God, and she never used it to hurt anyone.

Thus equipped, Joan and a few men who believed in her set out on the long and

dangerous ride through France. The little party journeyed for eleven days through forests where robbers lurked, and past castles belonging to cruel barons, but though they were often in danger Joan showed no fear. "God will clear my path to the king," she said. (Joan always spoke of the dauphin as the king of France.) On the eleventh day they reached the royal court, and after waiting for some time, the Maid, as men called her, was allowed to see the dauphin. To test her, he hid himself among a group of nobles as richly dressed as himself; but as soon as Joan entered the room she knew which was he, and going straight up to him she said, "Gentle dauphin, on the part of my Lord I tell thee that thou art true heir of France and son of the king, and He sends me to lead thee to Reims, that thou mayest receive thy crowning and thy consecration if thou wilt."

Joan's faith at length convinced the dauphin and his nobles that she was sent from God, and an army was sent out to raise the siege of Orleans, with orders to follow the Maid's commands in everything. The English were not able to stop her progress and she entered the city at the head of the army, dressed in shining armour and carrying in her hand a white banner on which was the figure of Our Lord holding a lily. The people crowded round to welcome her. She seemed to them like an angel come to deliver them from their enemies, and they tried to kiss her hand as if it were holy. But Joan would not allow it. God alone would deliver Orleans, she said.

From the hour Joan arrived in Orleans the English seemed to lose heart. A week later they raised the siege and fled. Then Joan led the dauphin in triumph to Reims, the city where the kings of France were crowned, and there, in the great cathedral, he was proclaimed king of France as Charles VII. As the crown was placed upon his head the Maid who had helped him to win it stood beside him holding her banner. In a dark corner of the church a poor peasant was shedding tears of joy. It was

Joan's father who had come to share his daughter's thanksgiving that the first part of the task which God had given her was done.

When the coronation was over, Joan longed earnestly to go home. "Would that it might please God my Creator," she said, "that I might retire now, give up my arms, and return to serve my father and mother, and to take care of their sheep with my sisters and my brothers, who would be so happy to see me again." How much we wish that this longing had been fulfilled and that the story of the sad ending of Joan's life need not be written! But Joan felt that her work would not be finished till the English had all been driven out of France, and she would not leave the army till that work was done.

The French went on winning towns from the English, but they no longer needed and trusted the Maid as they had done at first. Many French soldiers were jealous of her, and were vexed when they were told that their victories had been won by a woman. In May, 1430, the Maid was captured by soldiers of the Duke of Burgundy, the ally of England. King Charles, though he owed his crown to Joan, made no effort to save her. In November, Joan was sold to the English, who, in January, handed her over to a court for trial. Later, she was publicly accused as a heretic and a witch, and finally was sentenced to death and burned at the stake in the square of Rouen, May 30, 1431.

To the very end Joan was brave and noble. A monk climbed upon the pile of wood to hold up a cross before her eyes. Then the wood was lighted and Joan, remembering others even in her pain, called out, "Take care . . . the fire . . . Go down quickly, but hold the cross very high that I may see it to the end." As the flames crept round her, she cried, "No, no, my Voices have not deceived me. They come truly from God. It is in obedience to my Sovereign Lord that I have done all my actions." Then, with one last look at the

crucifix, she cried, "Jesus! Jesus!" and let her head fall on her breast. "We are all lost," said one of those standing by, "for we have killed a saint."

When Joan was dead, men began to realise the cruel injustice of the way in which she died. Joan's mother and her two brothers sent a message to the Pope, asking that Joan's memory might be set free from the charge of being a witch. Enquiries were made, and twenty-six years after her execution the Archbishop of Rouen read a proclamation saying that Joan was innocent and had been wrongly put to death. He ordered that on the spot where she was burnt a cross should be put up in her memory.

The people of France were not satisfied.

They felt that Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, was no ordinary girl, and in their love and gratitude to her for setting France free from the English they desired to pay honour to her memory. Statues were put up to the Maid and poems were written about her. The greatest honour of all came to her in 1920, nearly five hundred years after her death, when she was counted as a Saint by the Pope, because of her love and purity and her faithful service to God and man.

Although she did not know it when she died, Joan's work was done. After her death the English lost ground steadily, and were finally driven out of all France except from the town of Calais.

STORIES AND RHYMES

BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP!

(This rhyme is set to music on page 655.)

"Baa, baa, Black Sheep!

Have you any wool?"

"Yes, sir! yes, sir!

Three bags full.

One for the master,

One for the dame,

One for the little boy -

That lives in the lane."

LITTLE Dick was singing "Baa, baa, Black Sheep!" at the top of his voice. He and Uncle George were walking along the short grass of the South Downs, and an old shepherd and his clever dog were minding a flock of sheep close by. A little way off Dick saw the white cliffs, and the blue sea sparkling in the sun. Dick looked hard at a sheep near him.

"Uncle," said Dick in a whisper, "this sheep's face is the colour of a mouse. Have you ever seen a real, *black* sheep?"

"O yes," said Uncle George, "there are some sheep that are black all over."

Uncle George sat down and began to smoke; little Dick sat down too. How quiet it was, and how pretty to see the sheep nibbling away at the short grass.

"I wish the sheep could talk to me," said Dick sleepily. And little Dick fell fast asleep.

When he woke up, Dick cried: "Oh, Uncle, I had a dream, and a sheep *was* talking to me. But I can't remember what she said."

Uncle George smiled and said, "Perhaps I know what the sheep said in your dream."

"Oh, Uncle! How lovely! Do tell me."

So Uncle George began, and this was the dream.

The sheep came close to little Dick and said: "Well, Dick, do you like that nice coat you have on?"

"Thank you," said Dick politely, "I like it because it's so cosy and warm."

"My wool," said the sheep, "is always cosy and very good indeed. I am glad you are pleased with it."

"How splendid of you to let us have it, Mrs. —, Mrs. —!"

"My family name is 'Southdown,'" remarked the sheep, proudly.

"Mrs. Southdown—what a nice name!" said Dick. "I do hope you did not feel cold when your wool was cut off."

"Do not mention it," she replied. "In hot weather one does not need heavy clothes. And I like to do my bit for my country."

"Oh, Mrs. Southdown," cried Dick, "do look at these tiny snails in the grass!"

"Thank you very much!" said Mrs. Southdown, eating up the little snails. "Very small but very good, a nice little treat for me!"

"Dear me!" said Dick. "Do sheep eat snails as well as grass?"

"Of course. Why should these special tiny snails be found on the South Downs if they were not meant for us?"

"Do you eat many snails?" enquired Dick.

"Hundreds and hundreds," answered Mrs. Southdown. "One does not like to mention it," said she, dropping her voice, "but the snails and grass on the South Downs give mutton a fine flavour—so they tell me." And Mrs. Southdown sighed, and ate up a little handful of snails which Dick had just collected for her.

"You must have been a pretty lamb, Mrs. Southdown," remarked Dick.

"We were a happy little crowd, skipping about all over the place," replied Mrs. Southdown. "But my skipping days are over now."

"How do you like the sheep dog over there?" asked little Dick.

"Oh, he's quite a good fellow," answered Mrs. Southdown. "Rather fussy sometimes, you know. But he means well."

"And is the shepherd a nice man?" went on Dick.

Mrs. Southdown looked round. "The shepherd is quite a gentleman," she said. "But excuse me now, Dick, my friends and I are going for a walk. Good morning. I have quite enjoyed our little talk." And then all the flock moved on. Now and then Dick thought he saw Mrs. Southdown turn round and give him another look, as she

walked slowly away on her short legs, and then Dick waved his hand in farewell.

J. Bone.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

(This rhyme is set to music on page 653.)

Little Boy Blue,
Come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow,
The cow's in the corn.

Where is the little boy
Who looks after the sheep?
He's under the haystack, fast asleep.

Will you wake him?
No, not I!
For if I do,
He'll be sure to cry.

LITTLE Boy Blue was just five years old. He wore his new blue smock, and he carried a fine toy trumpet which his mother had given him for a birthday present. Oh, what a noise he made blowing away till his cheeks puffed out like apples! He would shout:

"Little Boy Blue,
Come blow your horn,"

and blow, and blow, and blow, till he had no breath left.

Little Boy Blue and his sister, Susie, were going to the hayfield, where the hay-makers were making the hay into rows of haystacks all down the field. His sister, Susie, held one of Little Boy Blue's hands, and with the other hand he held the trumpet to his mouth.

"I can drive the sheep," said Boy Blue to the man who was taking the sheep to another meadow.

"Come along with me then, little master," said the man.

So Boy Blue, still holding Susie's hand, followed the sheep, and blew and blew and blew. At last the sheep were all in the meadow and the gate was shut.

"I could have done it all by myself," said Boy Blue. "When I blow my horn, the sheep know they must go into the meadow." The farm man winked at Susie and went off.

"Come and sit down, Boy Blue," said Susie, "your little legs are tired."

"I want to drive the cows now," said Boy Blue.

"Sit down and rest first," said Susie, and she put Boy Blue comfortably against a sweet smelling haycock. In less than no time Boy Blue was fast asleep still holding his toy trumpet.

Susie, too, leaned back against the haycock.

"Boy Blue shall have a good sleep, poor little fellow, he is so tired," said Susie to herself.

So when at last Boy Blue opened his eyes he heard a very pleasant clinking of spoons and rattle of cups and saucers. Mother and Susie were setting out a picnic tea; and there were strawberries and cream, jam tarts, and little cakes. Boy Blue sat up, gave one long blow on his trumpet, and then enjoyed his birthday tea with his mother and Susie.

J. Bone.



Little Boy Blue.

STORY AND PLAY

STORY—THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

Introduction.—This well-known fable can be easily dramatised in dialogue form. Read the story through to the children, then let them take turns to act it. A dramatised version suitable for the Sixes and Sevens is given at the end of the story.

Story.—One day a wolf found a lamb drinking at a brook. The wolf said, "What do you mean by making the water muddy in my spring?"

"Indeed, sir," said the poor frightened lamb, "I did not disturb your spring; it is farther up the stream, and the water does not run that way."

"Well," said the wolf, "you trampled the mud up in my spring last year."

"No, indeed," said the trembling lamb. "I was not born last year."

"Oh, well, if you didn't do it, your father or mother did."

And he gobbled up the poor lamb—which was just what he had meant to do all the time.

Æsop.

PLAY—THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

This little dialogue, which is a dramatised version of the preceding story, may be performed in the classroom without properties or scenery, except a newspaper or cloth laid on the floor to represent the stream. If the parts of the Wolf and Lamb are copied on two separate cards, many children can take turns in reading the parts in front of the class.

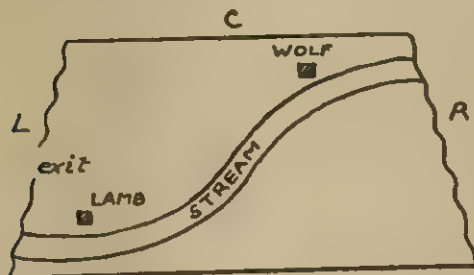
People in the play.—WOLF. LAMB.

Scene.—By the side of a stream. There is an entrance to the stage on the left.

[Lamb comes in.]

Lamb. What a hot day! I am so thirsty. I will drink from this stream. (Drinks.)

[Wolf comes in.]



ARRANGEMENT OF STAGE

Wolf. How hot it is! I shall be glad of some water, though I should prefer a juicy lamb. (Sees Lamb.) Oh-ho!

Lamb. Good morning, sir.

Wolf. What are you doing here?

Lamb. I am drinking, sir.

Wolf. What right have you to be drinking here with me?

Lamb. I was here before you, sir, but I will go now.

Wolf. Stop a moment. You have quite spoilt the water for me, do you know that?

Lamb. Spoilt the water! How is that, sir?

Wolf. The dirt from your feet has made the water muddy.

Lamb. But, sir, the stream flows from you to me. Where you stand there cannot be any mud from my feet.

Wolf. Never mind. I remember that last year you made this stream muddy.

Lamb. Oh no, sir, not last year.

Wolf. Yes, yes, it was last year.

Lamb. Then it was not I, sir.

Wolf. Yes, yes, it was you.

Lamb. But, sir, I was not born last year.

Wolf. Then it was your father or mother.

Lamb. But, sir—

Wolf. Do not argue. I made up my mind to eat you when I first saw you.

Lamb. Oh-h-h!

[Wolf catches and drags off Lamb.]

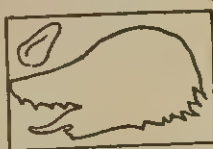
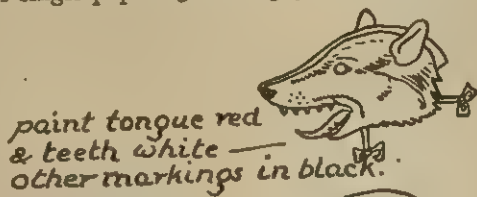
Adapted by Kate Lay.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A FULL PRODUCTION OF "THE WOLF AND THE LAMB."

Scenery.—When making a stage production of this little play, the backcloth should represent some outdoor scene. Cut-out hills may be pasted or sewn upon it, or trees like those described for "The Little Pine Tree," see *Index*. The stream may be represented by a long strip of blue crêpe paper meandering across the stage. The Lamb and Wolf enter from the left wing and stand in the positions indicated in the sketch, *Arrangement of stage*.

Costumes.—For convenience and cleanliness the animals walk upright and wear paper masks.

The mask for Wolf is made from stiff brown or grey paper. Draw the head (11½ in. by 8½ in.) and ears (4½ in. long) on folded paper and cut them out. Cut a strip of single paper 15 in. long (5 in. wide at one

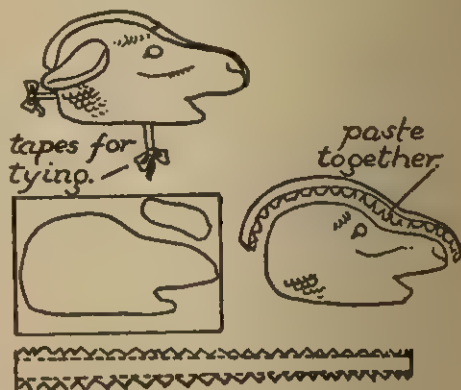


plan of mask. cut ears and head on folded brown paper.

MASK FOR WOLF

end and 1 in. wide at the other) and notch the edges. Paint the nose black, the teeth white and the tongue red. Use poster colours or water colours mixed with Chinese white, or stick on coloured paper. Sketch the markings on the head and ears and cut out the eye with a knife. To make up the mask fold down the notched edges of the strip. Gum one side and attach it to one side of the head, with the narrow end of the strip to the nose end. The strip extends only a little way beyond the ears. When the gum is dry, attach the other side of the head in the same manner. Stick on the ears and gum on two pairs of tapes in the positions shown. Each tape is stuck to the inside of the mask and has a piece of paper pasted over the join to make the fastening more secure.

The mask for *Lamb* is made in the same way as that for *Wolf*.



plan of mask, cut ears and head on folded paper.

MASK FOR LAMB

RHYMES AND POEMS

CRADLE SONG

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father is watching the sheep,
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree
And down drops a little dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
And the bright moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Our Saviour loves His sheep:
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sakes came down to die,
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Folk Song.

Articulation.—In this old rhyme much use is made of sibilants, which some children will have difficulty in articulating properly. The *p* in *sleep*, *sheep* and *drops*, too, will

need attention. Rather than spoil the charm of the poem by giving drill in the articulation of the sibilants contained in it, it is advisable to select other similar passages and give the drill on those; e.g.,—

1. Robin sang sweetly,
When the days were bright,
"Thanks! Thanks for summer!"
He sang with all his might.
2. A child has two eyes and two ears, two hands and two arms, and two legs and two feet. Such a lot of twos of things.
3. If you sneeze on Monday, you sneeze for danger;
Sneeze on a Tuesday, kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on Wednesday, sneeze for a letter;
Sneeze on a Thursday, something better;
Sneeze on a Friday, sneeze for sorrow;
Sneeze on a Saturday, see your sweet heart to-morrow.

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day—
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see the lamb at school.

So the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near;
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear.

Then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, "I'm not afraid,
You'll keep me from all harm!"

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry.
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

Old Rhyme.



Mary had a
little lamb.

Note.—This old rhyme tells a simple story. It might be pointed out to the older children that this story, like most stories, has a beginning, a middle and an end. The beginning tells us in the first line what the story is about—*Mary had a little lamb.*

The middle of the story tells us what the lamb did—the lamb followed Mary to school and waited patiently for her to appear after school was over.

The end of the story tells us that the lamb loved Mary because Mary loved the lamb. By frequently drawing the children's attention to the chief points of a story told in verse or in prose, the children will gradually learn to frame their stories, whether spoken or written, in an orderly way.

The first verse is suitable for reading preparation with the Fives. Cards should be prepared for a matching game, as already suggested in connection with many of the preceding rhymes.

LITTLE BO-PEEP

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
Bringing their tails behind them.

Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke she found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeing.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them, indeed, but it made her
heart bleed,
For they'd left all their tails behind them.



Little Bo-Peep.

It happened one day, as Bo-Peep did stray
 Into a meadow hard by,
 There she espied their tails side by side,
 All hung on a tree to dry.

She heaved a sigh, and wiped her eye,
 Then went o'er hill and dale, oh;
 And tried what she could, as a shepherdess
 should,
 To tack to each sheep its tail, oh.

Old Rhyme.

Note.—Here is another rhyme which tells a story, and again the attention of the children should be drawn to the main points of it, as noted in the preceding rhyme—*Mary had a Little Lamb.*

In the talks about sheep and lambs the children will have learned that the shepherd cuts off the long tails of the lambs when they are very young, as long woolly tails would get very dirty out in the fields; sheep, too, do not need tails to brush off the flies, for their coats are thick.

The children will appreciate the fun of this poem which tells how Bo-Peep tried to tack the tails on to the lambs again.

THE LAMB

Little lamb, who made thee?
 Dost thou know who made thee,
 Gave thee life and bade thee feed
 By the stream and o'er the mead;
 Gave thee clothing of delight,
 Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
 Gave thee such a tender voice,
 Making all the vales rejoice?

Little lamb, who made thee?
 Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
 Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
 He is called by thy name,
 For He calls Himself a Lamb;
 He is meek, and He is mild,
 He became a little child.
 I a child and thou a lamb,
 We are called by His name.
 Little lamb, God bless thee!
 Little lamb, God bless thee!

William Blake.

THE LAZY SHEEP

"Lazy sheep, pray tell me why
 In the pleasant fields you lie
 Eating grass and daisies white
 From the morning till the night?
 Everything can something do
 But what kind of use are you?"

"Nay, my little master, nay,
 Do not serve me so, I pray,
 Don't you see the wool that grows
 On my back to make your clothes?
 Cold, yes, very cold you'd be,
 If you had no wool from me.

"Then the farmer comes at last
 When the merry spring is past,
 And cuts my woolly coat away
 To warm you on the winter's day.
 Little master, this is why
 In the pleasant fields I lie."

Anon.



SONGS

LITTLE BOY BLUE

Arranged by
PERCY G. SAUNDERS

NURSERY RHYME

Do = D

The musical score is written in D major (two sharps) and 6/8 time. It consists of three systems. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The vocal line includes lyrics and a melodic line with note heads and stems. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines. The first system is an instrumental introduction. The second system contains the first line of the song. The third system contains the second line of the song. The lyrics are: "Lit - tle Boy Blue, Come blow — your horn, The sheep's in the mea - dow, The cow's in the corn."

lit - tle Boy Blue, Come blow — your horn, The

sheep's in the mea - dow, The cow's in the corn.

|| d' :d' :d' | t ,t :t :t ,t | l :l :l | s :- :s |

Where is the lit - tle boy who looks af - ter the sheep? He's

|| d' :d' :d' | t :- :t | l :- :l | s :- :- |

un - der the hay - cock fast a - sleep

|| d :r :m | m :- :s | l :s :m | s :- :s |

Will — you wake him? No, — not I! For

|| s :- :s | l :- :l ,l | t :l :t | d' :- :- ||

if I do, He'll be sure — to cry

BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP

NURSERY RHYME

Arranged by
PERCY G. SAUNDERS

Doh=D

"Baa, Baa, Black Sheep!

Have you an-y wool?" "Yes, sir! Yes, sir! Three bags full. One for the mas-ter,

One for the dame, And one for the lit-tle boy that lives in the lane!"

BLACKBOARD DRAWINGS

HOW TO DRAW THE LAMB

THE full plate on the opposite page shows the lamb drawn in many attitudes. The topmost series of four drawings gives the building up of a drawing of a lamb upon a rigid shape. The drawing of two lambs lying down together would make a pretty and simple cut-out for the scene of a sheep fold. The remainder of the sketches show the lamb gambolling over the meadow, its supple body, with long frisking tail, bounding on agile legs.

The half plate below gives details in the appearance of a lamb:—

1. The rather large ears are perhaps the first thing that one notices about the head of a lamb. They stand straight out from the head, giving an inquisitive look to the face.

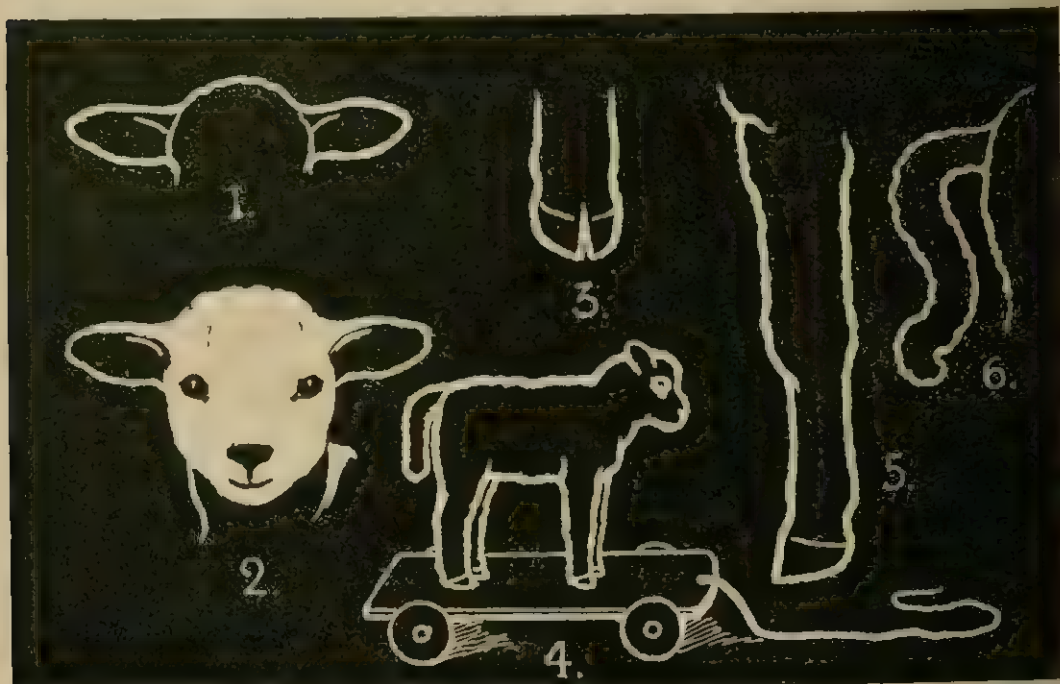
2. The two eyes and nose form an equilateral triangle of three black spots on a white face.

3. The neat little straight hoof is cleft in the middle.

4. A toy lamb on wheels, which may be found a useful sketch in itself, as well as a suggestion for toy making.

5. One of the forelegs with its straight little hoof and thick kneecap. All four legs look out of proportion to its body and seem thick and clumsy, yet no animal shows more agility than the lamb, as it runs, leaps, twists and frolics in its play.

6. The twisting, wriggling tail, which is cut quite short a little later in life, but which, when long, is wonderfully expressive of joy as the lamb gambols.



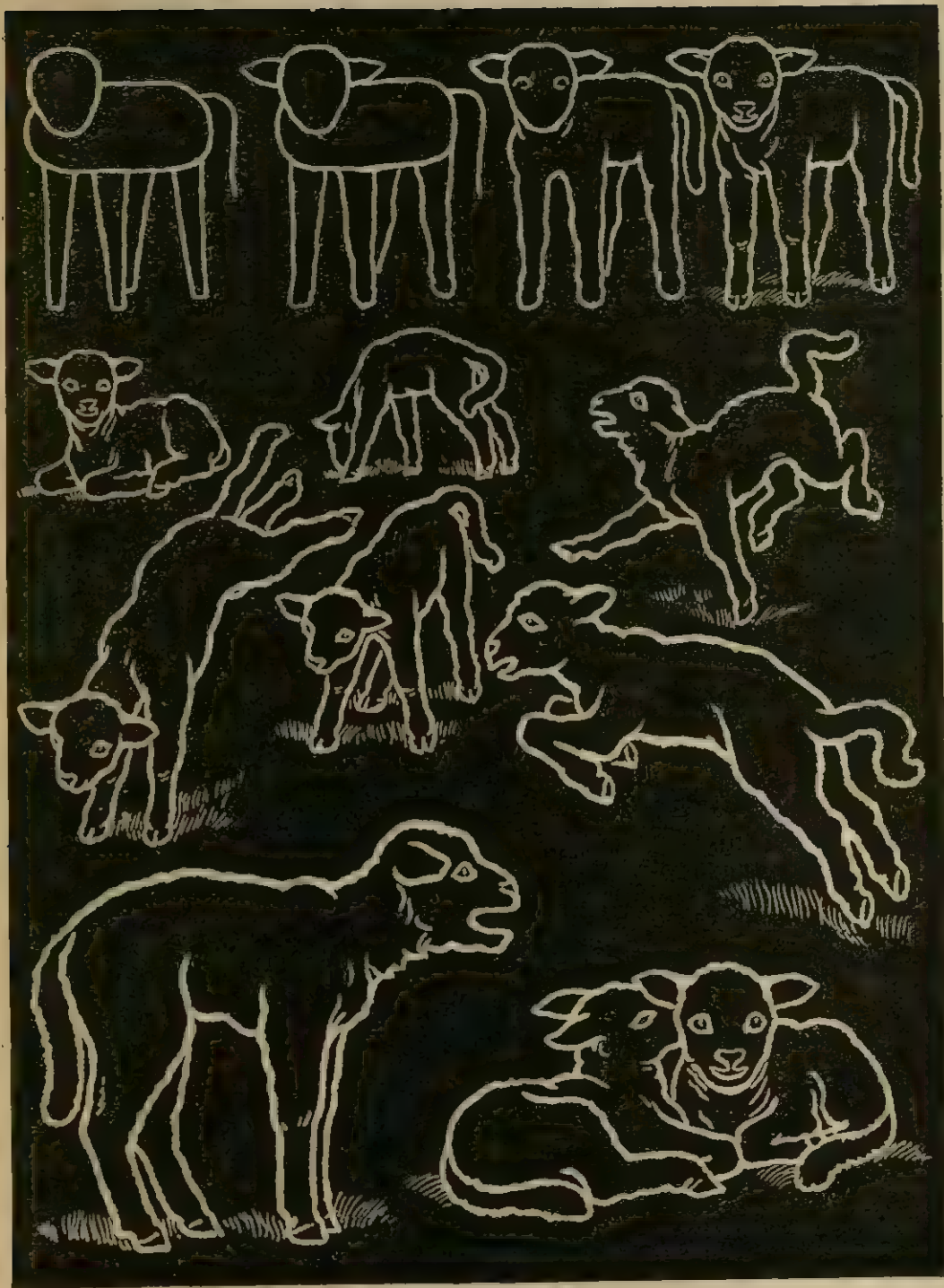
1. THE EARS

2. THE FACE

3. THE HOOF
6. THE TAIL

4. TOY LAMB

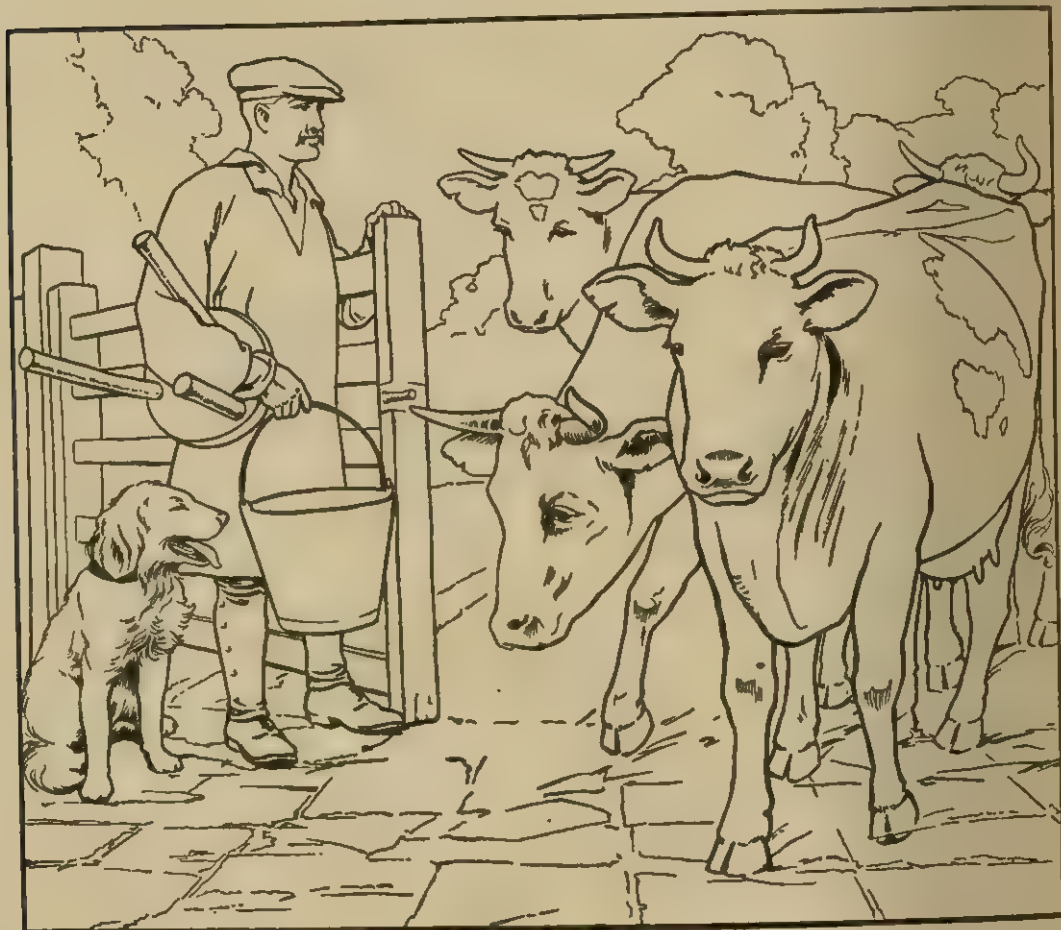
5. THE FORELEG



HOW TO DRAW LAMBS

CENTRE OF INTEREST— THE FARM

XVII. COWS ON THE FARM



MILKING TIME

Drawing in Outline of Picture No. 21 in the Portfolio.

Description of Picture No. 21.—Here we see the cows coming from the fields into the farmyard to be milked. The cowman stands by the farmyard gate as the cows pass through, waiting to shut the gate when they are all inside. He wears a smock, boots and gaiters and a cloth cap, and holds a milking stool and pail. His trusty dog sits by his side, wisely ignoring the cows as they pass, though one of them looks distrustfully at him. The gentle, dappled cows walk quietly in, showing their smooth glossy hides and mild brown eyes fringed with long lashes. Notice that, unlike the horse, a cow has a two-toed hoof. The farmyard is paved with white stone,—ker-lop, ker-lop, go the feet of the cows as they enter.

The frieze for the classroom wall is made up of a toy wooden cow led by a cowman. Sketches in outline for tracing these shapes

are given, see pages 660 and 661. One half of the children will require whole sheets of drawing paper with a tracing of the cow. The others need half sheets with a tracing of the cowman. The children may then colour their drawings as shown in the picture. They should first moisten the paper with a clean brush filled with water, and apply the colours with sweeping strokes. Notice on the body of the cow the lines which show where to apply the two colours of its coat; note, too, the buttons of the cowman's gaiters and the details of his face. After colouring, the children may cut out their sections along the dotted lines, so that they may be mounted, edge to edge, on the back of a strip of wall paper, being careful to join the strings correctly. Older children may prefer to cut out their drawings and paint in the string afterwards.

LANGUAGE AND SPEECH TRAINING

Conversation on Picture No. 21.—The children should freely describe and discuss the picture. To stimulate thought and observation, and to bring to the notice of the children any points overlooked, the teacher may make some of the following suggestions:—1. Name the animals you see in the picture. 2. On which side of the gate is the farmyard? 3. What is on the ground of the farmyard? 4. What is on the other side of the gate? 5. From what place are the cows coming? 6. What do cows do in the fields? 7. Where are the cows going? 8. Where do cows sleep at night? 9. Who is the man by the gate? 10. Why do you think he is waiting by the gate? 11. What do cows give us? 12. Tell what the cowman is holding. 13. Of what use is the stool? 14. What is the pail for? 15. What is the cowman going to do? 16. Tell how the cowman is dressed. 17. Describe a cow. 18. Describe the dog. 19. Tell what you see in the border under the picture.

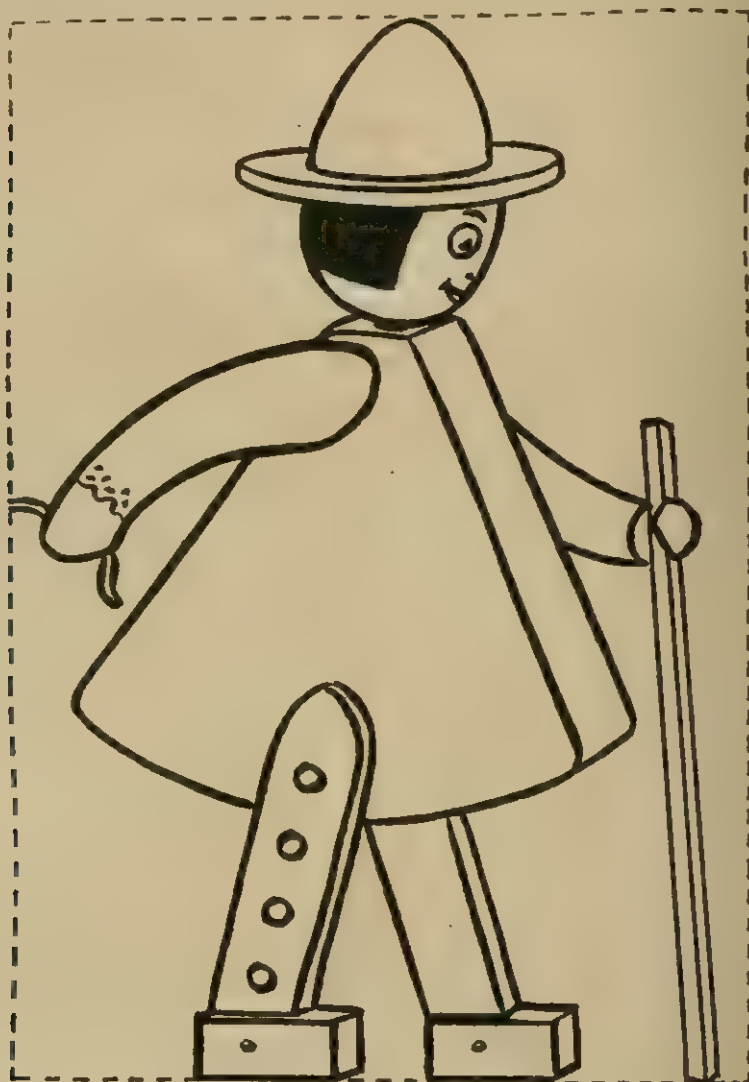
Talks to the children.—Before you came to school this morning you had breakfast. When you go home this afternoon you will have tea. On your breakfast and tea table you always have a jug of milk and a dish of butter. We are so used to milk and butter, that we do not think much about them, yet we should miss them if we could not get them. Have you ever wondered where they come from? The milkman brings your milk every morning, and mother buys butter from the grocer's shop, but where do milk and butter come from in the beginning? Whom have we really to thank for our milk and butter? The farmer's cows. Let us make a visit to the farmer's cows.

We will pretend that it is a summer afternoon. We have been invited to a farm to see the cows. We approach the farm by the footpaths through fields. In the fields are the cows. They are *shorthorn* cows. There are many different kinds of cows which are given special names. There is

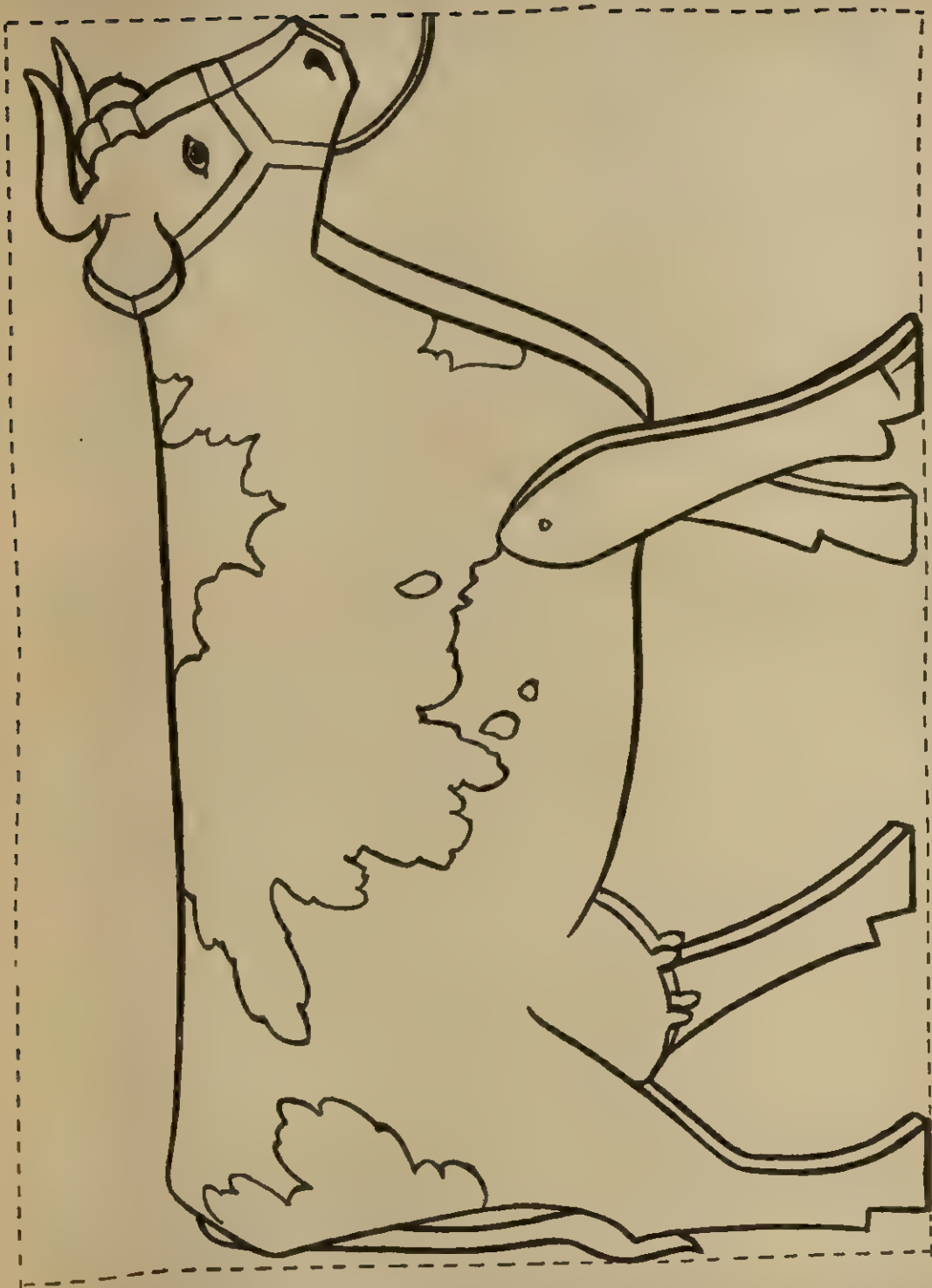
one kind which comes from the Highlands of Scotland, another from Northumberland, another from the islands in the English Channel, another from Ireland. The commonest kind is the *shorthorn*. The farmer we are visiting has *shorthorns*. We see them in his field. They are fine, big animals; some are all white, others a reddish brown and white. Some are lying down, others are

standing up whisking their long tails. What is the use of their tails? To keep the flies away. All are either picking the grass or chewing it round and round in their mouths. They are much interested in us as we pass; they stop picking and chewing grass to stare at us. If we go near them we can see them better.

One who is lying down gets up as we



TRACE-OUT FOR FRIEZE—TOY COWMAN
Trace this Drawing for part of the Frieze, Picture No. 21.



TRACE-OUT FOR FRIEZE—JOY LOW
Trace this Drawing for part of the Frieze, Picture No. 21.

approach. She gets first on to her hind legs by kneeling on her forelegs, and then she straightens her forelegs. A horse gets up in exactly the opposite way. (Who can show us how a cow gets up?) We can now see her feet, she has hoofs. Are they like those of the horse? They are smaller and are divided up the middle; or they are *cleft*, as we call it. The cow has a cloven hoof. Why? The cow walks much on soft ground in muddy fields and lanes. A cloven hoof helps her to get a better grip of the ground.

Presently we hear a peculiar call. At this call the cows slowly begin to move towards the gate. The cowman has appeared at the gate and is calling them; his dog runs into the field, and those cows that have not yet stirred begin to move as the dog barks near them.

Why are the cows being called? It is milking time. We follow and ask if we can watch the milking. We walk with the cowman and he will answer any questions we ask him about his cows. (Here allow children to ask questions.)

Questions that might arise:—

1. *Why is the cow always munching?*

She is chewing the "cud." When she picks the grass, she swallows it almost immediately; she has no upper front teeth, only a pad of flesh. Then she brings back the grass she has swallowed into her mouth again in the form of little balls. These she chews and chews to get out all the goodness for her milk. The richer and better the grass that she chews, the richer and better is the milk that she gives.

2. *Why has the cow got horns?*

Long, long ago, before there were farms and nobody looked after the cow, she was a wild animal among other wild animals. When she was roaming about in search of food her horns were very useful in helping her to fight her way through tangled undergrowth, or in protecting herself against the other wild animals. The cow does not need

her horns for such purposes now, that is why, perhaps, they have become so short in the "shorthorn." Horns are useful in telling her age, for every year after the first three, a ring is formed on them.

The cowman drives the cows out of the field across the farmyard and into the "byre." In one byre, perhaps, there is room for six cows. They go in; there is a place for each; they stand three a side, their heads facing the wall, their tails to the middle of the byre. A wooden partition divides one cow from the next.

The farmer's wife comes out to help with the milking. The milkers sit on low stools on the right side of the cows. Each has a pail. The milking begins. It looks easy but we should find it difficult to squeeze the teats in the right way so that the milk is drawn out into the pail. Each milker gets his pail full of frothy milk. When the milking is over the cows are driven back to the field again, and the pails of milk are carried into a room in the farm buildings called the dairy.

If we go into the dairy to see what happens to the milk, we are struck first by the cool air inside, and then by the clean, bright, shining look of everything in it. Why is it cool? Why is it so very clean?

What is going to be done with this new milk that has just been brought in? (Children make suggestions.) Some is going to be sent away to the town. Some will be kept for use on the farm, and some will be kept for cream, butter and cheese.

The milk to be sent away must first be cooled. When it is brought into the dairy it is warm from the cow. To wait for it to cool would take a long time. There is a machine in the dairy called a *refrigerator*; the milk poured through this is soon cooled. A can is put underneath it to catch the cooled milk as it comes out. Then it is taken away to the station or directly to the town.

Some of the milk is kept for use on the farm. Who wants it? The people in the

house, the people who work for the farmer, and some of the animals.

What about the milk for cream and butter? What is cream? You have all seen it. It is that part of the milk which, if kept standing, always comes to the top. Those of you who get your milk in bottles have seen it. When mother takes the bottle from the doorstep in the morning, the yellow cream on the top may be one or two inches deep, and quite distinct from the white part underneath.

In the dairy the cream is taken off some of the milk and used separately. We like to eat cream with strawberries and other fruit in the summer. Let us watch the farmer's wife take cream off the milk. How does she do it? There is another clean, shining object in the dairy called a *separator*. Why is it called a separator? Because it separates the cream from the milk. The separator has two taps, one higher than the other, and a handle. The farmer's wife pours a pail of milk into a mouth at the top. Then she turns the handle; there is a whirring noise, and presently out of each tap there flows a little stream. Two cans are placed to catch the streams. What is flowing from the top tap? Cream. What from the lower tap? Milk without cream, or *skimmed* milk as it is called. The skimmed milk looks thin and bluish, while the cream is thick and yellow. Is the skimmed milk of any use? The farmer's wife will find a use for it in cooking, or for the pigs.

Some of the cream is sent away, but some is stored until *churning* day comes round; that is once or twice a week. What is churning day? Butter-making day. Which of the machines in the dairy is used for butter making? The butter churn. Who has seen a butter churn? It is a barrel or tub with a handle at the side. It is hung on wooden stands.

The farmer's wife pours the cream into the churn. She turns the handle and so turns the churn. If we were to listen we should hear the cream dashing and splashing about inside. After a time she will stop and

open the churn. Taking a peep inside what should we see? Not cream, but yellow lumps floating about in the butter milk. The cream has been turned into butter. The farmer's wife pours away the butter milk, washes the butter, taking it out of the churn with two wooden *hands*, and makes it into pieces of one pound and half a pound weight. She wraps each piece in clean, grease-proof paper, and then the butter is ready for market. (The teacher might shake some cream in a bottle and show how butter begins to form.)

What about the butter milk that is left? The farmer's wife uses some for baking; it makes very nice scones; the rest helps to feed the pigs.

What else is made in the dairy? Cheese. How is cheese made? Who remembers what little Miss Muffet was eating? Curds and whey. Milk has to be changed into curds and whey before the farmer's wife can make cheese. She puts some *rennet* into the milk she has set aside for cheese. This turns the milk into solid lumps like crumbs—*curd*—floating in a watery liquid—*whey*. The solid lumps are taken and pressed together in a mould till they make one hard lump, the cheese.

We have visited the farmer's cows on a summer day. Are the cows kept out in the fields in the winter? It all depends upon the weather. The cows have their winter sheds where they have to stay when it is cold and wet. What do they eat in winter when they cannot get grass? The farmer gives them hay, cabbages, turnips, mangold wurzels and hard cow cake.

There will probably be calves at the farm and you may be allowed to see them feeding. The farmer, or his wife, takes a pail of milk to them in their byre. If they are very young calves they need help. The farmer puts his fingers into the milk and the calves suck the milk off them. The bigger calves thrust their heads into the pail and drink.

When you drink your milk at breakfast time you will remember all the work that has to be done before you can get your

milk. If you live some way from the country, the milk you have for breakfast will have been milked from the cow the evening before. It will have travelled in a train in a large can and will have been delivered to your milkman. He has had to get up early to receive it; he puts it into bottles ready to take round and leave on your doorstep.

FOR CHILDREN OVER SIX

Flash Cards.—The following sentences might be written on strips of card:—

1. Cows live in fields.
They eat grass.
They lie down and chew the grass.
Cows are tame animals.
2. The cowman looks after the cows.
The cowman has a dog to help him.
The dog drives the cows to the byre.
The cowman milks the cows.
3. The cowman has a pail.
He has a stool, too.
The stool has three legs.
He sits on the stool to milk the cows.
4. The cowman takes the milk to the dairy.
The maid puts the milk into a churn.
The maid turns the handle of the churn.
The milk turns into butter.

Flash cards—questions.—In connection with *Picture No. 21* short questions can be written on *Flash Cards*:—1. What are the cows doing? 2. What is the cowman doing? 3. What is the dog doing? 4. Where are the cows going? 5. What is the cowman going to do? 6. What will the cowman do with the milk? 7. How do we use milk? 8. How is milk brought to our houses? 9. Why is milk brought to us in bottles?

(Consult the *Index* for a *Dairy Project*.)

Individual reading cards.—This description of *Picture No. 21* can be hectographed for children's individual reading:—See the cows coming into the farmyard. They have been out in the fields, chewing the sweet grass. Their silky coats shine in the sun. Their horns make them look fierce, but their brown eyes are mild under the long lashes.

The cowman stands by the gate. He will shut it when all the cows are in the yard. The yard is paved with stones to keep it clean. In it is the cowshed or byre. The cows will go to their stalls in the cowshed.

Then the farmer will milk his cows. He carries a stool to sit on, and a pail for the milk.

His faithful dog sits quietly by. He does not worry the cows, so they are not afraid of him.

Choose the right word.—Write the following on the blackboard or on cards and let the children re-write the sentences, choosing the right word to complete each sentence by reference to *Picture No. 21*:—

1. Cows are (large, small, little) animals.
2. Cows eat (bread, meat, grass).
3. The farmer milks the (sheep, cows, pigs).
4. Milk is made into (tea, coffee, butter).
5. The farmer sits on a (table, chair, stool).
6. He takes the milk to the (barn, dairy, farmhouse).

Sentence making.—Write the word COWS in column form and let the children make sentences, each beginning with one of the letters; e.g.,—

Cows give us milk.

Our butter is made from milk.

When the cows have eaten they chew the cud.

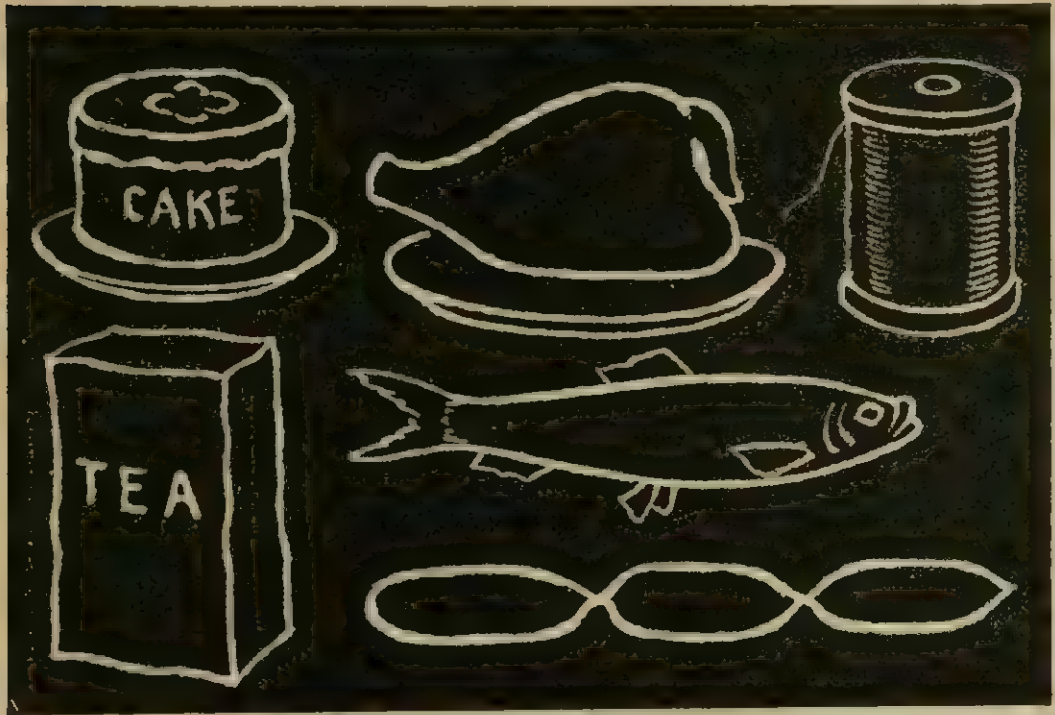
Some cows have long horns.

Reading and drawing.—Write on cards directions for drawing, and distribute the cards among the children:—

1. Draw a picture of a green field and a blue sky.
Put three cows in the picture.
Colour the cows brown.

2. Draw a picture of your house.
Put in a man bringing milk to the house.
Put a dog or a cat near the door.

Shopping.—On the blackboard draw outlines of the illustrations of objects shown below. Let the children tell the name of the shop from which they would buy each article.



CAKE
PACKET OF TEA

LEG OF MUTTON
HERRING

COTTON REEL
SAUSAGES

ACTIVITIES AND CONSTRUCTIVE WORK

Game—"The Lazy Cowman."—This game is suitable for the hall or playground. Mark out a "field" about 10 ft. square with chalk on the ground, and stand a stool in it at one side. One child is the Cowman and six or seven others are the Cows. The Cowman first collects his Cows, drives them into the "field" and places them all together in the

middle. Then he sits on the stool, shuts his eyes and covers his face. While his eyes are shut the Cows quietly move away and out of the field. At intervals the Cowman suddenly opens his eyes and uncovers his face, and if he sees any Cow moving, that one has to return to the middle again. The game goes on till all the Cows have escaped

from the "field," the last one to cross the chalk line being Cowman next time.

Plastic models—milk can, etc.—Many models connected with milk can be made of clay or plasticine. The sketch shows a milk can which is made from a thick cylinder of clay or grey plasticine. Taper the cylinder at one end and work up the top edge with the finger and thumb. Add a circular lid with a handle made from a little "worm." Make the handles on each side from two more "worms," Fig. 1.

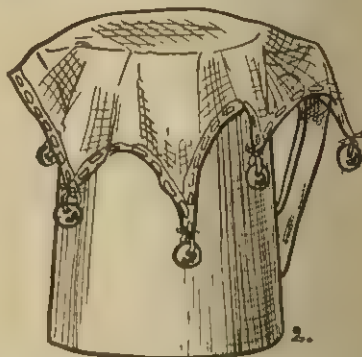
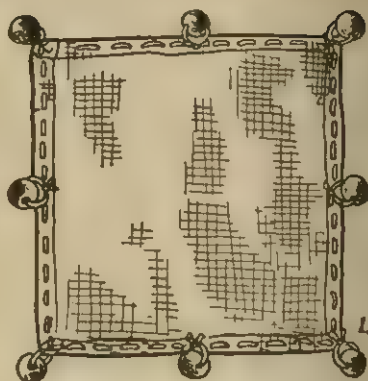
Make the milking stool from a flattened ball of clay or brown plasticine, and add three rolls for legs. In the case of a large model the plasticine for each leg may be wrapped round a match stick to strengthen it, Fig. 2.

Make the butter pats from rolls of clay or plasticine. Pinch each roll at one end and flatten it at the other, Fig. 3.

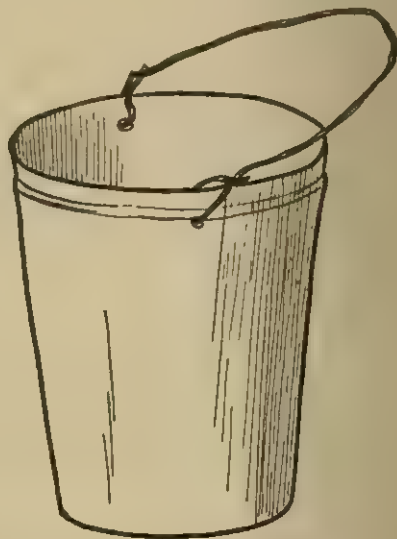
Pats and rolls of butter, and cheeses of many kinds, can be made by the Fives.



Model with odds and ends—milk cover.—The girls can make a serviceable milk cover from a piece of muslin or net and some beads. The Fives can cut a square of muslin and sew or tie a bead to each corner. Older children can turn down a hem on the material and secure it by running stitches in coloured thread, using beads of the same

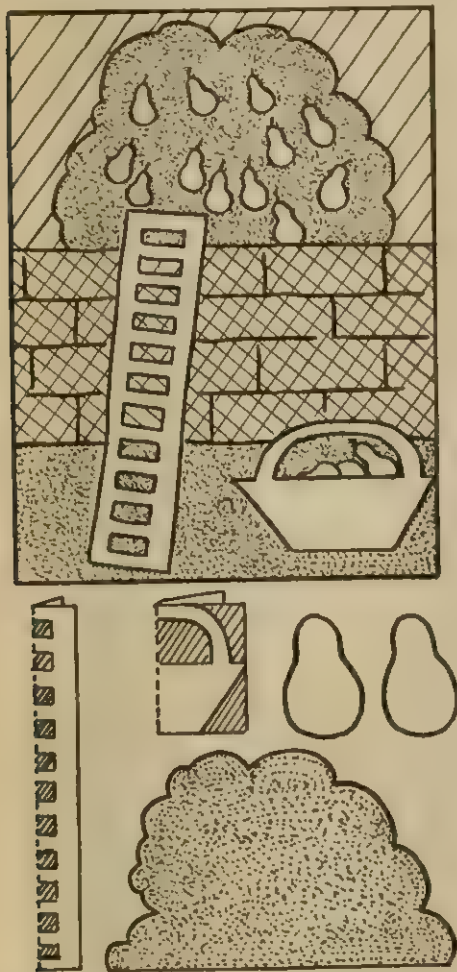


or contrasting colour. Others, more expert in needlework, can cut a circle of material by using a box lid, blanket stitch the edge and sew beads at intervals all round.



Model with odds and ends—milk pail.—A small cream carton is required for this model. Add a handle of thin wire or a strip of cardboard.

Paper picture—pears and wall.—An effective poster picture is that of a fruit tree behind a wall. This may be a group or an individual model, mounted on paper or card. First colour a blue sky at the top of



the paper, or stick on blue paper. Next, by the same method, add a strip of green grass and the top of a tree, as shown. Where the sky and grass join, stick on a

strip of red wall paper or pastel paper for the wall, and mark the bricks with white chalk. Cut out some pears from yellow paper, paste some on the tree and some in a heap on the ground; cover the latter with a brown basket cut from folded paper as shown in the sketch, and paste it on the ground. Cut a ladder from folded brown paper and paste it up the wall.

Plastic model—walking stick.—The farmer's walking stick is an easy exercise for the Fives. Roll a ball of clay or plasticine into a "worm," and curve the end to make a handle, or from a small ball make a top and join it on.



Plastic model—barrel of apples.—Make the barrel from a cylinder of clay or brown plasticine. Narrow the ends by rolling and pressing. Scoop out a hollow from the top of the barrel and fill it with tiny red balls for apples. Make a lid and mark it and the barrel with the point of the modelling tool, as shown in the sketch on page 668.

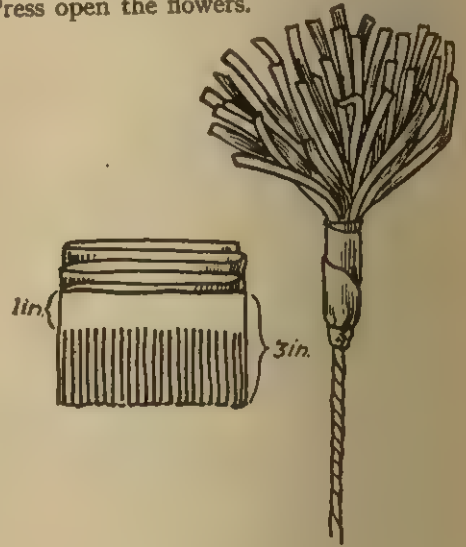
Paper decorations — chrysanthemums.—The classroom may be decorated with paper



flowers during the winter when no real flowers can be obtained. Artificial flowers collect dust quickly and should be destroyed after a short time, so it is suggested that the children make various flowers in rotation, and use a different one for decoration each fortnight. The materials for flower making are as follows:—thin wire for joining the petals and flowers together, and thick wire for the stems; green tissue or crêpe paper for neatening and covering the sticks;

and tissue or crêpe paper of various colours for the flowers.

For the chrysanthemums cut strips of yellow, white or pink crêpe paper 3 in. wide and 18 in. long. Fold each strip into quarters, and make straight, close cuts along the folded strip to within 1 in. of the edge. Open out the strip and wind it tightly round the end of a stiff wire. Grip the flower firmly so that the centre does not fall out, and bind it with thin wire. Paste one end of a strip of green paper $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide and cover the base of the flower. Continue winding till the stem is covered and stick up the end with paste. Leaves can be fastened on the stem if required. Press open the flowers.



STORIES TO READ OR TELL

THE MILKMAID AND HER PAIL

ONCE a milkmaid was walking to market with a pail of milk on her head. As she went along she was planning what she would do with the money she would get for the milk.

"Let me see," she said to herself. "Here are eight quarts of milk on my head. When I have sold them I shall have enough money to buy thirty eggs. I will take home my eggs and put them to hatch, and I shall be sure to have twenty-five chicks. Twenty-five chicks is quite a large family. I shall feed them up and look after them well, and

by Christmas time they will be big enough to sell. I shall get a good price for them then,—at least three or four pounds. Four pounds! That is a lot of money. With it I will buy a new dress and a new hat. Then I will wear them to church and I shall look so fine that all the young men will want to walk home with me. But I shall have nothing to do with them,—no, not I!" So saying, the milkmaid proudly tossed her head, quite forgetting the pail of milk. Off tumbled the pail and all the milk was spilled on the ground. The milkmaid cried bitterly. "This is a lesson to me," she said, "not to count my chickens before they are hatched."

Playing the story.—To help the children to appreciate the story let them mime actions and imitate sounds based on it:—
1. Put an old book on your head and play at being the milkmaid. 2. Make a noise like a cow. 3. Make a noise like a baby chick. 4. Make a noise like a hen. 5. Toss your head proudly. 6. Play at crying over the spilled milk. 7. Repeat the words, "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched."

HOW TO EAT CHEESE

"**C**OME to me, my son," said old Mother Flinn, "I wish to talk to you. You have lived here quite a long time. Now you must get a house of your own." The lad, whose name was Pat, said, "All right mother, I will, but first I must find a little wife."

Now Pat knew three fine maids and liked them all very well. Lily was tall and fair and clever. Rose was short and dark and full of fun. May was sweet and good. "I must choose one of these three," said Pat.

His mother told him to bring them to supper and she would help him to pick the best wife. She went to the shop and bought a pound of cheese. She cut it into slices and put it on the dish. "Now fetch the three pretty maids," said Mother Flinn.

First Pat went to Lily's house. "My mother is waiting for you to join her at supper. Will you come, please?"

"Oh, yes," said Lily, and she put on her new blue dress.

Next Pat went to Rose's house. "My mother is waiting for you to join her at supper. Will you come, please?"

"Oh, yes," said Rose, and she put on her new red dress.

Then Pat went to May's house. "Will you let me take you to supper at my mother's house?" he asked.

"Yes, please," said May, and she put on her new white dress.

The supper was a gay one. The three maids looked very pretty in their new dresses, and Pat had put on his best clothes. First, they had rabbit pie, which all said was very good. Then they had gooseberry tart, with custard and cream. Last of all, Mother Flinn put the cheese on the table and told them to help themselves. Mother Flinn looked at each maid as she cut the cheese. Lily took her knife and cut the rind from her slice. She did not look to see what she was doing, and she left a thick piece of cheese on the rind. Rose took her knife and cut the rind very thin. May took her knife and the rind she cut off was neither thick nor thin.

When the three pretty maids had gone home, Mother Flinn said to Pat, "Do not choose Lily. She will waste your food. Do not choose Rose. She will be mean. But choose May. The rind from her cheese was just right. She will make you a good little wife."

So Pat asked May to marry him and they were happy as long as they lived.

Playing the story.—This story lends itself to dramatisation. Let some of the children prepare a round cheese, made from yellow plasticine, with a red "rind." Others can make things for the supper table—the rabbit pie, gooseberry tart and bread. For the actors, prepare bib-labels with the names of the characters printed on them.

The doll's house will provide the utensils for the supper table.

Missing words.—The following sentences can be spoken, or written on cards. The children have to fill the gaps with the correct words. This form of exercise trains the children to listen carefully when a story is read or told:—

1. Mother Flinn went to the shop and bought a pound of —.
2. Pat asked the three maids to come to —.
3. Lily took her knife and cut the — from her cheese.
4. May took her knife and the rind she cut off was neither — nor —.
5. Mother Flinn said to Pat, "May will make you a good little —."

THE POOR MAN AND HIS LITTLE CALF

LONG ago there lived a poor man in a poor little house, with his poor little wife. All the other people in the town had fine houses, big gardens and many cows. Some of them were not kind to the poor man. They said, "Why, he has not even *one* cow. He is not fit to live in this place with us." But none of the rich men would give him a cow.



One day the poor man so wished to have something of his own that he said to his wife, "A little calf I *must* have. I will have one made of wood if I cannot get a real one. I shall go to my godfather who can make such things. He will make me a wooden calf."

His wife said, "That is a good plan. Let us go at once to your godfather." And off they set over the hills. The godfather took a piece of soft wood, and with a sharp knife he made a lovely calf. It was so much like a real calf, that it could almost open its mouth and cry "Moo! Moo!" Its head was bent down just as a cow's head is bent when it is eating grass. The calf was painted a deep brown with white spots, and it had a long tail. The poor man and his wife were very proud of it. They thanked their godfather and went back over the hills with their wooden calf.

Every morning, all the rich men's cows were taken down the street into the fields. One kind cowman stopped at the poor man's door.

"Good-day," said he, "shall I take your little calf to the fields? I am sure that it wants some grass to eat."

"Oh yes, thank you!" said the poor man, "but you will have to carry it, as its legs are not strong."

All day long the cowman sat and looked after the cows. "What a funny calf that is," he thought to himself. "It has been eating and eating all day long, but it never lies down like my cows."

When the sun was going down, the cowman got up and walked to the gate. The cows passed out into the lane, but the little calf still had its head down as if it were eating. "Come along," called the cowman, "You are strong now, for you have been eating all day. You must walk yourself. I am not going to carry you home."

The poor man stood at his door waiting for his calf. As the cowman passed he asked where it was. "In the field," said the cowman. "The little thing is still eating."

The poor man was sad. He and his wife ran off to the field. When they got there the little calf was gone.

A merchant man passing that way had taken it as a toy for his children.

"Oh dear me!" said the poor man, and "Oh dear me!" said his wife. "Let us find the merchant man."

And off they set to find the merchant man. They walked and they walked till they came to an inn. And there outside was a little child playing with the wooden calf. The poor man and his wife cried with joy to see it.

"Why do you cry for a wooden calf?" asked the child. "It is of no use to you. I will ask my father to give you a real one."

So the little girl asked her father, and because he loved her he gave them a real calf in exchange for the wooden one.

The poor man and his wife were very happy. They drove the real calf home to their little house, where it grew big and strong, and gave them good milk, and they were never so poor again.

Do you know?—Ask such questions as the following to ensure that the children know certain facts connected with the story:—

1. What is a baby cow called? 2. Of what use is a cow? 3. What does a cowman do?
4. When do cows hold down their heads?
5. When do cows lie down? 6. What is a merchant man?

Missing words.—Let the children complete the following sentences:—

1. A baby cow is called a —.
2. A baby dog is called a —.
3. A baby cat is called a —.
4. A baby horse is called a —.
5. A baby goat is called a —.

A FRIEND IN NEED

CRUMPLER was a black and white cow. One fine morning she stood under the trees with her feet in the pond. She seemed to have nothing to do but to flick away the flies with her tail.

As people went by, they said, "How happy that cow must be!"

But they were wrong.

Crumpler was turning things over in her mind. The more she turned them over, the more unhappy she grew. At last her feelings grew too strong for her, and she gave a long dismal "Moo-o-o!" Ned, the donkey, was munching a carrot which some little girls had given him. He pricked up his ears, and went a step or two nearer when he heard that dismal sound.

"It's too bad!" said Crumpler crossly; "no one has come to give me any apples this morning, and they all know how much I like them."

Ned dropped his carrot, and put one ear back thoughtfully, but did not see his way to a reply.

Crumpler, glad to have found a listener, went on:

"You see that tree in the middle of the field"—Ned looked at it gravely—"it's covered with apples—such ripe, juicy ones—and I can't reach *one*. I've picked up all that were on the ground, and I *do* want some more. Moo-o-o!"

But no one came from the house to see what was the matter.

Ned, who was never in a hurry, save when there was a whip behind him or a carrot in front of him, thought about it. At last he said—

"I don't much fancy apples myself, and I don't see why you should care for them; but I'll see what I can do."

"You!" said Crumpler, with a sneer, "you are nothing but a donkey!"

Ned might have told her the story of the mouse that helped the lion, but he did not: perhaps he had never heard it. He walked slowly to the apple tree, and looked at it on all sides.

Crumpler watched him, as he considered, first with one ear forward, then with the other. All at once he put them both forward, as if to say, "I've got it," and gave such a glad "Hee-haw!" that it made Crumpler jump.

She came out of the pond, and stood blinking in the sunshine, wondering. Before she could guess what he was going to do, Ned reared himself up against the tree by his forelegs, and seizing an apple with his teeth, threw it down on the ground at his friend's feet.

I am sorry to say Crumpler did not stop to say "Thank you," but gobbled up the apple greedily. Another and another Neddy gathered, until he could reach no more. Then he let himself down on all-fours, gave himself a shake, and took a quiet trot round the field.

Later in the day Crumpler turned things over in her mind again, but more cheerfully this time. At last she said—

"Well, it's a good thing to have a friend in need, and even a donkey may do something."

"Yes," said Ned, stopping in his trot, "even a donkey may do something," and he took up his carrot and finished it, with a pleasant feeling that he had been really useful.

Elmley.

Do you know?—Ask such questions as the following to ensure that the children know the main facts of the story:—1. What

does the beginning of the story tell us? 2. Of what use is a cow's tail? 3. What did people say about the cow? 4. In what way were the people wrong? 5. Why was the cow unhappy? 6. How does a donkey prick up his ears? 7. What did the donkey say about apples? 8. How did the donkey get the apples? 9. How did the cow show she was not polite to the donkey? 10. What did the donkey do after he had picked the apples? 11. What does the end of the story tell us?

A game.—Draw on the blackboard a large donkey without a tail, or cut one out of cardboard. Cut out a tail for the donkey. The children in turn close their eyes, walk to the drawing and pin the tail where they guess it ought to go.

Drawing.—Draw on the blackboard an outline of the cow's or the donkey's body without the head. Children take turns to go to the blackboard and add a head, eyes, ears, legs, tail, etc., as directed by the teacher.

If preferred, the directions for the children can be written on *Flash Cards*. The children will be found eager to read the cards to see what the child, whose turn it is to draw, has to do.

STORIES AND RHYMES

MY MAID MARY

My maid Mary
She minds her dairy,
While I go a-hoeing and mowing each morn.
Merrily run the reel
And the little spinning wheel,
Whilst I am singing and mowing my corn.

LONG ago, when there were no reaping machines, and all the corn and hay were cut by hand, there was a young farmer named John. He was tall and big

and strong; he had curly hair and blue eyes; he could sing finely and dance as long as the old fiddler could go on playing. All the girls thought that John was a very smart young fellow—and so he was. His dog's name was Rover, and when you saw John you saw Rover too.

Now John had a nice farm, and in his farmyard there were cocks and hens, ducks and turkeys; he had cows to give him milk, and strong horses to draw his wagons loaded with hay or corn. There were lovely roses and hollyhocks in his pretty garden.

There was another farm next to John's farm, and Mary, the next farmer's daughter, looked after the dairy, made the butter and cheese, and gathered up the eggs. When all the other work was done, Mary would sit down to her spinning wheel and spin her yarn to make the tablecloths, towels and other things for the farmhouse. Mary looked very pretty spinning; her cheeks were rosy, her arms were plump, and her dark eyes looked kind and friendly. She had a smile for everybody.

Young farmer John would come to Mary's gate in the evenings, always to bring something for Mary; perhaps it would be a basket of ripe rosy apples, or the first roses from the garden. Often Mary would walk down the lane with John and look at the corn growing in his fields, or they would gather the wild strawberries from the hedge side and thread them on to long stalks of grass. And when John was at work in his fields hoeing, or mowing the corn, he would hum to himself the old song:

"My maid Mary
She minds her dairy."

And then he would sing it out loud from the beginning to the end, and Rover would join in with a "Bow-wow."

On Sundays they went to the little church together, both of them looking very smart in their best clothes. They would sing the hymns out of the same hymn book, Mary's little thumb holding one page, and John's big brown thumb holding the other page. And so things went on until at last John said: "Mary, my pretty, will you marry me and mind my dairy?"

And of course Mary said, "Yes, John, I will, and why didn't you ask me before?"

And so they were married in the little church, and Rover waited at the church door till they came out. The bells rang gaily, and after the wedding the old fiddler played all the jolly dance tunes he knew, and all the young fellows and girls from far and near came to dance at the wedding.

And of course they lived happily ever after. But now when John was hoeing and mowing, he altered one word in his song and sang:

"My wife Mary
She minds her dairy,
While I go a-hoeing and mowing each morn.
Merrily run the reel
And the little spinning wheel,
Whilst I am singing and mowing my corn."

As for Rover, sometimes he stayed at home with Mary, sometimes he went into the fields with John, and very often all three of them went out together, and this was what Rover liked best of all.

J. Bone.

THE KING OF SPAIN'S DAUGHTER

(The rhyme is set to music on page 693.)

"NO, darling," said mother, "do not gather the nuts on your little nut tree in the garden. They are not ripe."

"Very well then," said I to myself, "I will go to my land of Make-Believe where the things are always ripe on my little nut tree." This is how I go. I stand under my little nut tree in the garden, shut my eyes tight, and say out loud:

"I had a little nut tree,
And nothing would it bear
But a silver nutmeg
And a golden pear.
The King of Spain's daughter
Came to visit me,
And all for the sake
Of my little nut tree."

Then I turn round three times. When I open my eyes I am in the land of Make-Believe. My nut tree is a *magic* tree now.

I sat under it and looked up. The leaves were sparkling and waving and making a

little song, and there hung a shining silver nutmeg and a golden pear.

All sorts of people came to look at my lovely little nut tree. I lay under its shade and watched them go by. There I saw pretty girls from Japan with large yellow bows at their waists; little girls from China with tiny, tiny feet; brown children from India with bright turbans on their heads, and even little Dutch boys with big baggy trousers. Every one said, "What a lovely little nut tree!"

Then I saw a darling little girl coming to look at it. Her dress was like a large poppy flower, her red shoes had high heels, her hair was black and so were her large laughing eyes. A tall comb stood up in her shining hair, a golden lace veil fell over it fastened by a red rose. It was the King of Spain's daughter, a little princess.



Caro E. M. Paterson

"Oh! dear little nut-tree boy," she cried out, "show me your silver nutmeg and your golden pear."

"Look up," I said, "there they are, quite ripe."

"Can we gather them?" asked the little princess.

"Oh yes," I answered, "we can keep on gathering them, for they hang on little silver and golden hooks."

So the princess gathered the golden pear, and I gathered the silver nutmeg.

"Look! Look!" cried the King of Spain's daughter, "my golden pear opens like a box."

"So does my silver nutmeg," I said. "And they are both growing bigger and bigger."

When they were both opened, inside we saw sweet grapes, rosy cherries, and yellow plums. So both of us ate as many delicious fruits as we wanted. After that the golden pear and the silver nutmeg shut up again.

"Look! they are both growing small once more," said the princess.

"See those little wings sprouting out on each side of the silver nutmeg and the golden pear," cried I.

Then the silver nutmeg and the golden pear flew up into the tree, and there they hung again as before.

"How did you get here, dear little princess?" I asked.

"Very easily," said she.

"I skipped over the water,
I danced over the sea,
And the birds in the air
Couldn't catch me.

I will come again to-morrow, dear nut-tree boy, to look at your tree again. Good-bye." And away she went, skipping over the water, and dancing over the sea, with the birds flying after her.

Then I shut my eyes, and said out loud:

"I had a little nut tree,
And nothing would it bear
But a silver nutmeg
And a golden pear."

I turned round three times, opened my eyes, and there I was under the green nut tree in my garden at home. And when anybody says "Don't" to me, away I'll go once more to the land of Make-Believe.

J. Bone.

ROBIN THE BOBBIN



Robin the Bobbin, the big, greedy Ben,
 He ate more meat than fourscore men;
 He ate a cow, he ate a calf,
 He ate a butcher and a half;
 He ate a church, he ate a steeple,
 He ate the priest and all the people!
 A cow and a calf,
 An ox and a half,
 A church and a steeple,
 And all the good people,
 And yet he complained he was hungry.

(The Sevens will like this rhyme. Ben is a giant, and in connection with the rhyme the teacher might tell the following story by Flora Annie Steel.)

WHEN good King Arthur reigned with Guinevere his Queen, there lived, near the Land's End in Cornwall, a farmer who had only one son called Jack. Now Jack was brisk and ready; of such lively wit that none nor nothing could worst him.

In those days, the Mount of St. Michael in Cornwall was the castle of a huge giant whose name was Cormoran.

He was full eighteen feet in height, some three yards about his middle, of a grim fierce face, and he was the terror of all the countryside. He lived in a cave amidst

the rocky Mount, and when he wanted food he would wade across the tides to the mainland and take all that came in his way. The poor folk and the rich folk alike ran out of their houses and hid themselves when they heard the swish-swash of his big feet in the water; for if he saw them, he would think nothing of broiling half-a-dozen or so of them for breakfast. As it was, he seized their cattle by the score, carrying off half-a-dozen fat oxen on his back at a time, and hanging sheep and pigs to his waistbelt like bunches of dip-candles. Now this had gone on for long years, and the poor folk of Cornwall were in despair, for none could put an end to the giant Cormoran.

It so happened that one market day Jack, then quite a young lad, found the town upside down over some new deed of the giant's. Women were weeping, men were shouting, and the magistrates were sitting in council over what was to be done. But none could suggest a plan. Then Jack, blithe and gay, went up to the magistrates, and with a fine courtesy—for he was ever polite—asked them what reward would be given to him who killed the giant Cormoran.

"The treasure of the Giant's cave," quoth they.

"Every whit of it?" quoth Jack, who was never to be done.

"To the last farthing," quoth they.

"Then I will undertake the task," said Jack, and forthwith set about the business.

It was winter time, and having got himself a horn, a pickaxe, and a shovel, he went over to the Mount in the dark evening, set to work, and before dawn he had dug a pit, no less than twenty-two feet deep and nigh as big across. This he covered with long thin sticks and straw, sprinkling a little loose mould over all to make it look like solid ground. So, just as dawn was breaking, he planted himself fair and square on the side of the pit that was farthest from the Giant's cave, raised the horn to his lips, and with full blast sounded:

"Tantivy! Tantivy! Tantivy!"

just as he would have done had he been hunting a fox.

Of course, this woke the giant, who rushed in a rage out of his cave, and seeing little Jack, fair and square blowing away at his horn, as calm and cool as may be, he became still more angry, and made for the disturber of his rest, bawling out, "I'll teach you to wake a giant, you little whipper-

snapper. You shall pay dearly for your tantivys, I'll take you and broil you whole for break——"

He had only got as far as this when crash—he fell into the pit! So there was a break indeed; such a one that it caused the very foundations of the Mount to shake.

But Jack shook with laughter. "Ho, ho!" he cried. "How about breakfast now, Sir Giant? Will you have me broiled or baked? And will no food serve you but poor little Jack? Faith! I've got you in Lob's pound now! You're in the stocks for bad behaviour, and I'll plague you as I like. Would I had rotten eggs; but this will do as well." And with that he up with his pickaxe and dealt the giant Cormoran such a most weighty knock on the very crown of his head, that he killed him on the spot.

Whereupon Jack calmly filled up the pit with earth again and went to search the cave, where he found much treasure.

Now when the magistrates heard of Jack's great deed, they proclaimed that henceforth he should be known as—

JACK THE GIANT-KILLER

Flora Annie Steel.

RHYMES AND POEMS

THE COW

The friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart:
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day;

And blown by all the winds that pass,
And wet with all the showers,

She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Reading preparation.—The first verse of this poem is particularly suitable for reading preparation with the Fives. After a talk about *Picture No. 21*, read the poem through once or twice, and let the children ask questions about it. Write the first verse in phrases on the blackboard, and then prepare two sets of cards for a matching game. A further step is to prepare *Flash Cards*; e.g.,—1. The cow is friendly. 2. The cow is

red and white. 3. I love the cow. 4. I love the cow with all my heart. 5. The cow gives me cream. 6. I eat the cream. 7. I eat the cream with apple tart.

THE COW

Thank you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day, and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank;
But the yellow cowslips eat,
They will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

Jane and Ann Taylor.

Reading preparation.—The first verse of this poem is suitable for reading preparation. Write the verse in phrases on the blackboard and prepare cards for a matching game. *Flash Cards* can be prepared; e.g.,—1. I thank the cow for milk. 2. The cow is pretty. 3. The cow gives pleasant milk. 4. I soak my bread in the milk. 5. Every day I have milk. 6. Every night I have milk. 7. The milk is warm and fresh. 8. The milk is sweet and white.

THREE BLIND MICE

(This rhyme is set to music on page 688.)

Three blind mice, three blind mice;
See how they run, see how they run;
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
She cut off their tails with a carving knife,
Did you ever hear such a thing in your life,
As three blind mice?

Old Rhyme.



Reading preparation.—This rhyme, like the one preceding, is also suitable for reading preparation. The words are easy and the repetition of phrases makes the song suitable for the Fives to learn.

Let the children make plastic models or paper cut-outs of the three blind mice and the farmer's wife. Afterwards, write the rhyme in phrases on the blackboard and prepare cards for a matching game. *Flash Cards* can also be prepared; e.g.,—1. A farmer's wife saw three blind mice. 2. See how the mice run! 3. The farmer's wife ran after them. 4. The farmer's wife had a carving knife. 5. She cut off their tails. 6. She cut off the tails of the three blind mice. 7. Did you ever hear about three blind mice? 8. Did you ever see such a thing in your life?

WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO?

(This rhyme is set to music on page 689.)

"Where are you going to my pretty maid?"
"I am going a-milking, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
 "You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.
 "What is your father, my pretty maid?"
 "My father's a farmer, sir," she said.
 "Say, will you marry me, my pretty maid?"
 "Yes, if you please, kind sir," she said.
 "Will you be constant, my pretty maid?"
 "That I can't promise you, sir," she said.
 "Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid!"
 "Nobody asked you, sir," she said.

Old Rhyme.



Note.—This rhyme affords excellent practice for inflection of the voice. It can be a duologue between a boy and a girl. The girl can omit the words, "she said," at the ends of her lines. Encourage the children to listen closely to those who speak the words best, and let the children whose speech is slow practise after them.

MRS. BARKS

On market days we always call
 At Mrs. Barks' country stall.

Her bonnet is of white and blue,
 She wears a coloured apron, too.
 And she has baskets full of eggs
 And fowls with neatly done up legs,
 And butter too, and crinkly cheese,
 And sometimes plums or raspberries,
 And gillyflowers in kitchen pots,
 And bunches of forget-me-nots;
 She also has a box of tin
 For putting all her money in.
 She has a very smiling face
 And always stands there in her place
 However wet the day may be
 And says, "Good-morning, love," to me.

Rose Fyleman.

Note.—The children will like to set up a stall for Mrs. Barks and stock it with all the things mentioned in the poem. Small children can cut out pictures of baskets, eggs, fowls, cheese, etc., and mount them on cards. Other children can make plastic models or paper shapes of all the things. Real flowers can be put in the stall if they are available, otherwise the children must cut out, or preferably, paint pictures of them.

Let the children dress a girl as they please to represent Mrs. Barks. When the stall is stocked it can be used for a shopping game.

I WOULD LIKE YOU FOR A COMRADE

I would like you for a comrade, for I love
 you, that I do;
 I never met a little girl as amiable as you;
 I would teach you how to dance and sing,
 and how to talk and laugh,
 If I were not a little girl and you were not
 a calf.

I would like you for a comrade; you should
 share my barley meal,
 And butt me with your little horns just hard
 enough to feel;
 We would lie beneath the chestnut trees,
 and watch the leaves uncurl,
 If I were not a clumsy calf and you a little
 girl.

Judge Parry.

WHIM WHAM WADDLE-HO

(This rhyme is set to music on page 691.)

My daddy is dead, but I can't tell how,
He left me six horses to follow the plough.
WITH MY WHIM, WHAM, WADDLE-
HO!
STRIM, STRAM, STRADDLE-HO!
BUBBLE HO! PRETTY BOY,
OVER THE BROW.

I sold my six horses to buy me a cow,
And wasn't that a pretty thing to follow
the plough?
WITH MY WHIM, WHAM, WADDLE-
HO!
STRIM, STRAM, STRADDLE-HO!
BUBBLE HO! PRETTY BOY,
OVER THE BROW.

I sold my cow to buy me a calf,
For I never made a bargain, but I lost the
best half.
WITH MY WHIM, WHAM, WADDLE-
HO!
STRIM, STRAM, STRADDLE-HO!
BUBBLE HO! PRETTY BOY,
OVER THE BROW.

I sold my calf to buy me a cat,
To sit before the fire to warm her little
back.
WITH MY WHIM, WHAM, WADDLE-
HO!
STRIM, STRAM, STRADDLE-HO!
BUBBLE-HO! PRETTY BOY,
OVER THE BROW.

I sold my cat to buy me a mouse,
She took fire in her tail and burnt up my
house.
WITH MY WHIM, WHAM, WADDLE-
HO!
STRIM, STRAM, STRADDLE-HO!
BUBBLE-HO! PRETTY BOY,
OVER THE BROW.

Old Rhyme.

THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT JACK
BUILT

This is the House that Jack built.

This is the Malt that lay in the House that
Jack built.

This is the Rat that ate the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the Cat that killed the Rat
That ate the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the Dog that worried the Cat
That killed the Rat that ate the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the Cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the Dog that worried the Cat
That killed the Rat that ate the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the Maiden all forlorn
That milked the Cow with the crumpled
horn
That tossed the Dog that worried the
Cat
That killed the Rat that ate the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the Man all tattered and torn
That kissed the Maiden all forlorn
That milked the Cow with the crumpled
horn
That tossed the Dog that worried the Cat
That killed the Rat that ate the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the Priest all shaven and shorn
That married the Man all tattered and
torn
That kissed the Maiden all forlorn
That milked the Cow with the crumpled
horn
That tossed the Dog that worried the Cat
That killed the Rat that ate the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.



HOUSE

RAT

DOG

MALT

CAT

COW



MAIDEN

PRIEST

FARMER

MAN

COCK

This is the Cock that crowed in the morn
That wakened the Priest all shaven and
shorn

That married the Man all tattered and torn
That kissed the Maiden all forlorn
That milked the Cow with the crumpled
horn

That tossed the Dog that worried the Cat
That killed the Rat that ate the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the Farmer that sowed the corn
That fed the Cock that crowed in the
morn

That wakened the Priest all shaven and
shorn

That married the Man all tattered and torn
That kissed the Maiden all forlorn
That milked the Cow with the crumpled
horn

That tossed the Dog that worried the Cat
That killed the Rat that ate the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.

Old Rhyme.

MILKING PAILS

Mary's gone a-milking,
A rea, a ria, a roses,
Mary's gone a-milking,
Gentle sweet mother o' mine.

Take your pails and go after her,
A rea, a ria, a roses,
Take your pails and go after her,
Gentle sweet daughter o' mine.

Buy me a pair of new milking pails,
A rea, a ria, a roses,
Buy me a pair of new milking pails,
Gentle sweet mother o' mine.

Where's the money to come from,
A rea, a ria, a roses,
Where's the money to come from,
Gentle sweet daughter o' mine?

Sell my father's feather bed,
A rea, a ria, a roses,

Sell my father's feather bed,
Gentle sweet mother o' mine.

What's your father to sleep on,
A rea, a ria, a roses,
What's your father to sleep on,
Gentle sweet daughter o' mine?

Put him in the truckle bed,
A rea, a ria, a roses,
Put him in the truckle bed,
Gentle sweet mother o' mine.

What are the children to sleep on,
A rea, a ria, a roses,
What are the children to sleep on,
Gentle sweet daughter o' mine?

Put them in the pig-sty,
A rea, a ria, a roses,
Put them in the pig-sty,
Gentle sweet mother o' mine



What are the pigs to lie in,
A rea, a ria, a roses,
 What are the pigs to lie in,
Gentle sweet daughter o' mine?

Put them in the washing-tubs,
A rea, a ria, a roses,
 Put them in the washing-tubs,
Gentle sweet mother o' mine.

What am I to wash in,
A rea, a ria, a roses,
 What am I to wash in,
Gentle sweet daughter o' mine?



Wash in the thimble,
A rea, a ria, a roses,
 Wash in the thimble,
Gentle sweet mother o' mine.

Thimble won't hold your father's shirt,
A rea, a ria, a roses,
 Thimble won't hold your father's shirt,
Gentle sweet daughter o' mine.

Wash in the river,
A rea, a ria, a roses,
 Wash in the river,
Gentle sweet mother o' mine.

Suppose the clothes should blow away,
A rea, a ria, a roses,
 Suppose the clothes should blow away,
Gentle sweet daughter o' mine?

Set a man to watch them,
A rea, a ria, a roses,
 Set a man to watch them,
Gentle sweet mother o' mine.

Suppose the man should go to sleep,
A rea, a ria, a roses,
 Suppose the man should go to sleep,
Gentle sweet daughter o' mine?

Take a boat and go after them,
A rea, a ria, a roses,
 Take a boat and go after them,
Gentle sweet mother o' mine.

Suppose the boat should be upset,
A rea, a ria, a roses,
 Suppose the boat should be upset,
Gentle sweet daughter o' mine?

Then that would be an end of you,
A rea, a ria, a roses,
 Then that would be an end of you,
Gentle sweet mother o' mine!

Anon.

Note.—The recital of this poem affords the children much pleasure. The teacher can read the lines while the children repeat the refrain in unison.

SONGS

ACTION SONG—IN THE FARMYARD

ONE child is Farmer. He walks in and stands at one end of the room. The other children, the Animals, stand in double file outside, or at the other end of the room. The Animals are divided into Roosters, Lambs, Cows, Donkeys, Pigeons, Ganders, Pigs, Horses, Dogs and Cats, and are arranged to stand in this order. After the Farmer has sung, the Roosters dance over to him singing their verse, and line up in front of him in the same order in double file. The other animals follow in turn and join the file. The animals can be distinguished by bib-labels prepared by the actors.

1. *Farmer walks in, singing:*

Come to my farmyard,
My farmyard, my farmyard,
Come to my farmyard,
Creatures of my farm.

2. *Roosters dance over, singing:*

We are the Roosters,
The Roosters, the Roosters,
We are the Roosters,—

(crowing)

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!

3. *Lambs dance over, singing:*

We are the Baa-lambs,
The Baa-lambs, the Baa-lambs,
We are the Baa-lambs,—

(bleating)

BAA-A! BAA-A! BAA-A!

4. *Cows dance over, singing:*

We are the Moo-cows,
The Moo-cows, the Moo-cows,
We are the Moo-cows,—

(moo-ing)

MOO-O! MOO-O! MOO-O!

5. *Donkeys dance over, singing:*

We are the Donkeys,
The Donkeys, the Donkeys,
We are the Donkeys,—

(braying)

HEE-HAW! HEE-HAW! HEE-HAW!

6. *Pigeons dance over, singing:*

We are the Pigeons,
The Pigeons, the Pigeons,
We are the Pigeons,—

(coo-ing)

COO-O! COO-O! COO-O!

7. *Ganders dance over, singing:*

We are the Ganders,
The Ganders, the Ganders,
We are the Ganders,—

(hissing)

S-S-S! S-S-S! S-S-S!

8. *Pigs dance over, singing:*

We are the Piggies,
The Piggies, the Piggies,
We are the Piggies,—

(grunting)

HONK! HONK! HONK!

9. *Horses dance over, singing :*

We are the Horses,
The Horses, the Horses,
We are the Horses,—

(neighing)

NE-EY! NE-EY! NE-EY!

10. *Dogs dance over, singing :*

We are the Sheep-dogs,
The Sheep-dogs, the Sheep-dogs,
We are the Sheep-dogs,—

(barking)

BOW-WOW! BOW-WOW! BOW-
WOW!

11. *Cats dance over, singing :*

We are the Pussies,
The Pussies, the Pussies,
We are the Pussies,—

(mewing)

MEE-OW! MEE-OW! MEE-OW!

12. *Farmer sings :*

All in my farmyard,
My farmyard, my farmyard,
All in my farmyard,
Walk around my farm.

Farmer places himself at the head of the double file of animals and leads them about the room, while a verse of the song is being played, and the animals make their appropriate noises. Finally the Farmer leads them out of the room.



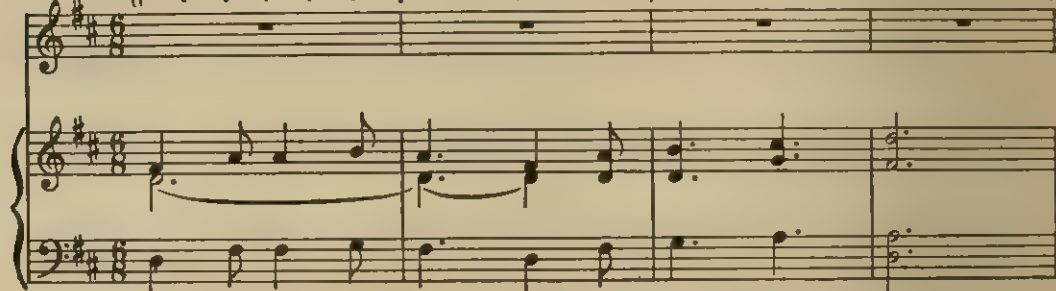
IN THE FARMYARD

ACTION SONG

KATE LAY

PERCY G SAUNDERS

Doh = D { : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : }



FARMER

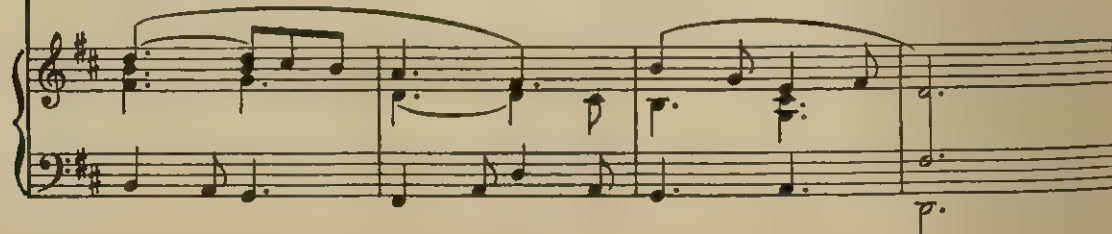
{ m :- : s | s :- : l | s :- : - | m :- : s | l :- : - | f :- : l | d' :- : - | s :- : - }

Come___ to my farm - yard, My farm - yard, my farm - yard,



{ d' :- : - | - : t : l | s :- : - | m :- : - | l :- : f | r :- : m | d :- : - | - : - : }

Come___ to my farm - yard, Crea-tures of my farm.



CREATURES

{ m :- : s | s :- : l | s :- : m :- : s | l :- : f :- : l | d' :- : s :- : }

1. We — are the Roos - ters, The Roos - ters, the Roos - ters,
2. We — are the Baa - lambs, The Baa - lambs, the Baa - lambs,

{ d' :- : l :- : t : l | s :- : m :- : | : : | : : | : : | : : ||

We — are the Roos - ters. Cock - a-doo - dle-doo!
We — are the Baa - lambs, Baa - a! Baa - a! Baa!

Last Verse FARMER

{ m :- : s | s :- : l | s :- : m :- : s | l :- : f :- : l | d' :- : s :- : }

All — in my farm - yard, My farm - yard, my farm - yard.

{ d' :- : l :- : t : l | s :- : m :- : | l :- : f | r :- : m | d :- : l :- : }

All — in my farm - yard, Walk a-round my farm.

Repeat music of last verse as animals walk out

THREE BLIND MICE

NURSERY RHYME

Arranged by
PERCY G. SAUNDERS

The musical score is arranged in four systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

System 1: The piano accompaniment begins with a series of chords. The vocal line starts with a whole note chord.

System 2: The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Three blind mice, three blind mice; See how they run, see how they". Above the first measure of the vocal line, the notation "Doh = C" is written. Above the first measure of the piano accompaniment, a series of rhythmic and pitch symbols are written: || m : - : | r : - : | d : - : | - : - : | m : - : | r : - : | d : - : | - : - : | s : - : | l f : - : | f | m : - : | - : - : | s : - : | l f : - : | f |.

System 3: The vocal line continues with the lyrics "run; — They all ran aft - er the farm - er's wife, She cut off their tails with a". Above the first measure of the vocal line, a series of rhythmic and pitch symbols are written: || m : - : | - : - : | s | d' : - : | d' | t : l : t | d' : - : | s | s : - : | s | d' : d' : d' | t : l : t |.

System 4: The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "carv - ing knife, Did you ev - er hear such a thing in your life, As three blind mice?". Above the first measure of the vocal line, a series of rhythmic and pitch symbols are written: || d' : - : | s | s : - : | s s | d' : - : | d' | t : l : t | d' : s : s | s : - : | f | m : - : | r : - : | - : - : | d : - : | - : - : |.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO, MY PRETTY MAID?

OLD RHYME

Arranged by
PERCY G. SAUNDERS

Doh=E♭ || d :d :d | m :- :m | r .d :r | d :- :- |

1. "Where are you going to, my pret - ty maid?"

|| m :m :m | s :- :s | f :m :f | m :- :d |

Where are you going to, my pret - ty maid?" "I'm

|| d :- :d | m :- :d | t, :- :d | r :- :- |

going a - milk - ing, sir." she said,

|| d :- : r | m :- :- | r :- : m | f :- : f }

"Sir," she said, "Sir," she said, "I'm

|| m :- : f | s : d : f | m :- : r | d :- :- ||

going a - milk - ing, sir," she said.

2. "May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
 "You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.

3. "What is your father, my pretty maid?"
 "My father's a farmer, sir," she said.

4. "Say, will you marry me, my pretty maid?"
 "Yes, if you please, kind sir," she said

5. "Will you be constant, my pretty maid?"
 "That I can't promise you, sir," she said.

6. "Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid!"
 "Nobody asked you, sir," she said.

WHIM WHAM WADDLE-HO!

OLD RHYME

Arranged by
PERCY G. SAUNDERS

Doh = Eb

|| d | d . d : d' | s : f . m | r : r . d lt, : s, }

1. My dad - dy is dead, but I can't tell how, He
2. I sold my six hors - es to buy me a cow, And

|| d : d . d | r : r . r | m : r . d lt, ||

left me six hors - es to fol - low the plough.
was - nt that a pret - ty thing to fol - low the plough?

CHORUS

|| s₁ s₁ | d :d | d .t₁ :t₁ | d :d' | d' .s :s |

With my whim, wham, wad - dle - ho! Strim, stram, strad - dle - ho!

Bub - ble - ho! Pret - ty boy, o - ver the brow.

8. I sold my cow to buy me a calf,
For I never made a bargain, but I lost the best half.
With my whim etc.
4. I sold my calf to buy me a cat,
To sit before the fire to warm his little back.
With my whim etc.
5. I sold my cat to buy me a mouse,
She took fire in her tail and burnt up my house.
With my whim etc.

THE KING OF SPAIN'S DAUGHTER

Arranged by
PERCY G. SAUNDERS

At a moderate pace

Doh = D

|| : | : .d | d .r :d .m ls :s {

I had a lit - tle nut tree,

|| l .s :l .d' ls :- | f .f :f .s |m :s | r .f :r .t, ld :- d {

Nothing would it bear But a sil-ver nut - meg And a gold-en pear. The

|| d .r :d .m ls :s | l .s :l .d' ls :- .s {

King of Spain's. daugh - ter Came to vis - it me, And

|| 1 .d' :s .m || :f .f | m ,m - :r ld :- .d }

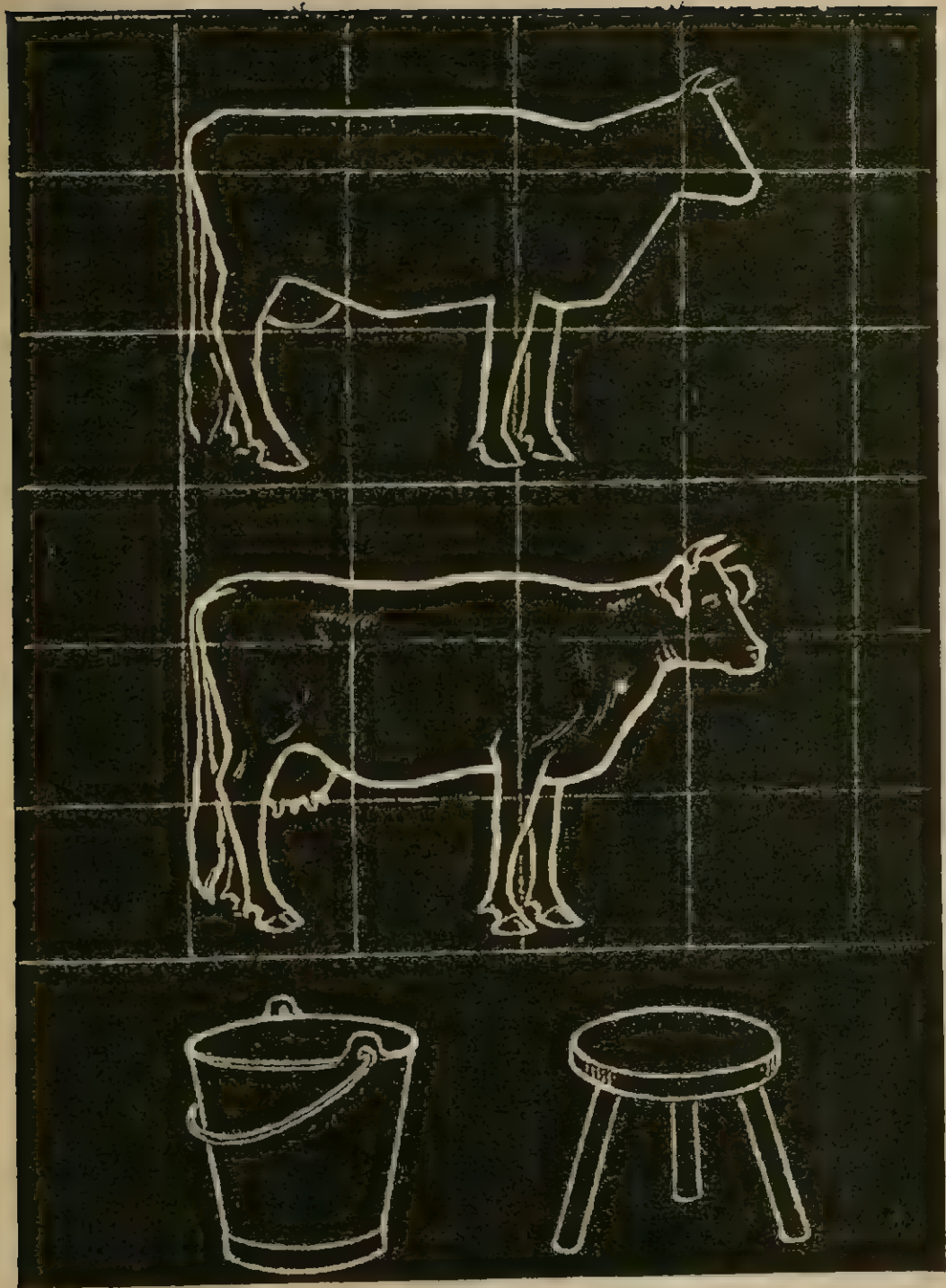
all — for the sake of my lit-tle nut tree. I

|| d .r :d ,d .m | s :s .s | l .s :l ,l 'd' | s :s .s }

skipped o-ver the wa-ter, I danced o-ver the sea, And the

|| 1 .d' :s .m || :f | m ,m - :r ld ||

birds_ in the air_ Could-n't catch me.



COW

PAIL

STOOL

CENTRE OF INTEREST— THE FARM

XVIII. POULTRY AND PIGS ON THE FARM



FARMYARD FRIENDS

Drawing in Outline of Picture No. 22 in the Portfolio.

Description of Picture No. 22.—This picture shows a farmyard scene which is full of detail interesting to children. A little girl, the farmer's child, is scattering poultry seed from a basket to a motherly hen surrounded by a brood of seven chicks. One little chick rides on the hen's back, another is drinking from a saucer, others peck the ground or look up for the expected seed to fall. Some ducks and ducklings have come forward hoping for a share in the feast, and a handsome turkey swaggers up. On the fence at the back of the picture stands the gallant cock, making a fine figure there as he crows with all his might. A fat sow with four little pigs stands near. Behind the fence a barn or shed with thatched roof can be seen.

The frieze for the classroom wall is made up of a hen followed by four little chicks. Drawings in outline for tracing these figures are given, see pages 698 and 699. One-third of the children, those painting the hen, will require a whole sheet of drawing paper with a tracing of the hen. The other two-thirds will require half sheets with a tracing of two chicks on each. The colours for the birds are shown in the picture. The children should first moisten their papers with a brush filled with clean water. After colouring their segments, the children may cut them out along the guiding lines, so that they can be mounted, edge to edge, on the back of a strip of wall paper.

LANGUAGE AND SPEECH TRAINING

Conversation on Picture No. 22.—The children should freely discuss and describe the picture. To stimulate thought and observation, and to bring to the notice of the children any points overlooked, the teacher may make some of the following suggestions:—1. Tell what place you see in the picture. 2. Tell what the little girl holds. 3. Tell what the little girl is doing. 4. Tell what the hen and her chicks are doing. 5. Tell how many chicks you can see. 6. Find the ducks and geese; tell why they have come up. 7. Tell how many ducks you can see. 8. How do you know a duck from a goose? 9. Tell how many geese you can see. 10. Tell what a turkey is like. 11. At what time of the year are turkeys eaten? 12. Name the bird sitting on the fence at the back. 13. Name the fat animal by the fence. What are the small creatures around the pig? 14. Tell what a pig is like. Tell what is made from the pig. 15. Tell why the farmer keeps chickens. 16. Name all the farmyard friends you can see in this picture.

During the conversation, the leading words

may be written on the blackboard; e.g.,—farm, basket, corn, maize, food, hungry, tail, cock, pig, bacon, pork, lard, bristles, brushes. The older children may copy these words into a book as a writing exercise, and the more familiar of them may be learnt as an exercise in spelling.

What the creatures say.—Tell the children how the hen says "Cluck! cluck!" as she takes her chicks round the farmyard. Write on the blackboard or say aloud such incomplete sentences as the following, and let the children supply the missing words:—The hen says, "Cluck, cluck!" The cock says, ——. The little chick says, ——. The pig says, ——. The turkey says, ——. The duck says, ——. The goose says, ——. The cat says, ——. The dog says, ——. The cow says, ——. The donkey says, ——. The sheep says, ——. etc.

A game.—Alternatively, the above exercise may take the form of a game. Each child in turn chooses what animal or bird he wishes to be and makes the appropriate

sound. The other children must guess what creature he is pretending to be.

FOR CHILDREN FROM FIVE TO SIX

Play.—Let the children mime actions and imitate sounds based on *Picture No. 22*, as follows:—1. Play at holding a basket and feeding the chicks. 2. Talk like the chicks. 3. Talk like the hen. 4. Talk like the big pig. 5. Talk like the little pigs. 6. Talk like the ducks. 7. Talk like the turkey. 8. Talk like the cock on the fence. 9. Show how the chicks feed. 10. What would you say to bring the chicks round you? 11. What would you say to drive the chicks away?

Matching colours.—Let the children select from their boxes of beads, papers, coloured beans, silk, wool or other material the colours to match some of those seen in *Picture No. 22*.—The blue sky; the yellow chicks, ducks, leaves and thatch; the brown pigs; the red part of the turkey, the hen and the cock; the green leaves.

With crayons, pastels or paints, the children can draw and colour some of the birds or animals seen in the farmyard, especially any they may have at home. The children should make their own choice of the bird or animal and draw it as they please.

Missing words.—Say such sentences as the following for the children to supply the missing words:—

1. The girl is feeding the ———
(chicks).
2. She has the food in a ———
(basket).



TRACE-OUT FOR FRIEZE—TWO CHICKS
Trace this Drawing for part of the Frieze, *Picture No. 22*.



TRACE-OUT FOR FRIEZE---HEN
Trace this Drawing for part of the Frieze, Picture No. 23

3. One chick is riding on the hen's — (back).
4. The cock is standing on the — (fence).
5. One chick is drinking — (water).
6. The fat old mother pig has four — (piglings).

Number.—Let the children set out the correct number of beads, counters, bricks, beans, or sticks to correspond with the number of various things seen in *Picture No. 22*.—1 girl, 1 hen, 1 mother pig, 1 cock, 1 turkey; 4 little pigs; 7 little chicks, or 3 and 2 and 2, or 1 and 6, or 3 and 4, or 2 and 5; 2 geese and 4 ducks; 1 mother pig and 4 little pigs; 3 hens in the border; 4 and 4 and 2 chicks in the border.

The children can make clay or plasticine birds and animals, and arrange them in groups of two, three, four, etc. The children who are sufficiently advanced can add and subtract with the objects made. The objects can be collected to form a farmyard in a sand tray.

Word building.—Where a phonic system of teaching reading is practised, word building can be done in connection with the picture. Print on the blackboard the name of a conspicuous object; e.g., *hen*. Let the children select from their boxes the letters to make *hen*. They can then make other similar words; e.g., *pen, Ben, len, men, den*,—and so forth. Deal in the same way with other words; e.g., *chick, cock, pig*. Some of the name-words which may be too difficult for the Fives at the moment, can be printed on cards with a suitable picture and put in the *Card Dictionary*; e.g., *turkey, blue, fence, thatch, barn*.

A "Yes and No" game.—Draw on the blackboard a pond with a duck in it. In this game the children answer *Yes* or *No*:—1. Is that a pond? *Yes*. 2. Is that a hen? *No*. 3. Is that a turkey? *No*. 4. Is that a duck? *Yes*. 5. Is the duck on the ground? *No*. 6. Is the duck under the water? *No*. 7. Is the duck in the water? *Yes*. 8. Does

the duck say "Cluck, cluck"? *No*. 9. Does the duck say "Gobble, gobble"? *No*. 10. Does the duck say "Quack, quack"? *Yes*.

FOR CHILDREN OVER SIX

Flash Cards.—The following sentences might be written on strips of card:—

1. The girl feeds the chicks.
The girl has a basket.
There are seeds in the basket.
She gives the seeds to the chicks.
2. The hen is the mother.
The hen has seven chicks.
One chick rides on her back.
One chick is drinking water.
3. The mother pig is big.
The big pig has four piglings.
The big pig says "Umph! umph!"
The little pigs say "Wee! wee!"
4. Father goose is the gander.
The geese are white.
The young ducks are yellow.
There are four ducks.

Matching pictures and sentences.—Let the children bring from catalogues and magazines, pictures of the farmyard and farmyard birds and animals. The pictures are cut out and mounted on cards of uniform size with the names printed under each picture. The picture cards are kept together in a box. The teacher then prepares *Flash Cards* relating to the pictures. As each *Flash Card* is exhibited a child is called upon to get the appropriate picture card from the box. This game is a great help to children when learning to read. Such sentences as the following might be printed on the *Flash Cards*:—1. Put the girl on the floor. (The picture cards can be stuck upright between toy bricks.) 2. Put three chicks near her feet. 3. Put a duck near

the chicks. 4. Put a fence in the picture. 5. Put a cock on the fence. 6. Put a sty in the picture. 7. Put two pigs in the sty.

Rhyming words.—Write on the blackboard the following words printed in italics, and let the children suggest other words having the same sound and end-form to add to each:—

1. *hen*, pen, ten, men, den.
2. *duck*, buck, luck, suck.
3. *pig*, big, fig, dig, wig.
4. *fence*, pence, hence.
5. *cock*, lock, sock, dock, frock.

Read aloud these incomplete rhymes and let the children suggest the final words:—

1. Once there lived a little man
Where a little river — (*ran*).
2. And he had a little plough,
And a little dairy — (*cow*).
3. In a sty, not very big,
He'd a frisky little — (*pig*).
4. The poplars grow up straight and tall.
The pear tree spreads along the — (*wall*).

Choose the right word.—Write the following on the blackboard or on cards and let the children rewrite the sentences, choosing the right word to complete each sentence by reference to *Picture No. 22*:—

1. The girl's frock is (red, blue, white).
2. The girl is feeding the (ducks, chicks, pigs).
3. There are (six, five, seven) chicks.
4. The cock is on the (fence, barn, ground).
5. The pig has (one, four, three) piglings.
6. The girl has a (pail, bowl, basket).

7. The meat of pigs is (beef, pork, mutton).
8. A hen is (an animal, a bird, a fish).

Reading and drawing.—Write on cards directions for drawing, and distribute the cards among the children:—

1. Draw a pond with blue water.
Cut out a white duck.
Cut out two yellow ducklings.
Put the ducks and ducklings in the pond.
2. Draw a pig and cut it out.
Draw a boy and cut it out.
Draw a pigsty.
Put the pig in the sty.
Put the boy looking at the pig.

Individual reading cards.—This description of *Picture No. 22* can be hectographed for children's individual reading:—

In this farmyard we see some of the farmer's birds and beasts.

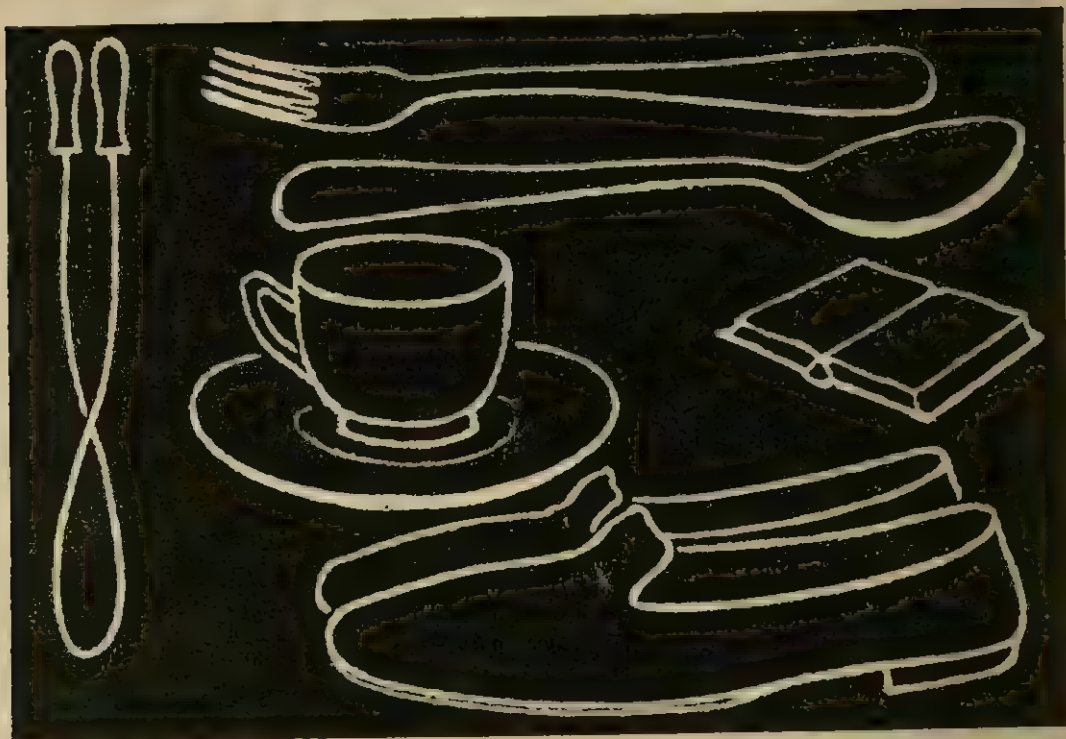
Look at the mother hen with her brood of tiny chicks. They were hatched from her eggs three days ago. The farmer's child has come to look at the chicks. She is giving them seed from her basket. The cock, their father, stands on the fence. "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" he says. "Look at my family!"

Old Mrs. Pig has a family too. You see her by the fence with her little ones. The baby pigs have tiny curly tails.

The ducks and geese have come up to the farmer's child. They are hoping for a share of the seed.

The fat turkey struts along, with his tail spread out. He is a fine fellow and will make a good Christmas dinner next year.

The use of things.—On the blackboard draw outlines of objects shown on the next page. Let the children tell what we do with the things illustrated.



SKIPPING ROPE
CUP AND SAUCER

FORK
SPOON

BOOK
PAIR OF SLIPPERS

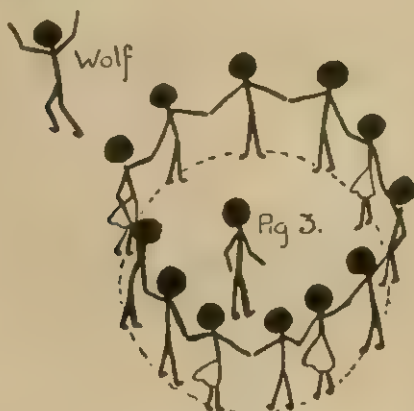
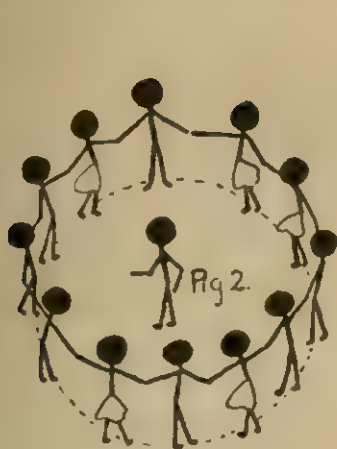
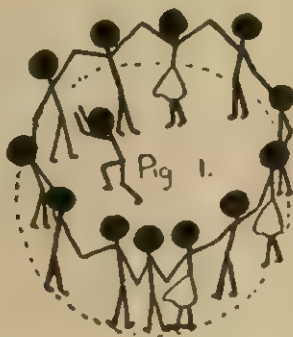
ACTIVITIES AND CONSTRUCTIVE WORK

Game—"The Three Little Pigs."—This is a jolly game for the playground. The children divide to form three rings which are placed at equal distances from each other. The children in the rings hold hands, and three other children, the Pigs, stand in the middle of them, one in each ring. A fourth child is the Wolf, who stands outside the rings.

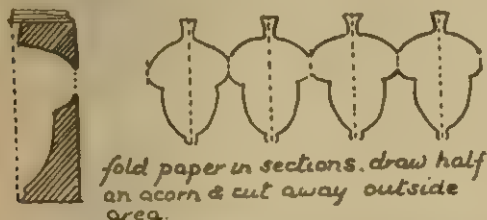
The children in the rings walk round, singing, *Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?* (page 709) while the Wolf tries to catch one of the Pigs. He chases them in and out and round the rings. The children of the rings help the Pigs by raising their hands to let them in and out, and hinder the Wolf

by dropping their hands and closing up to prevent his getting through. All the time the ring-children must continue singing and walking without loosing their hands. The game ends when the Wolf catches one of the Pigs. (See sketch on facing page.)

Paper cutting—frieze of acorns.—Take a strip of light brown paper about three times as long as it is wide and fold it into eight. Draw the shape of one half of an acorn on the folded strip. The edge of the acorn must not be cut at the folded sides or the pattern will fall to pieces. Hold the folds together and cut away the waste paper. Unfold and mount the acorns on paper of

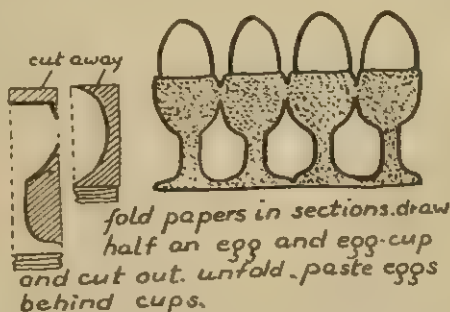


a contrasting colour. (Pigs are very fond of acorns.)



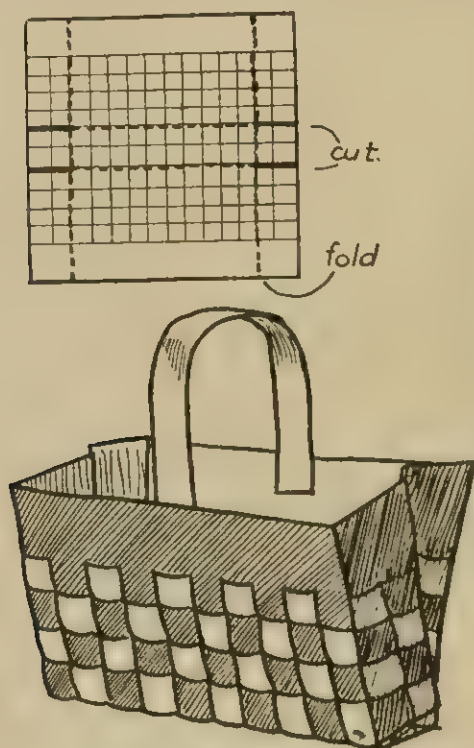
Paper-cutting—frieze of eggs and egg-cups.—Take a strip of white paper and a wider strip of coloured paper the same length. Fold up both strips to narrow oblongs of the same width. On the coloured folded paper draw and cut out the shape of half an egg-cup, taking care to leave an uncut strip on the side or the pattern will fall to pieces. Cut the shape of half an egg from the white folded strip, this time cutting all round the egg, so that four separate

eggs are made. Stick an egg to the back of each egg-cup and paste the whole on a mount.



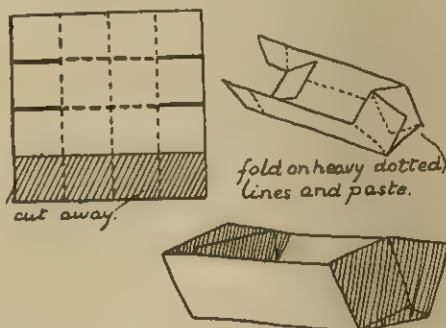
Paper weaving—egg basket.—This model follows on from the making of the paper mat on page 18. Take a square of coloured paper not less than 4 in. across, fold it in half and cut down a number of parallel lines $\frac{1}{4}$ in. apart, reaching to about 1 in. of the edge, as shown in the sketch on page 19.

Cut some strips of paper of equal width in a contrasting colour, and weave the strips over and under the bars of the square of paper. When the weaving is completed, turn under all the free ends of the strips and paste them down neatly. Now cut down the dark lines shown in the sketch below, and fold up on the dotted lines. Bring the corners together on each side and paste the side edges one over the other obliquely, as shown in the sketch of the finished basket. Cut a strip of paper for the handle and paste the ends inside the basket.

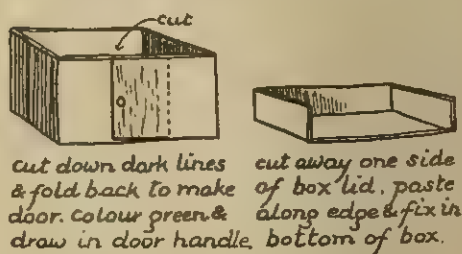
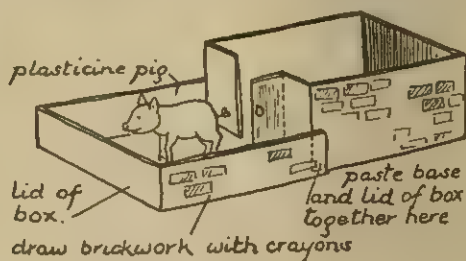


Paper model—pig trough.—Use squared paper for this model; or fold up a square of paper four times to mark it in sixteen squares and cut off one line of squares. Cut down each of the dark lines shown in the sketch and fold at the heavy dotted lines. At each end of the trough bend forward the end flap and then bend the two side flaps and paste them together at an angle,

with the outer corners matching. This makes the sides of the trough to slope outwards and the ends to rise in a point. Paste the end flap to the inside of the side flaps. The other end of the trough is made in a similar manner.



Cardboard model—pigsty.—An effective pigsty can be made from a square cardboard box and lid. In the middle of one side of the box draw a door; paint it green or cover it with green paper, and draw on a door handle. Cut the door out on two sides and bend it back as shown in the sketch. Cut off one side of the box lid, gum along the inside of the cut edge and fix the bottom of the box into it. The pigsty may now be washed over with red water colour into



which blue and black are flooded to give a mottled appearance. When dry, draw and paint on some white and red bricks at irregular intervals. If preferred the pigsty

can be covered with red tiled paper, in which case it will be easier to cover the box before making up the model. A plasticine pig may be made to stand in the sty.

STORIES TO READ OR TELL

CHICKEN LITTLE

ONCE there was a mother hen. She had one little chicken. It was called Chicken Little. Mother Hen and Chicken Little were in the garden. Mother Hen was eating. Chicken Little was eating, too. Chicken Little saw a big seed. She ran to get it. She tried to eat the seed.

Mother Hen saw the big seed, too. She called to Chicken Little. "That seed is too big," she said. "That seed is too hard. Do not eat it, Chicken Little."

But Chicken Little had eaten the seed. It was too big. It was too hard. It choked Chicken Little. She fell down and lay there in the garden.

Mother Hen ran to get some water. She ran to the well. "Give me some water," she said. "Chicken Little is choked. She is lying in the garden. Give me some water for my chicken."

"Get me a cup," said the well. "Just get me a cup. Then I will give you some water."

Mother Hen ran to get a cup. She ran to the oak tree.

"Give me a cup," she said. "Do give me a cup. I will give the cup to the well. The well will give me some water. I will give the water to Chicken Little. Chicken Little is choked. She is lying in the garden."

"Get some one to shake me," said the oak tree. "Just get some one to shake me. Then I will give you a cup."

Away ran Mother Hen. She ran to the wind.

"Shake the oak tree for me," she said. "Do shake the oak tree for me. The oak

tree will give me a cup. I will give the cup to the well. The well will give me some water. I will give it to Chicken Little. Chicken Little is choked. She is lying in the garden."

"Give me a feather," said the wind. "Just give me a feather. Then I will shake the oak tree."

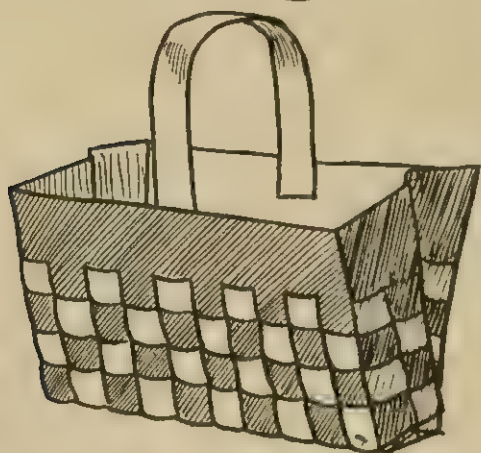
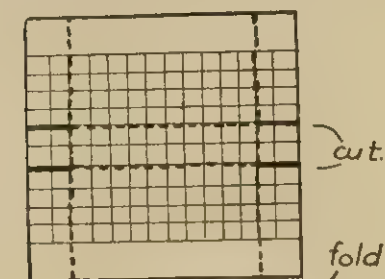
Mother Hen had a soft feather. She gave it to the wind. The wind shook the oak tree. He shook it hard. The oak tree gave Mother Hen a cup. It fell down to Mother Hen.

Mother Hen took the cup. "Thank you, Wind," she said. "Thank you, Oak Tree." Then away she ran to the well. "Here is a cup," she said. "The oak tree gave it to me. Now give me some water." The well gave Mother Hen some water in the cup. Mother Hen took the water. "Thank you, Well," she said. "Thank you for the water." Then away she ran to the garden. She ran to Chicken Little. She gave Chicken Little the cup.

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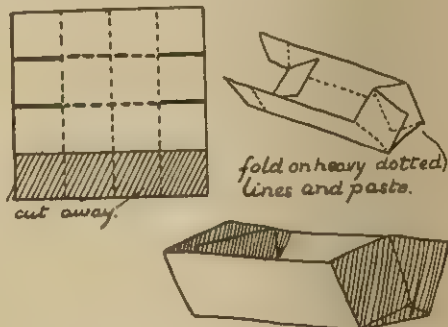
Playing the story.—This story can be readily played by the children. No costumes are needed, but the children taking part can be distinguished by bib-labels. When the story has been read or told once or twice and a few questions asked to ensure that the children know what each creature or thing said, the children can choose the actors and arrange the setting. There must

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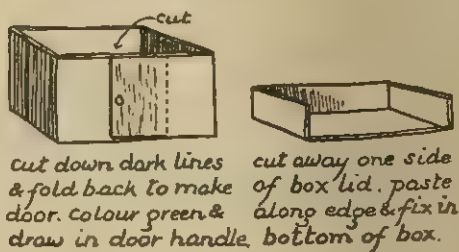
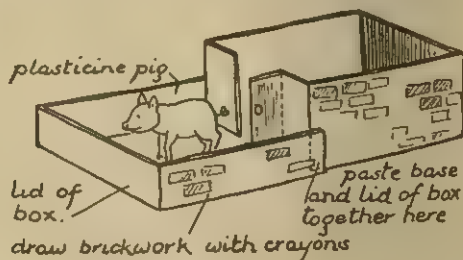


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CHILDREN'S DRAWINGS ILLUSTRATING CHICKEN LITTLE

1. HEN 2. CHICKEN 3. SEED 4. GARDEN 5. CUP (ACORN) 6. WELL
7. OAK TREE 8. FEATHER

be Mother Hen; Chicken Little; a child near a pail to represent the Well; a child near a drawing or a picture to represent an Oak Tree, and a child draped with some light material to represent the Wind.

The only other properties required are a seed (grain of wheat), some water in the pail, an acorn cup and a feather.

as they marched along the highway. One had a fiddle, and one had a flute, and as they went along they played a merry tune. The third little pig had nothing to play, so he sang at the top of his voice. And this was the song they played and sang:

"Who's afraid of the big bad wolf,
Big bad wolf, big bad wolf?
Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?
Tra-la-la-la-la!"

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

ONCE upon a time three little pigs went out into the world to seek their fortunes. Before they left their mother called them and said:

"Now, my dears, mind what I say. Keep your tails in a neat curl, don't get wet feet, and whatever you do, beware of the big bad wolf, who is always roaming about to catch little pigs and gobble them up."

The three little pigs promised to remember what their mother had said, so she gave each one some turnips tied up in a bundle, and they set out.

The three little pigs felt brave and strong

They had not walked far before they came to a heap of straw. Then the first little pig said,

"I shall stop here, and make my house of this straw. It will not take long to build, and then I shall have plenty of time to play my fiddle."

So the first little pig said good-bye to his brothers, and built himself a neat little house of the straw. It was done in no time. Then he went inside and shut the door. He took down his fiddle and played a merry tune while he danced and sang. And this was the song he sang:



"Who's afraid of the big bad wolf,
Big bad wolf, big bad wolf?
Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?
Tra-la-la-la-la!"

The two other little pigs still marched along the road. They had not walked far before they came to a pile of sticks.

Then the second little pig said,
"I shall stop here, and make my house of these sticks. It will not take long to build, and then I shall have plenty of time to play my flute."

So the second little pig said good-bye to his brother, and built himself a trim little house of sticks. It was done in no time. Then he went inside and shut the door. He took up his flute, and played a merry tune, and danced and sang. And this was the song he sang:

"Who's afraid of the big bad wolf,
Big bad wolf, big bad wolf?
Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?
Tra-la-la-la-la!"

The third little pig walked on and on. At last he came to a heap of bricks.

"The very thing!" he cried. "I shall stop here and make my house of these bricks. For a house of brick is the only one that will keep out the big bad wolf."

So the third little pig began to make his house of bricks. But it took a long, long time. His two brothers came to watch. One played his fiddle and the other played his flute, and they laughed at him. But the third little pig did not care one bit.

At last he had made a strong little house of brick. Then he went inside and shut the door and sat down, for he was quite tired.

His two brothers went back to their own homes. They were not tired, they tripped gaily along the highway, singing:

"Who's afraid of the big bad wolf,
Big bad wolf, big bad wolf?
Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?
Tra-la-la-la-la!"

Now it happened that the big bad wolf was passing that way. When he saw the two little pigs coming, he hid behind a tree. When he heard their song, he laughed to himself.

"Hol hol!" he laughed.

Then he followed the two little pigs home. He watched the one go into his house of sticks and the other go into his house of straw.

Soon he came to the first little pig's house.

"Little pig, little pig," cried the wolf. "May I come in?"

"No, no," replied the first little pig, "by the hair on my chinny, chin, chin!"

"Then," said the wolf, "I'll huff and I'll puff till I *blow* your house in!"

And he huffed and he puffed and he huffed and he puffed till he blew the house down, and there it lay as flat as a pancake. But the first little pig slipped out of the back door, and ran to his brother's house of sticks.

"Let me in! Let me in!" he cried. "The big bad wolf has blown down my house!"

So the second little pig let him in and shut the door. Soon the old wolf came along.

"Little pig, little pig," cried the wolf. "May I come in?"

"No, no," replied the second little pig, "by the hair on my chinny, chin, chin!"

"Then," said the wolf, "I'll huff and I'll puff till I *blow* your house in!"

And he huffed and he puffed and he huffed and he puffed till he blew the house down, and there it lay as flat as a pancake. But the two little pigs slipped out of the back door and they ran for their lives to their brother's house of brick.

"Let us in! Let us in!" they cried. "The big bad wolf has blown down our houses!"

So the third little pig let them in, and he bolted all the doors and windows and put a big pan to boil on the fire.

Soon the old wolf came along.

"Little pig, little pig," cried the wolf. "May I come in?"

WHO'S AFRAID OF THE BIG BAD WOLF?

FRANK E. CHURCHILL
and ANN RONELL

Slowly
Doh = G ||

Who's a - fraid of the big bad wolf, big bad wolf, big bad wolf?

Who's a - fraid of the big bad wolf? Tra la la la la. la.

Last time
d . . :

By special permission of WALT DISNEY-MICKEY MOUSE LTD.



"No, no," replied the third little pig, "by the hair on my chinny, chin, chin!"

"Then," said the wolf, "I'll huff and I'll puff till I *blow* your house in!"

And he huffed and he puffed and he huffed and he puffed, but he could not blow down the house because it was made of brick. This made the wolf so angry that he jumped up on the roof and began sliding down the chimney. But he fell into the pan that the third little pig had put on to boil, and that was the end of the big bad wolf.

Then the three pigs opened the doors and windows, and danced and sang. And this was the song they sang:

"Who's afraid of the big bad wolf,
Big bad wolf, big bad wolf?
Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?
Tra-la-la-la-la!"

THE LAZY PIG

"Days all sunny,
Plenty of honey,
Little to do,
Tra la, tra loo."

ONCE upon a time there was a pig with a curly tail. He lived alone in a little house. He had a little vegetable garden. Every day he worked in the garden. Every year he won a prize at the fair for his fine corn and potatoes.

One day Curlytail said to himself, "I am tired of working and working. I am going out into the world to seek my fortune. I am going to find something easy to do."

So he locked the door of the house and left the little garden, and started off down the road.

He trotted along quickly and soon he came to a little house. There were sweet sounds in the little house. Curlytail liked the sweet sounds.

"I will go inside," he said, "and find where the music comes from."

He knocked at the door. A voice said, "Come in." He went in, and there was Thomas Cat playing on a violin. He was pushing the bow up and down across the strings.

"Oh," said Curlytail, "that is easy."

So he said, very politely, "Friend Thomas Cat, will you teach me to play?"

"To be sure I will. Just do as I am doing," said Thomas Cat.

Curlytail took the violin. He pushed the bow across the strings. Squeak, squeak, squang, squeak! It sounded like baby pigs squealing for their supper.

"Oh, oh!" said Curlytail. "It does not sound like your sweet music."

Thomas Cat took the violin again. "You must work and work for many years to make sweet music," he said.

"Then I must go out into the world again," sighed Curlytail. "I wish to find something easy to do."

He said good-bye and trotted on, but not quite so quickly as at first. Soon he came to another little house. Dog Fido was making cheese in the kitchen.

"May I watch you make the cheese?" asked the polite Curlytail.

"To be sure you may," said Dog Fido. "Perhaps you would like to try making some yourself."

It looked easy to Curlytail, so he set to work. Soon he grew very hot. He sat down and began to fan himself.

"Oh you must not stop," cried Dog Fido. "You will spoil the cheese."

"But this is hard work," said Curlytail. "I am looking for something easy."

"Then be off," said the cheese maker; "I have no time for lazy pigs."

Curlytail set out again, slowly and sadly. He saw a man taking honey out of bee-hives.

"That is the life for me," he said. "Plenty of honey to eat and little to do! I could be happy here."

He danced along the road singing,

"Days all sunny,
Plenty of honey,
Little to do,
Tra la, tra loo."

He danced up to the man and asked, "May I help to take care of your bees?"

"To be sure," said the man. "I need a helper. Put on this veil and these gloves and take the honeycomb out of that hive."

Curlytail ran to do as he was told. Buzz, buzz, buzz! The bees flew out. One bee stung him on the end of his nose. Curlytail squealed and dropped the honey. Away he ran.

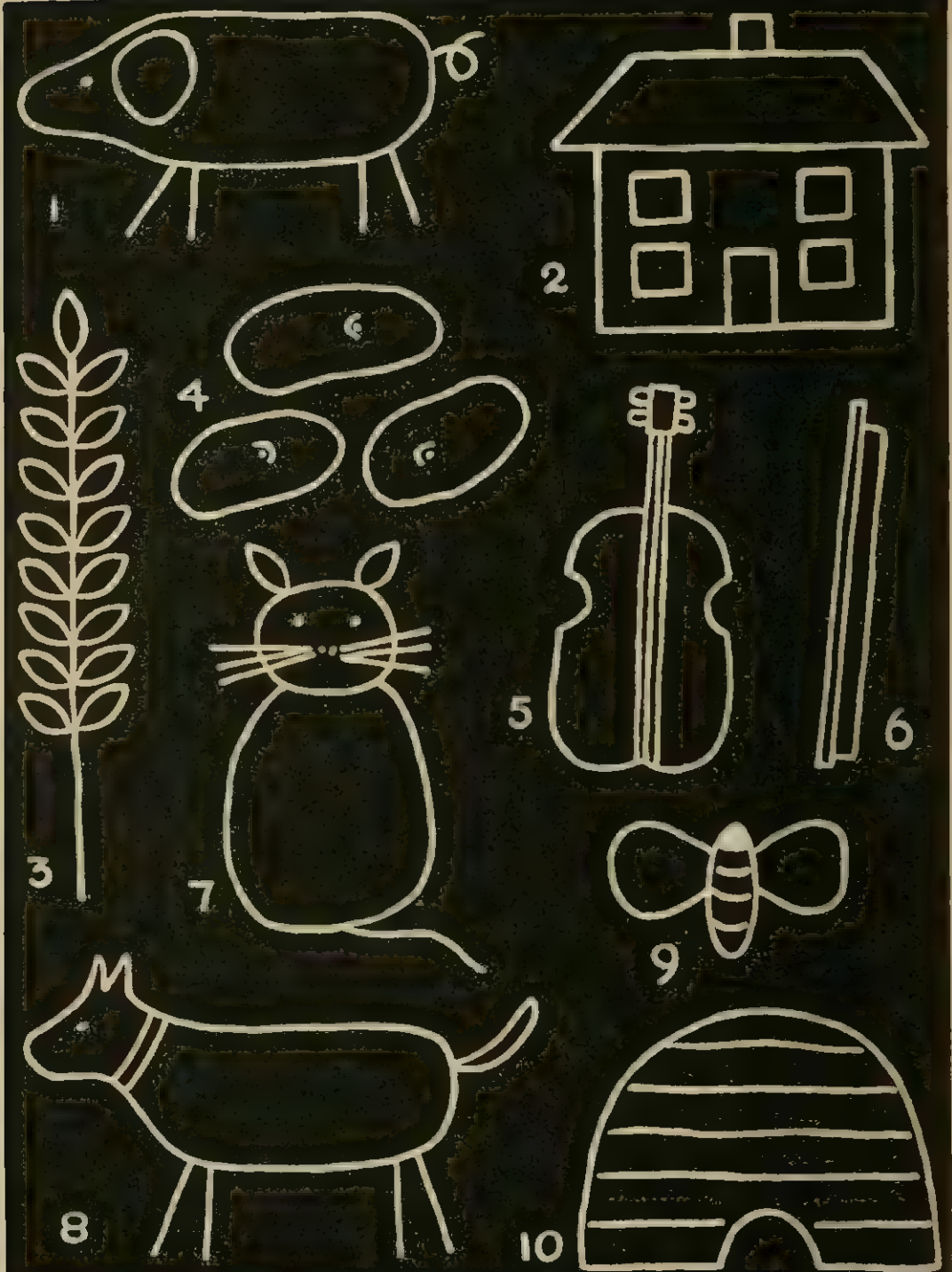
The man ran after him, calling, "Come back and do your work."

"No, no," squealed Curlytail, as he rubbed his nose, "I do not like your work. It is too hard."

He sat down by the roadside and began to think. He blinked his eyes and rubbed his nose. Then he jumped up and trotted home.

Thuringian Folk Tale.

Playing the story.—Let the children mime the actions and imitate the sounds connected with the story:—1. Play at working in the garden. 2. Lock the door. 3. Trot along the room. 4. Make a sweet sound. 5. Knock on your desk. 6. Play at fiddling a violin. 7. Make a noise like Curlytail made on the violin. 8. Sigh like Curlytail. 9. Fan yourself as if you were hot. 10. Dance down the room singing, "Tra la, tra loo." 11. Play at putting on a veil. 12. Play at putting on gloves. 13. Buzz like a bee. 14. Squeal like Curlytail. 15. Shout, "Come back to do your work." 16. Rub your nose and blink your eyes.



CHILDREN'S DRAWINGS ILLUSTRATING THE LAZY PIG

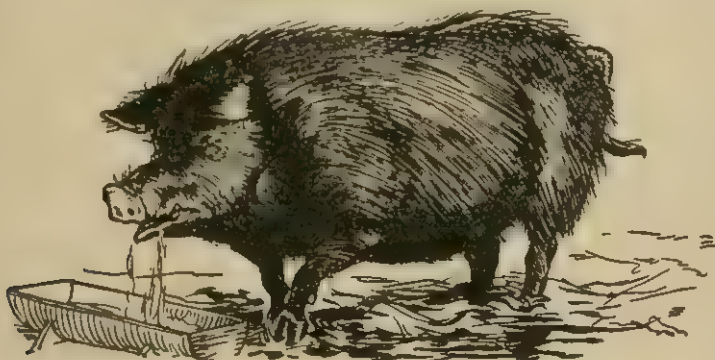
1. PIG WITH CURLY TAIL 2. HOUSE 3. CORN 4. POTATOES 5. VIOLIN
6. BOW 7. THOMAS CAT 8. DOG 9. BEE 10. HIVE

Drawing.—Let the children draw one or more of the following:—

1. Piggy Curlytail trotting down the road.
2. Thomas Cat playing a violin.
3. Bees flying round Curlytail.

A PIG

ONCE upon a time there lived a big pig who did nothing but eat from morning till night. He was covered with prickly bristles and he used to wallow in the mud till his shaggy coat was dripping with dirt.



"What a nasty thing he is!" said a child. "He never washes; he does not brush his hair nor clean his teeth. I wonder if one day he will be punished for behaving so badly?"

And he *was* punished! One day the butcher killed that pig. He scalded off his coat with boiling water and sold the bristles to the brush maker. The brush maker was a clever man; he preached the dead beast a sermon.

"All your life you have done nothing but eat," he said. "Now you shall be eaten in your turn. You shall be made into sausages and ham, fine roast pork and dainty chops. Your dirty bristles shall help to keep other people clean from the top of their heads to the soles of their feet. Those bristles shall make hairbrushes, clothes brushes, tooth-

brushes, and shoe brushes. You would not clean yourself, but you shall clean others!"

Do you know?—Ask such questions as the following to ensure that the children know the main facts of the story:—1. What does the beginning of the story tell us? 2. How did the pig spend his time? 3. Why did a child call the pig nasty? 4. What does the middle of the story tell us? 5. What did the butcher do with the pig's coat? 6. What does the end of the story tell us? 7. Name the things made from the pig.

Missing words.—Write the following on the blackboard and let the children add the correct describing words:—

1. The pig was covered with — bristles.
2. His — coat was dripping with dirt.
3. "What a — thing he is!" said a child.
4. The brush maker was a — man.
5. "You shall be made into sausages and fine — pork," he said.

Sentence making.—Write the following on the blackboard and let the children arrange the words in sentences:—

1. pig did The but eat. nothing
2. used wallow to He in mud.
3. butcher pig. that killed The
4. scalded coat. his He off
5. bristles. the He sold

FAT AND LEAN HENS



A NUMBER of hens once lived together in a farmyard. Some of them were plump, while others were lean. The fat hens were fond of making fun of their lean sisters. "You poor skinny things!" they would say. "You are more like scarecrows than hens." And they called them "rags and bones" and other rude names.

One day the farmer's wife came into the yard to choose some hens for her cooking pot. "I will not have those thin birds," she said to herself, "for they are not worth eating. These fine fat hens, however, will make us a splendid dish." She caught up the fat hens and took them into the farmhouse.

As they were carried into the kitchen to be killed and cooked for dinner, the fat hens wished that they had not been so foolish as to laugh at the lean hens, who were left alive and happy.

Never laugh at those who seem poorer than you are.

Do you know?—Ask such questions as the following to ensure that the children know the main facts of the story:—1. What does the beginning of the story tell us? 2. Why did some of the hens laugh at the others?

3. What used the fat hens to say? 4. Who came into the yard one day? 5. Why did she come into the yard? 6. What did the farmer's wife say about the lean hens? 7. What did she say about the fat hens? 8. What happened to the fat hens? 9. What happened to the lean hens? 10. What does the end of the story tell us?

THE COCK AND THE FOX

THERE was once a cock who thought himself very clever. He used to strut about the farmyard, crying, "Cock-a-doodle-doo! Look at me! Cock-a-doodle-doo!" And all the other animals used to answer, "Yes, you are indeed very clever. You should be king of the farm." So the vain cock called himself King of the farm.

Now one day a sly young Fox came by the farm, and he heard the Cock calling, "Cock-a-doodle-doo! Look at me! Cock-a-doodle-doo!" So the Fox put his head through the gate and said, "Why should I look at you? What can you do?"

"Oh," said the Cock, "I am King of the farm, I can do anything. Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

"Can you crow with your eyes shut?" asked the sly young Fox.

"Of course I can crow with my eyes shut," said the Cock.

"Then come near to me so that I can see you do it," said the Fox.

So the Cock went close to the gate and shut his eyes. But he did not have time to crow, for snap! went the Fox's jaws, and in a twinkling he had hold of the Cock and was carrying him off to the wood.

Just then the Dog looked out, and saw the Fox running off. "Yap! Yap!" cried the Dog, and he ran after the Fox.

The Farmer heard the Dog and looked out. "Hi!" cried the Farmer, and he ran after the Dog.

The Farmer's Wife heard the Farmer and looked out. "Oh dear!" cried the Farmer's Wife, and she ran after the Farmer.

The Horse heard the Farmer's Wife and looked out. "Ne-e-ey!" cried the Horse, and he ran after the Farmer's Wife.

The Cow heard the Horse and looked out. "Moo!" cried the Cow, and she ran after the Horse.

The Turkeys heard the Cow and looked out. "Gobble! Gobble!" cried the Turkeys, and they ran after the Cow.

The Geese heard the Turkeys and looked out. "Hiss-s-s!" cried the Geese, and they ran after the Turkeys.

The Hens heard the Geese and looked out. "Cluck! Cluck!" cried the Hens, and they ran after the Geese.

So there they all were, running after one another into the wood.

Now the Cock began to think what he would do, for he knew that once the Fox reached his home there would be an end of him.

So he said to the Fox, "How clever you are! Look at all the creatures running after you. Just turn round and tell them that they will never catch you."

Now the young Fox was feeling rather pleased with himself, so he thought he would like to do as the Cock said. He opened his mouth and called out, "You will never catch me!"

But as he opened his mouth he let go the Cock, who spread his wings and flew to the top of a tree.



"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" cried the Cock.
 "Who is the clever one now?"

So the Cock flew home to the Farm, and the Dog, the Farmer, the Farmer's Wife, the Horse, the Cow, the Turkeys, the Geese and the Hens all turned round and walked home.

THE GOOSE THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGGS

A LITTLE old man and a little old woman once lived together in a little old cottage. They were very poor, because the little old man was so lazy that he would not work hard enough to earn more than a few pence.

One day, when the old man and his wife were sitting at home with the door wide open to let in the warm sunlight, in waddled a very large goose. It found some straw in the corner and sat down there.

"I believe it is going to lay an egg," said the little old woman.

Sure enough, when the goose got up, there in the straw lay an egg. The old man picked it up and gave a cry of joy.

"Wife! wife!" he said, "this egg is made of gold!"

The next day at about the same time the goose laid another golden egg.

"Our fortune is made," said the old man.

He did not go to work at all, but sat all day looking into the box in which he put the golden eggs. Every day the old man added one more egg, and he would sit counting them and chuckling over his riches.

After a while he began to grumble. He thought that the eggs did not come fast enough, and he wanted more at once.

"The goose must have hundreds of eggs inside her," said he. "I will kill her and have them all without any waiting."

So he killed the goose. Alas! she was just the same inside as any other goose. Not a single golden egg was to be found.

When the wife saw the dead bird she was very angry.

"Foolish old man," she said, "now we shall never have another golden egg," and throwing her apron over her head she wept bitterly.

THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN YOUNG GOSSLINGS

THERE was once an old goose who had seven young gossings, and loved them as only a mother can love her children. One day she was going into the wood to seek for provender, and before setting off she called all seven to her and said, "Dear children, I am obliged to go into the wood, so be on your guard against the wolf; for if he gets in here he will eat you up, feathers, skin, and all. The villain often disguises himself, but you can easily recognise him by his rough voice and black paws."

The children answered, "Dear mother, we will take great care; you may go without any anxiety." So the old lady was comforted, and set off cheerfully for the wood.

Before long, some one knocked at the door, and cried, "Open, open, my dear children; your mother is here, and has brought something for each of you."

But the gossings soon perceived, by the rough voice, that it was the wolf. "We will not open," said they; "you are not our mother, for she has a sweet and lovely voice; but your voice is rough—you are the wolf."

Thereupon the wolf set off to a merchant and bought a large lump of chalk; he ate it, and it made his voice sweet. Back he came, knocked at the door, and cried, "Open, open, my dear children; your mother is here, and has brought something for each of you."

But the wolf had laid his black paw on the window sill, and when the children saw it, they cried, "We will not open; our mother has not black feet like you—you are the wolf."

So the wolf ran off to the baker, and said, "I have hurt my foot, put some dough on

it." And when the baker had plastered it with dough, the wolf went to the miller and cried, "Strew some meal on my paws." But the miller thought to himself, "The wolf wants to deceive some one," and he hesitated to do it; till the wolf said, "If you don't do it at once, I will eat you up." So the miller was afraid and made his paws white. Such is the way of the world!

Now came the rogue back for the third time, knocked and said, "Open the door, dear children; your mother has come home, and has brought something for each of you out of the wood."

The little goslings cried, "Show us your paws first, that we may see whether you are indeed our mother." So he laid his paws on the window sill, and when the goslings saw that they were white, they believed it was all right, and opened the door; and who should come in but the wolf!

They screamed out and tried to hide themselves; one jumped under the table, another into the bed, the third into the oven; the fourth ran into the kitchen, the fifth hopped into a chest, the sixth under the wash-tub, and the seventh got into the clock-case. But the wolf seized them, and stood on no ceremony with them; one after another he gobbled them all up, except the youngest, who being in the clock-case he couldn't find. When the wolf had eaten his fill, he strolled forth, laid himself down in the green meadow under a tree, and went fast asleep.

Not long after, back came the old goose home from the wood; but what, alas! did she see? The house door stood wide open; table, chairs, benches, were all overthrown; the wash-tub lay in the ashes; blankets and pillows were torn off the bed. She looked for her children, but nowhere could she find them; she called them each by name, but nobody answered. At last, when she came to the youngest, a little squeaking voice answered, "Dear mother, I am in the clock-case." She pulled him out, and he told her how the wolf had come and had eaten up all the others. You may think how she wept for her dear children.

At last, in her grief, she went out, and the youngest gosling ran beside her. And when she came to the meadow there lay the wolf under the tree, snoring till the boughs shook. She walked round and examined him on all sides, till she perceived that something was moving and kicking about inside him.

"Can it be," thought she, "that my poor children whom he has swallowed for his supper are yet alive?" So she sent the little gosling back to the house for scissors, needle, and thread, and began to slit up the monster's stomach. Scarcely had she given one snip, when out came the head of a gosling, and when she had cut a little further, the six jumped out one after another, not having taken the least hurt, because the greedy monster had swallowed them down whole. That was a joy! They embraced their mother tenderly, and skipped about as lively as a tailor at his wedding.



But the old goose said, "Now go and find me six large stones, which we will put inside the greedy beast while he is still asleep." So the goslings got the stones in all haste, and they put them inside the wolf; and the old goose sewed him up again in a great hurry, while he never once moved nor took any notice.

Now when the wolf at last woke up and got upon his legs, he found he was very thirsty, and wished to go to the spring to drink. But as soon as he began to move the stones began to shake and rattle inside him, till he cried:

"What's this rumbling and tumbling,
What's this rattling like bones?
I thought I had eaten six little geese.
But they've turn'd out only stones."

And when he came to the spring and bent down his head to drink, the heavy stones overbalanced him, and in he went head over heels. Now when the seven goslings saw this, they came running up, crying loudly, "The wolf is dead, the wolf is dead!" and danced for joy all round the spring, and their mother with them.

STORY AND RHYME

TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON

(This rhyme is set to music on page 731).

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Learned to play when he was young.
All the tune that he could play
Was "Over the hills and far away.
Over the hills and a great way off,
And the wind will blow my top-knot off."

Tom on his pipe played with such skill
That those who heard him could never keep still.

For all who heard were bound to dance,
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.

He met old Dame Trot with a basket of eggs,
He used his pipe, and she used her legs;
She danced about till the eggs all broke.
She began to fret, but he laughed at the joke.

Old Rhyme.

IN the days of long ago, Tom the piper's son learned to play his pipe, a marvellous pipe that he had cut and made himself. Tom looked a queer, country fellow. He was a little man, with a pointed

chin and a dried-up face the colour of a brick. His sharp blue eyes twinkled under a thatch of untidy, tousled, straw-coloured hair. Nobody knew how old he was. His odd slow smile made some foolish people think that he was not very clever. But wait and you shall hear.

"Play us a tune, Tom dear," coaxed the little children when they met him in the lane on their way to school. "Play 'Over the hills and far away.'" So Tom marched in front and played the children up to the school. By twos and threes, other children ran out of their cottages and fell in behind him. Their little feet danced along trippingly after Tom; and the teacher standing in the school house door smiled and put down her bell—there was no need to ring it! "How pretty the dear children look!" she said to herself as they all danced in two by two, in their pretty pink and blue frocks, their eyes shining, and their cheeks rosy with dancing.

It was a strange thing that Tom played only one tune; and nobody else could ever play it, or sing it, or even remember what that tune was! There were several parts in the tune too. Whenever he played, people *had* to dance, they could not help it.

"Where did you learn that tune, Tom?" curious people would ask. "Oh, down in the woods, by the rivers, and over the hills and far away," Tom would say, carelessly. "But who taught it to you?" said the curious person. And Tom replied, "The lark taught me and the thrush, the black-bird and the little brown owl and the running waters, and the wind in the tree tops—I have had such many teachers." Or perhaps Tom would not speak a word, but smile his slow smile, and finger his pipe.

One day Tom was asked to a wedding. He met the wedding party at the church door and began to play, walking in front of them all. Instantly the pretty bride and her bridegroom danced after him, the bride's white veil floating round her in the wind. The gay rosy little bridesmaids in pink frocks danced after them giggling, the parson and the fat clerk smilingly danced along too, and all the wedding guests—what a gay procession it was! And only when Tom stopped playing could they stop dancing. After the wedding feast Tom played the merriest part of his piping, 'And the wind will blow my top-knot off!' Faster and faster Tom played, faster and faster the party danced, until they begged Tom to stop and let them breathe again.

Tom was rather fond of mischief, but he had the kindest heart in the world. If he saw a thoughtless man being cruel to a dog, or a donkey, or any living creature, Tom would only play on his pipe and the man would hear such things in his heart that never was he cruel again. Or if Tom wanted to teach the man a sharp lesson, he would play fiercely and wildly, and the man would have to dance and dance, and dance, till he had said he was sorry.

One market day, Tom went into the market with his pipe; he looked round at the farmers' wives, and at all the cocks, hens, ducks, geese, turkeys, lambs and sheep, cows and calves, donkeys, ponies, horses and men standing about. Tom stood in front of a blind man and his dog, and began to play his strange tune. Then Tom

walked round the market playing, and one after the other, all the birds, animals, men and women followed behind in a long procession dancing as hard as they could. Poor old Dame Trot, a little round-about woman with a basket of eggs, danced so hard that she broke them all; but afterwards, after much laughing, a housewife bought all the broken eggs to make her cakes, so Dame Trot was none the worse off.

It was really too bad of Tom, but indeed it was a funny sight to see the jolly old farmers with fat red faces, and the plump market women in white aprons dancing along one after the other and not able to stop. The cocks and hens jigged along cackling and crowing, the baa-ing sheep did a sort of jog trot, the lambs jumped and capered; the ducks and geese waddled in time with much quacking and gabbling, the turkeys gobbled and stepped out smartly, and the pigs!—the pigs followed arm-in-arm, prancing on their hind legs with joyful grunts and squeals. The donkeys, ponies and horses trotted in time to the music, hee-hawing and neighing; the cows and calves shambled and mooed their way along, doing the best they could. And of course all the pretty girls and smart young fellows showed off what fine dancers they were. Think of the commotion and noise of it all, and above the din Tom's tune piped louder than ever! None could help laughing; and when Tom had taken them all jigging away twice round the market, he stopped playing. One minute there was an unearthly din, and the next minute—plonk!—silence! Everyone was in a good temper and thought the dancing was a great joke.

Then Tom caught up the blind man's hat. "A penny from everybody for the blind man!" cried Tom. Everybody put in a penny, and some of the jolly farmers put in sixpences and shillings. "Here you are, sir," said Tom, giving the hat to the blind man. "Now go and buy your Sunday dinner in the market, some bones for your dog Tray, and all the cheese, butter, honey and

eggs you can take home." But when the blind man tried to say "Thank you," Tom was nowhere to be found, only a faint far-

away sound of piping floated by on the wind.

J. Bone.

PLAYS

THE TRUE PRINCE

HANS ANDERSEN'S well-known story, *The Ugly Duckling*, slightly altered, is the basis of this play.

It makes an amusing play for the Six-year-olds, who will enjoy imitating the noises made by the farmyard birds. None of the parts is long, and if the teacher writes out each part on a separate paper, the older children may read the play in turns during a reading lesson. For producing, the costumes and scenery will be found very simple to make. (See *Suggestions* at the end of the play).

People in the play.—COCK. HEN. FIRST CHICK. SECOND CHICK. DUCK. FIRST DUCKLING. SECOND DUCKLING. TURKEY. GANDER. THE UGLY ONE (a cygnet). SWAN.

Scene.—A farmyard. There are three stage exits, a gate at the back (C), and one in each wing, left (L), and right (R).

[Cock stands alone on the stage.]

Cock. Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!

[Hen struts in, L, followed by her two Chicks.]

Hen. Chuck! Chuck! This way, my dears!

First Chick. Cheep! Cheep! Not too fast!

Second Chick. Wait for me! Cheep! Cheep!

Cock. The children are growing, I am glad to see.

Hen. Yes, they are quite sturdy, now. I wish that third egg had not been addled. Then I should have had one child more than Mrs. Duck.

Cock. Here she comes. Her children are bonny, but not as lively as ours.

[Duck comes in, R, followed by her two Ducklings.]

Duck. Quack! Quack! Good morning, Mr. Cock and Mrs. Hen.

Cock and Hen. Good morning.

Duck. Now children, show your manners.

Ducklings. Cheep! Cheep! How do you do?

Chicks. Quite well, thank you. Cheep! Cheep!

[Turkey comes in, C.]

Turkey. Gobble-gobble-gobble! Ha! ha! ha!

Hen. Why are you laughing, Mr. Turkey?

Turkey. Have you seen the new baby of the farmyard?

Hen. New baby! Why, Mrs. Duck, you did not tell me!

Duck. It is not mine, I assure you.

Turkey. No one knows whose it is. Ha! ha! ha!

Cock. Where is it?

Turkey. Coming along here now. As Mrs. Hen and Mrs. Duck have children of their own they might like to adopt it.

Duck. Indeed!

Hen. I must take a good look at it first.

Turkey. Here it is.

[Ugly One comes in, C, and stands looking about.]

Ugly One. Che-e-ep! Che-e-ep!

Hen. What a strange creature!

Duck. How ugly!

First Chick. He is queer!

First Duckling. What an odd colour he is!

Second Chick. He turns his toes in.

Second Duckling. His neck is too long.

Cock. Well, child, can't you speak?
What is your name?

Ugly One. The farmer's wife calls me the Ugly One.

Turkey. The Ugly One! Ha! ha! What are you doing here?

Ugly One. Please sir, I have lost my Mother.

Hen. Who is your Mother?

Ugly One. She is tall and white.

Duck. Do you think she can be Mrs. Goose?

Turkey. There goes Gander. I will ask him. Hi! Gander!

[*Gander comes in, L.*]

Gander. Did you call me?

Turkey. Is this your son?

Gander. My son! No, indeed. Mrs. Goose is now sitting on five eggs which will not be hatched for three days.

Cock. I don't believe that his Mother is tall and white. I believe he is the child of those common Moorhens.

Duck. Then I will not have him with my little ones.

Hen. Nor will I.

Cock. Cock-a-doodle-doo! Run away, Ugly One! (*chases him*).

Turkey. Gobble-gobble-gobble! Off you go! (*chases him*).

Ugly One (*bewildered*). Che-e-ep! Che-e-ep!

Duck. Quack! Quack! Run along! (*chases him*).

Gander. Hiss! hiss! Hurry up! (*chases him*).

Hen. Chuck! Chuck! Ugly One! (*chases him*).

Chicks and Ducklings. Cheep! Cheep! (*chase him*).

[*They all chase the Ugly One round and round.*]

Ugly One (*faintly*). Che-e-ep! (*falls down and lies still*).

Turkey. Silly little thing! He has no spirit.

Cock. He is as stupid as he is ugly.

Duck. Shall I throw him into the pond?

Hen. No, leave him there. The farmer's wife will clear him away.

[*Swan comes in, C, and stands looking about.*]

Turkey. Here comes Queen Swan! We must behave ourselves.

Gander. I will sit here and hide up the Ugly One under my wing (*sits down and covers Ugly One with wing*).

Swan. Good-day, all!

Cock, Hen, Turkey, Duck and Gander. Good-day, your Majesty!

Swan. I am looking for the youngest Prince who was hatched only yesterday. Have you seen him?

Cock. Er—what is he like, your Majesty?

Swan. He is not very handsome yet. He is small and grey, with a long neck, and I am afraid he turns his toes in.

Cock, Hen, Turkey, Duck and Gander (*looking from one to another in dismay*). Oh!

First Duckling. I know where he is!

Second Duckling. So do I!

Duck (*hastily*). Hush! No, you don't know. Go off at once! (*Hurries Ducklings away, R.*)

First Chick. I will tell you!

Second Chick. No, I will!

Hen (*hastily*). You don't know what you are talking about! Be off! (*Hurries Chicks away.*)

Swan. Please do not send the children far away. I should like them to make friends with the little Prince, when I find him.

Ugly One (*from under the Gander's wing*). Che-e-ep!

Swan. That is his voice!

Gander. Oh no! Your Majesty!

Ugly One. Che-e-ep!

Swan. Yes, it is! Get up at once, I command you, Gander.

[*Gander gets up shamefacedly.*]

Swan (*running to Ugly One*). My dear little Prince!

Ugly One. Mother!

Swan. Darling, what are you doing here? Have these rough farm creatures been unkind to you?

Ugly One. Oh no, Mother. Gander was very kindly keeping me warm under his wing.

Swan. Then why did you not all tell me?

[*The Birds look very uncomfortable.*]

Cock. Well—er—er—

Gander. You see, Your Majesty, we—er—

Turkey. We—er—we thought—

Ugly One (breaking in firmly). They all thought you would be angry with me for straying away.

Swan. Well, well. That was most kind of them. Thank you all very much..

[*Birds breathe sighs of relief. The Chicks and Ducklings creep back, followed by Duck and Hen.*]

Swan. But they must not spoil you, my son, you must take your punishments like a man. Now you must come home with me. There will be no dinner for you to-day.

First Chick. What a shame!

Hen (pushing Chick away). Cluck! Cluck! Cluck!

Swan. And you must promise never to stray again till your feathers have turned white. People might mistake you for a common bird.

Ugly One. Yes, mother.

Swan (majestically). Good-day, all.

All the Birds (bowing respectfully). Good-day, your Majesty.

First Chick. Good-bye, Prince!

Ugly One. Good-bye!

All the Birds (enthusiastically). Good-bye!

Turkey. If she only knew—

Gander (looking after them). The Ugly One is a true Prince!

Kate Lay.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A FULL PRODUCTION OF "THE TRUE PRINCE."

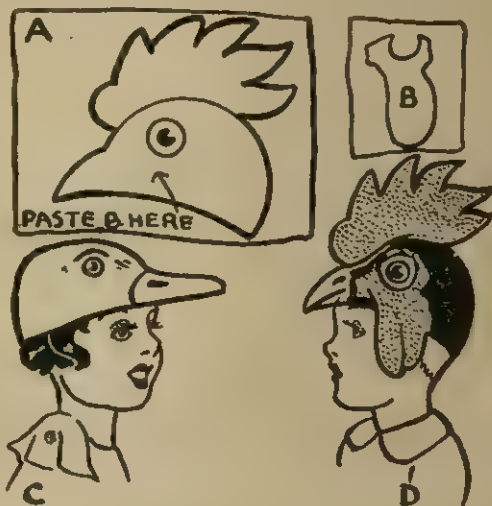
Scenery.—To arrange a middle entrance, which is most effective in this play, a fence may be represented by strips of brown paper pasted or sewn along the backcloth. The hinged door (see page 38) may be

converted into a gate with similar brown paper strips, and left half open. Above the fence, paper silhouettes of the tops of trees may be sewn on the backcloth. There should also be one entrance on each side of the stage. No stage furniture is required.

Costumes.—The children wear paper head-dresses, and bib-labels, the making of which is described on page 726. The *Ugly One*, *Chicks* and *Ducklings* will not require labels.

To make a headdress for the *Cock* fold a piece of stiff white paper in half and draw on it the *Cock's* head as shown in the sketch, Fig. A. Cut out the shape in the folded paper thus giving the two sides of the head. Now paint the comb red, the beak yellow and the head black, and put in any details of the beak etc., in black. Poster colours are best, but if these are unobtainable, use water colours mixed with Chinese white. Another method is to gum coloured paper on the comb and beak instead of painting them.

The two finished sides of the *Cock's* head are now gummed at the inside edges and stuck together. Take care not to gum the base as this is left open to rest on the head. The wattles are cut from a piece of folded red paper (see Fig. B) and the top part is gummed each side of the *Cock's* head.



HEADDRESSES FOR COCK AND DUCK



CHILDREN'S DRAWINGS ILLUSTRATING THE UGLY DUCKLING

- | | | | | |
|--------------|---------|------------|-------------|--------|
| 1. STORK | 2. EEL | 3. DUCK | 4. DUCKLING | 5. EGG |
| 6. WILD DUCK | 7. SWAN | 8. COTTAGE | 9. REEDS | |

King. Doctor, Humpty Dumpty has had a bad fall. Can you patch him up?

Doctor Fell. I will try, your Majesty.

[*Opens his bag and goes to Humpty Dumpty.*]

Doctor Fell. Humph! A piece of plaster—a bandage,—some stamp paper—some glue—and there you are!

[*Humpty Dumpty sits up.*]

Humpty Dumpty. Where am I?

[*Pieman and Jack Horner help Humpty Dumpty to his feet*]

Pieman. There! there! you will soon be all right.

Humpty Dumpty. Oh dear!

Doctor Fell. Take him home and put him to bed.

King. Thank you, Doctor Fell. I will give you a new rhyme. All say after me:

"The man we like is Dr. Fell

Who made poor Humpty Dumpty well,

To rich and poor then let us tell
The man we like is Dr. Fell."

All. "The man we like," etc.

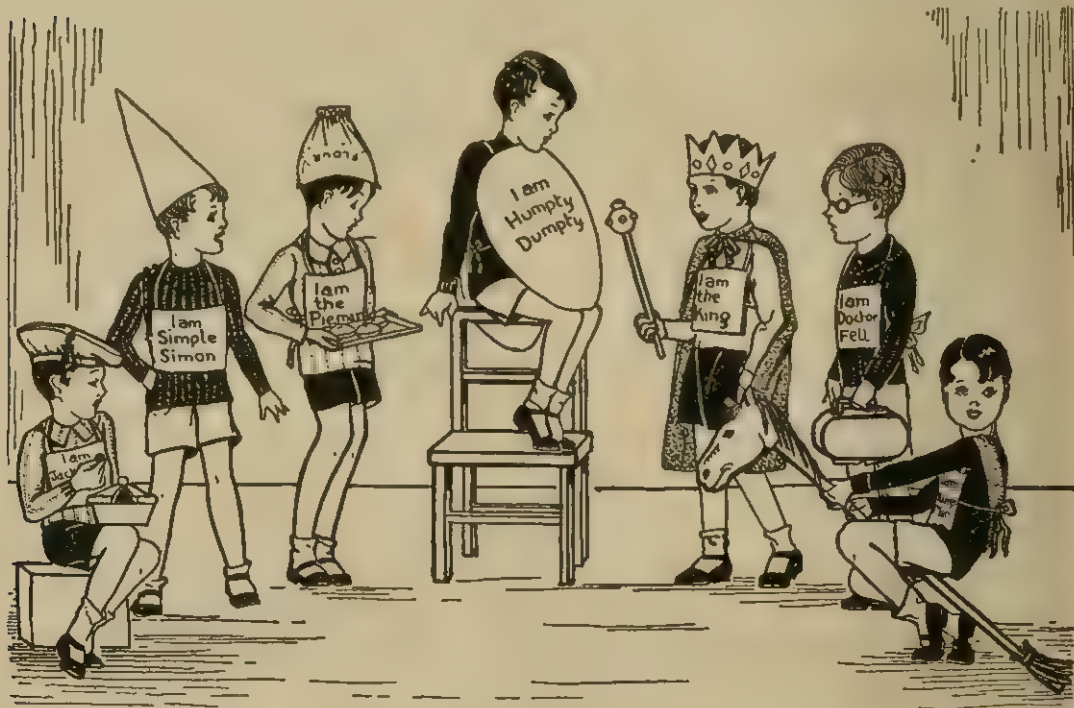
Kate Lay.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A FULL PRODUCTION OF "A GREAT FALL."

Scenery.—A plain backcloth, or one representing an outdoor scene, is all that is required for this play. The only furniture necessary is a wall, which may be made from a form with a sheet of brown paper pinned to its front edge, marked with chalk to indicate bricks. Two entrances are required, one on each side of the stage.

Costumes.—

Making bib-labels.—For an impromptu performance the children may make and wear labels bearing their names. For



COSTUMES FOR "A GREAT FALL"

example, Jack Horner prints on a piece of stiff paper his name, or the words "I am Jack Horner." The label is worn like a bib. Each end of a piece of tape is gummed at one top corner of the paper on the inside, allowing enough length of tape to pass the head through. Two other tapes are gummed in the same way to the sides of the paper, these tie round the child's waist and are secured at the back.

In addition to, or instead of, the labels, the following simple costumes, as shown in the illustration, may be made.

Humpty Dumpty's costume consists of two pieces of cardboard cut in an oval egg shape, fastened together by tapes that rest on the child's shoulders. The ends of these tapes are gummed on the inner sides of the cards, and each join is covered by a piece of paper pasted on to make it more secure. Lengths of tape are fastened lower down on each side of both shapes and left free to tie round the child's waist. The average size of the egg shape is 18 in. long and 13 in. wide in the middle. The child may write "I am Humpty Dumpty" on the front card, to make his costume in keeping with the others.

Jack Horner is the figure on the extreme left of the illustration. He wears a hat of crêpe paper. The top of the hat is a circle 10 in. across, which is gummed at the edge to another circle of the same size. The lower circle has the centre cut away, leaving a circular band 3 in. deep. The free side of the lower circle is now pleated and sewn or gummed to a thick band of crêpe paper 19 in. by 1 in. Care should be taken to measure the child's head to see that the head band is of the correct length. The hat is finished by a piece of plaited wool threaded through the crown and allowed to droop over the side in a tassel, which is made by several short lengths of wool tied together at the top. Jack holds a pie which consists of a small cardboard box covered with a "pastry crust" of plasticine; his "plum" is a coloured ball.

Simple Simon is the second figure from the left and wears an appropriate Dunce's Cap. This is made from a triangle of white paper 18 in. high and 19 in. wide, with a slightly rounded base.

The *Pieman*, the third figure from the left in the illustration, wears a headdress made of a paper bag gathered 2 in. from the top. He carries a tray of plasticine "mince pies." The tray is a piece of cardboard $8\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 11 in. A piece of paper $9\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 12 in. is pasted on to it, and the edges which project beyond the card are then turned up, cut at the corners, and gummed together.

The King's Man is the figure at the extreme right of the picture. He wears a band of doubled crêpe paper over his shoulder. His horse is a stick with the brown paper head of a horse gummed on the end. Its eye and mouth are drawn in crayon or paint, and the mane and forelock are crêpe paper cut in narrow strips from a piece of paper about 15 in. long; a $\frac{1}{2}$ in.-edge being left to gum the mane to the horse's head and stick. The tail is a bunch of fringed crêpe paper.

Dr. Fell is the second figure from the right. He wears a pair of spectacles made from thin black cardboard; these are two circles of $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. diameter with a short piece left to join them together. Wire is used to make the "legs" of the spectacles. Dr. Fell carries a little bag; this is made from two pieces of stiff paper 11 in. long by $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide—each end being cut in a half circle. A length of paper about 33 in. long and $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide is then folded $\frac{1}{2}$ in. all round. These turned-in edges are smeared with gum and the two larger pieces of paper (the sides of the bag) are stuck on, one on each side of the narrow strip. A handle is then added, made from a piece of paper $9\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 3 in., folded to 1 in., to give strength; this is gummed at the edges and stuck on the top of the bag.

The *King* is the third figure from the right in the illustration. He wears a crown

of stiff coloured paper decorated with paint or crayon to represent jewels, or, if preferred, coloured beads may be sewn on the crown to give a more realistic effect. This crown is of paper about 20 in. long (the child's head measurement should be taken to ensure a good fit) and $6\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide. Divide the width in half with a pencil line and draw the triangular shapes that represent the edges of the crown; the broader part of the triangle rests on the pencil line, and the

point will touch the edge of the paper. Now cut away the spaces left, and the up and down edge of the crown will be made. The crown is then gummed together with the seam at the back. The King wears a cloak of red crêpe paper—24 in. by 30 in.—stitched to a narrow band of crêpe paper folded double and tied in a bow. He carries his sceptre. This is a stick with the top made of plasticine stuck with beads to represent jewels.

RHYMES AND POEMS

JACK SPRAT

Jack Sprat had a pig, who was not very little nor yet very big;
He was not very lean, he was not very fat;
"He'll do well for a grunt," says little Jack Sprat.

Old Rhyme.

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN AS I'VE HEARD TELL

(This rhyme is set to music on page 733.)

There was an old woman as I've heard tell
Fol-lol, diddle, diddle, dol!
She went to the market, her eggs to sell,
Fol-lol, diddle, diddle, dol!
She went to the market all on a market day,
And she fell asleep on the King's high-way!
Fol de rol de lol, lol, lol, lol, lol,
Fol-lol, diddle, diddle, dol!

Old Rhyme.

TO MARKET, TO MARKET

To market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, jiggety jig.
To market, to market, to buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again, jiggety jog.

Old Rhyme.

Note.—This easy rhyme will already be known by almost every child who has been

jogged to the tune on his father's knee. The rhyme can be used for reading preparation with the Fives.

Let them sing to their dolls as they jog them up and down.

Write the rhyme in phrases on the blackboard and prepare cards for a matching game.

The rhyme gives good practice in the articulation of *t*; see, too, that the word *market* is not pronounced *markit*.

THIS LITTLE PIG

This little pig went to market,
This little pig stayed at home,
This little pig got roast beef,
This little pig got none;
This little pig cried "Wee, wee!"
all the way home.

Old Rhyme.

Reading preparation.—This is another simple rhyme well known to the children. Let them play the game with dolls. Print the rhyme on the blackboard in phrases and then prepare cards for a matching game. The rhyme gives useful practice in inflection and emphasis.

HIGGLEDY, PIGGLEDY

Higgledy, piggledy,
My black hen,

She lays eggs
For gentlemen;
Sometimes nine,
And sometimes ten,
Higgledy, piggledy,
My black hen.

Old Rhyme.

Note.—Many children will find that the words of the first line are "tongue twisters," but they will get much amusement from trying to say the words correctly.

Let the children tear from black paper a hen, and from white paper nine eggs and one more. The hen and eggs can also be made in plasticine, and either paper or plasticine eggs can be used in a number game. Some children will like to make a nest for the hen, and some will suggest the making of a coop.

Print the rhyme on the blackboard and prepare cards with illustrations and names of *black hen, eggs, gentlemen, nine, ten*, for a matching game.

THE COCK'S ON THE HOUSETOP

The cock's on the housetop, blowing his horn;
The bull's in the barn, a-threshing of corn;
The maids in the meadows are making of hay;
The ducks in the rivers are swimming away.

Old Rhyme.

Note.—Let the children mime the actions and imitate the sounds noted in this rhyme. They will all know the crow of the cock and there will be a good deal of competition to produce the best crow.

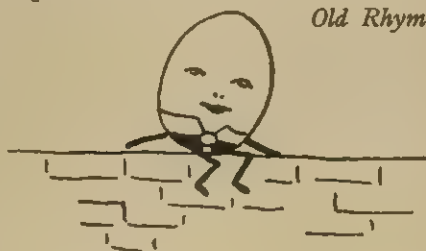
Let the children pretend to tread out the corn. This ancient method of threshing by using oxen to tread out the grain from the ripe ears is still in use in some parts of the East.

The children can imitate the maids' hay-making and the ducks' swimming. It will be interesting to note how many children have observed how a duck opens its webbed feet and pushes them backwards through the water, and then closes its feet and brings them forward.

HUMPTY DUMPTY

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the king's horses and all the king's
men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together
again.

Old Rhyme.



Humpty Dumpty.

Note.—A Play, *A Great Fall*, has been written about this rhyme—page 724. Let the children cut out or tear paper shapes for eggs, and mark them with crayon or paint for eyes and mouth; add coloured paper legs and arms. The teacher can stick all the children's cut-outs on a red strip of paper which represents a wall; a blue strip for a sky can be first pasted down if desired. The rhyme is suitable for reading preparation.

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

A jolly old sow once lived in a sty,
And three little piggies had she;
And she waddled about saying, "Umph!
umph! umph!"

While the little ones said, "Wee! wee!"

"My dear little brothers," said one of the brats,

"My dear little piggies," said he,

"Let us all for the future say, 'Umph!
umph! umph!'"

'Tis so childish to say, 'Wee! wee!'"

Then these three little pigs grew skinny
and lean,

And lean they might very well be;
For somehow they *couldn't* say, "Umph!
umph! umph!"

And they *wouldn't* say, "Wee! wee! wee!"

So after a time these little pigs died,
They all died of *felo-de-se*;
From trying too hard to say, "Umph!
umph! umph!"

When they only could say, "Wee! wee!"

MORAL

A moral there is to this little song,
A moral that's easy to see;
Don't try while yet young to say, "Umph!
umph! umph!"

For you only can say, "Wee! wee!"

Sir Alfred A. Scott-Gatty.

Note.—This jolly poem is suitable for the Sevens to learn. It gives splendid practice in inflection of the voice. The little pigs starved till they died because they pretended to be grown-up pigs, and they worried so much about saying "Umph! umph! umph!" that they had no time to eat their dinner and tea.

When a person dies by his own action he is called a *felo-de-se*. Suppose you say that you will not eat anything until you can talk like a man what will happen to you? What is a mother pig called? How did the mother pig walk about? Show how she walked about. How did the little pigs become different?

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!

(This rhyme is set to music on page 735).

Cock-a-doodle-doo!

My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddling-stick,
And doesn't know what to do.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!

What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddling-stick,
She'll dance without her shoe.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!

My dame has lost her shoe,
And master's found his fiddling-stick.
Sing doodle doodle doo!

Cock-a-doodle-doo!

My dame will dance with you,
While master fiddles his fiddling-stick
For dame and doodle doo.

Old Rhyme.

THE LITTLE PIGGY-WIG



...Corn E. M. Paterson...

A Little Piggy-Wig once went to Court,
To see the King and Queen:
But they said, "Little Pig, you can't come
in,
Until your face is clean."

So they wheel'd him away in a wheel-barrow
To the middle of the market-place,
And they pump'd and pump'd, till there
wasn't a speck
Of dirt upon his face.

Then they wheel'd him back in the wheel-
barrow,
Because his face was clean;
And he took off his hat and made his bow,
Before the King and Queen.

Professor D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson.

SONGS

TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON

NURSERY RHYME

Arranged by
PERCY G. SAUNDERS

Doh = F

1. Tom, Tom, the Pip - er's son, Learned to play when
he was young. All the tune that he could play was
"Ov - er the hills and far a - way Ov - er the hills and a

The musical score is arranged in three systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The vocal line includes solfège notation above the notes. The piano accompaniment features a simple harmonic accompaniment with a bass line and a treble line. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

great way off, And the wind will blow my top - knot off"

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It begins with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The lyrics are "great way off, And the wind will blow my top - knot off". The piano accompaniment is written in two staves, with a treble and bass clef, and a key signature of one flat. It features a simple harmonic accompaniment with a steady rhythm.

2. Tom on his pipe played with such skill That those who heard him could met old Dame Trot with a basket of eggs, He used his pipe, and she

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The lyrics are "2. Tom on his pipe played with such skill That those who heard him could met old Dame Trot with a basket of eggs, He used his pipe, and she". The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic structure.

nev - er keep still. For all who heard were bound to dance Ev - en used her legs; She danced a - bout till the eggs all broke She be -

The third system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The lyrics are "nev - er keep still. For all who heard were bound to dance Ev - en used her legs; She danced a - bout till the eggs all broke She be -". The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic structure.

pigs on their hind legs would aft - er him prance. 3. He - gan to their fret, But he laughed at him the joke.

The fourth system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The lyrics are "pigs on their hind legs would aft - er him prance. 3. He - gan to their fret, But he laughed at him the joke.". The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic structure.

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN AS I'VE HEARD TELL

18th CENTURY COUNTRY DANCE TUNE

OLD RHYME

Arranged by
PERCY G. SAUNDERS

Doh = D

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the piano accompaniment and a single staff for the voice. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into three systems. The first system shows the piano introduction. The second system contains the first line of the song. The third system contains the second line of the song. The lyrics are written below the voice staff.

There was an old_ wo-man as I've heard tell,

Fol - lol, did-dle, did-dle, doll! She went_ to the mar-ket her

|| d' :d' | s :- | s :- | m :- | r .d :r .m | d :-s |

eggs to sell, Fol - lol, did-dle, did-dle, dol! She

|| d' :d' .d' | d :d .d | d' .d' :d' .d' | d :d .d |

went to the mar - ket all on a mar-ket day, And she

|| d' :d' | t :t .t | l .s :l .t | s :- | d .r :m .f | s :s |

fell a - sleep on the King's high - way! Fol de rol de lol, lol,

|| d' :d' | l :- | s :- | m :- | r .d :r .m | d :- ||

lol, lol. lol, Fol - lol, did-dle, did-dle, dol!

COCK - A - DOODLE - DOO!

OLD RHYME

PERCY G. SAUNDERS

Doh = G || d :- :s, lm :- :s, | d :- :- | :- :s, }

1 Cock - a - doo - dle - doo! My
 2. Cock - a - doo - dle - doo! What
 3. Cock - a - doo - dle - doo! My
 4. Cock - a - doo - dle - doo! My

dame has lost her shoe, My mas - ter's lost his
 is my dame to do? Till mas - ter finds his
 dame has lost her shoe, And mas - ter's found his
 dame will dance with you, While mas - ter fid-dles his

fidd - ling stick, And does - n't know what to do.
 fidd - ling stick, She'll dance with - out her shoe.
 fidd - ling stick, Sing doo - dle doo - dle doo.
 fidd - ling stick, For dame - and doo - dle doo.

HOW TO DRAW THE PIG

LOOK at the hungry pig with its fore-foot on the wall of its sty, calling to you, "Grumph! grumph! Come and feed me!"

It is a greedy beast, for when its bowl of food is put down, not content with putting its nose into it, it steps right into the dish with its forefeet, evidently trying to shoulder its brother pig out of the way. It is fond of acorns, chestnuts and beechnuts. See the pig being driven to market in the old-fashioned way. Its back leg is tied so that it cannot run away, and it is urged forward by a fierce old woman with a stick. At the market the butcher buys the pig, its flesh makes bacon, ham, pork and brawn. The thick fat under the skin is made into lard. The skin itself is highly prized for making

saddles and bags, and the stout bristles are used for brushes.

The half page of drawings below shows:—

1. The large ears which sometimes stick straight out, but more often hang curtain-like near its eyes.
2. The tail with a sharp twist, as if someone had gripped it, given it a vicious screw and it had stuck in that position.
3. The long nose with a sharp bone in it which enables the pig to burrow into the ground for roots. The pig has keen scent and in some places is used for locating and rooting up truffles.
4. The feet with four toes, two in front and two behind, the latter hardly touch the ground.
5. The eyes, small and ugly.



1. THE LARGE DROOPING EARS

2. THE CURIOUSLY TWISTED TAIL

3. SHARP SNOUT FOR GRUBBING ROOTS

4. THE FOOT WITH FOUR TOES

5. THE SMALL EYES

CENTRE OF INTEREST— THE FARM

XIX. THE FARMER'S HORSE AND DONKEY



SHOEING THE HORSE

Drawing in Outline of Picture No. 23 in the Portfolio.

Description of Picture No. 23.—This picture shows the interior of a blacksmith's shop, which is not now the familiar sight it used to be. A glossy cart horse is tethered to the wall of the smithy, and patiently allows his foot to be shod. The blacksmith holds the foot against his leather apron while he fixes a nail in the shoe. Near by stands his box of tools. At the back of the smithy the forge is blazing. On one side of it stands the wheel of a wagon, for the blacksmith is also a wheelwright, and on the other wall hang several horseshoes. The rafters of the room are blackened with smoke from the forge. A second blacksmith is hammering out a red-hot shoe on the anvil.

The frieze for the classroom wall is made up of a wooden horse drawing a toy wagon. Drawings in outline for tracing these shapes are given, see pages 742 and 743. Half the number of children, those colouring the horse, will require a half sheet of drawing paper with a tracing of the horse. The others will need a whole sheet with a tracing of the wagon. The colours for the objects are shown in the picture. Before colouring, the children should first moisten their papers with a brush filled with clean water. After colouring their segments, the children may cut them out along the dotted lines, so that they can be mounted, edge to edge, on the back of a strip of wall paper.

Conversation on Picture No. 23.—The children should freely discuss and describe the picture. To stimulate thought and observation, and to bring to the notice of the children any points overlooked, the teacher may make some of the following suggestions:—1. What animal can you see in the picture? 2. Give a name to the horse. 3. Is it a race horse or a cart horse? 4. Tell why the man holds the horse's foot. 5. Tell what a horseshoe is made of. 6. Tell what our shoes are made of. 7. Describe a horseshoe. 8. Why are there holes in a horseshoe? 9. Tell how a horseshoe is kept on. 10. Tell how our shoes are kept on.

11. What do we call the man who makes horseshoes? 12. What place can we see in the picture? 13. Show where the blacksmith keeps his tools. 14. Tell what the other blacksmith is doing. 15. The table on which he is hammering is called an *anvil*. Describe an anvil. 16. The blacksmith heats the iron till it is red-hot and soft, then he hammers it into shape. Why does a blacksmith have such a big fire? This fire is called the *forge*. 17. Tell what a blacksmith wears. His apron is made of *leather*. 18. Tell what you see in the border under the picture.

During the conversation on the picture the leading words may be written on the blackboard; e.g., horse, Dobbin, horseshoe, iron, holes, nails, blacksmith, shop, box, tools, hammer, anvil, forge, leather apron, hay cart.

The older children may copy these words into a book as a writing exercise, and the more familiar of them may be learnt as an exercise in spelling.

Flash Cards.—The following sentences might be written on strips of card:—

1. The blacksmith is a strong man.
The blacksmith works in a smithy.
He puts iron shoes on horses.
He puts them on with nails.
2. The blacksmith's fire is the forge.
He puts iron in the forge.
The iron gets red-hot.
The blacksmith bends the iron.
3. The blacksmith wears a leather apron.
He beats the hot iron with a hammer.
He beats the iron on an anvil.
Sparks from the hot iron fly out.
4. The horse does not mind being shod.
The blacksmith puts a hot iron on his hoof.
The hot iron does not hurt the horse.
The nails do not hurt the horse.

Individual reading cards.—This description of *Picture No. 23* can be hectographed for children's individual reading:—

A horse wears shoes, but they are not like our shoes. A horseshoe is made of iron, and it is nailed to the horse's foot. The man who makes horseshoes and nails them on is called a blacksmith.

The picture shows a blacksmith's shop. Look at the red fire. It is called the forge.

The blacksmith melts the iron in the fire. When the iron is red-hot, he bends it to fit the horse's foot. One blacksmith holds a red-hot shoe on the anvil. He beats the shoe with a hammer.

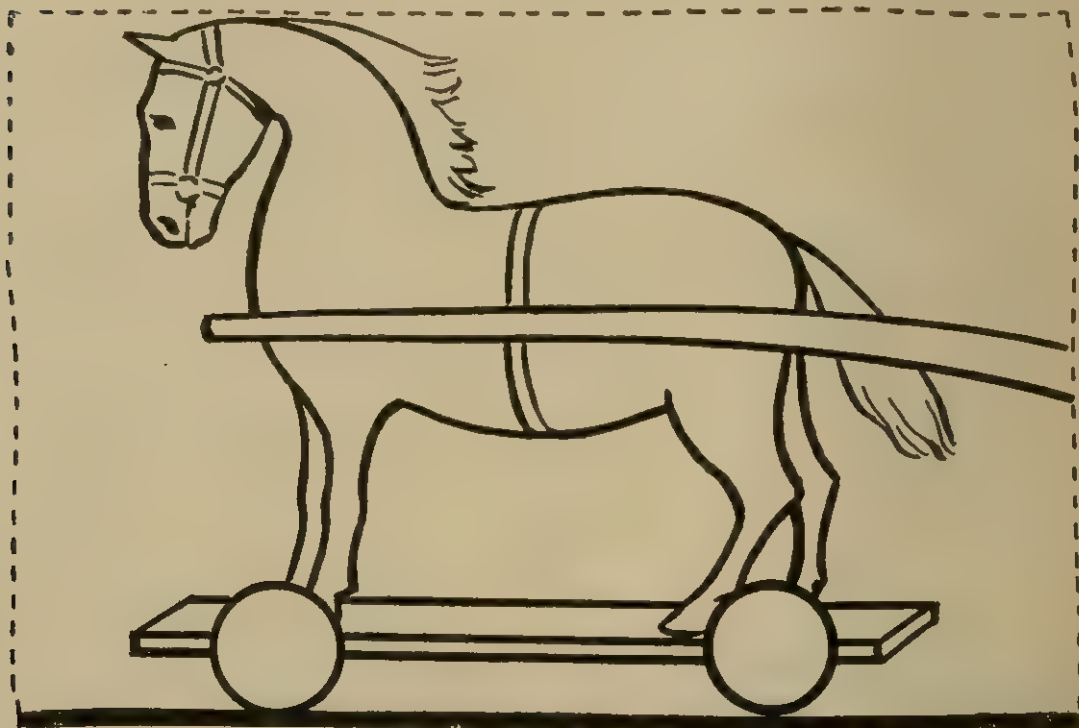
A cart horse is tied to a wall of the shop. He is quiet and patient. One blacksmith holds the foot while he nails on the shoe. The blacksmith wears a leather apron which does not burn when the sparks fly out.

ACTIVITIES AND CONSTRUCTIVE WORK

Game—"The Animals' Meeting."—This is a game for the Fives in which the teacher takes part; it is a useful exercise in speech training. The children with the teacher sit in a circle, and the teacher says in a comic-

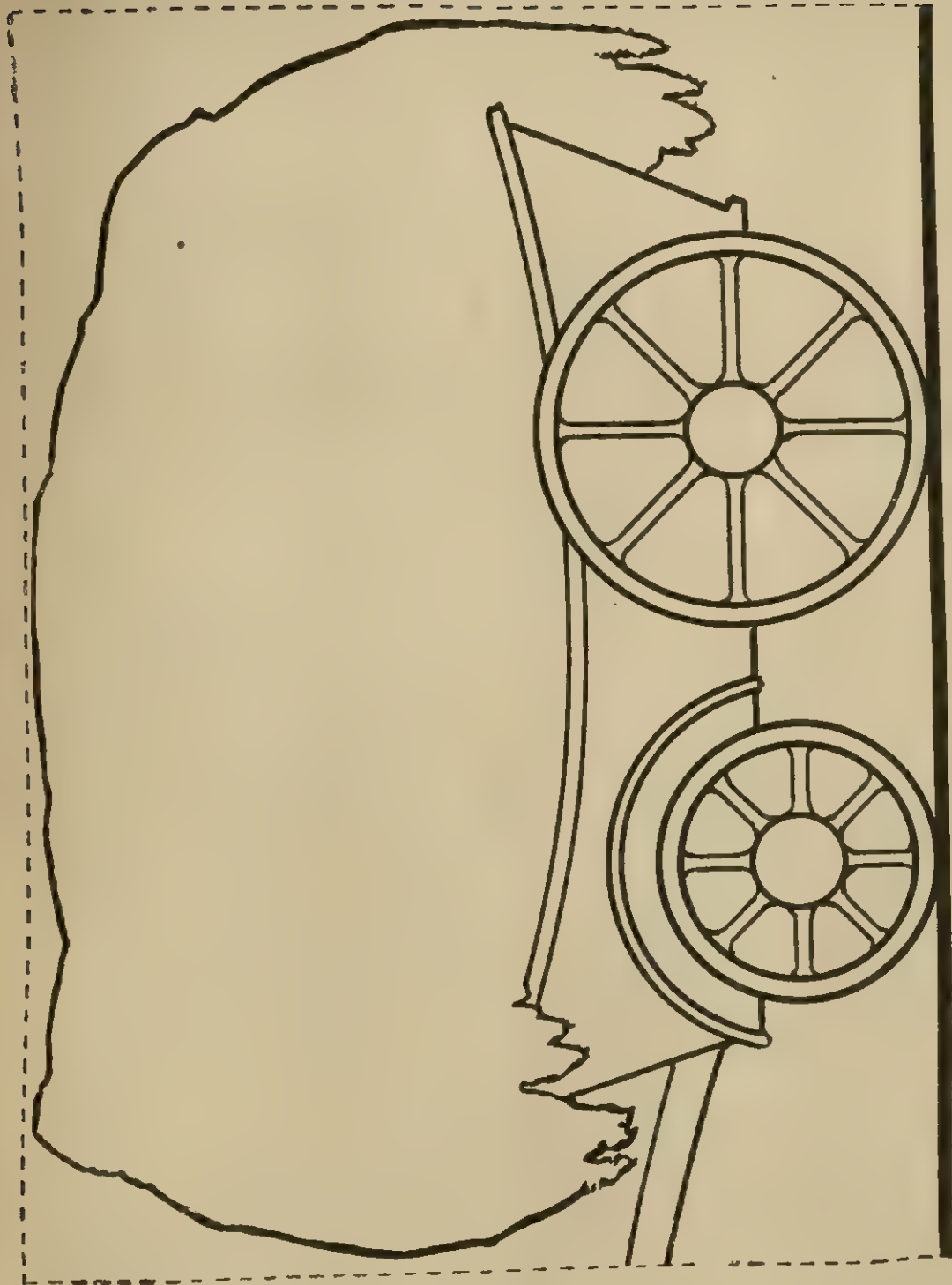
ally solemn voice to the child on her right, "This is the animals' meeting."

Each child in the circle in turn repeats the sentence to the child on his right, till it again reaches the teacher. Then the



TRACE-OUT FOR FRIEZE—TOY HORSE

Trace this Drawing for part of the Frieze, Picture No. 23.



TRACE-OUT FOR FRIEZE—TOY HAY WAGON
Trace this Drawing for part of the Frieze, Picture No. 23

teacher tells the next sentence of the story, which is passed round the circle in the same way. The teacher should tell the story in an amusing way, with varied inflections which the children must imitate, without laughing. The story is as follows:—

"This is the animals' meeting.

They met in the big barn.

The black and white cow was there.

She said, 'Moo-oo-oo!'

The grey donkey was there, too.

He said, 'Hee-haw! Hee-haw!'

The big, rough dog sat in a corner.

He said, 'Bow-wow-wow!'

The black cat came in late.

He said, 'Miaow!'

The cock perched on the rafters.

He said, 'Cock-a-doodle-doo!'

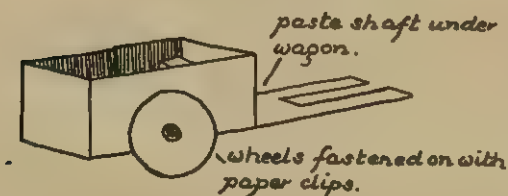
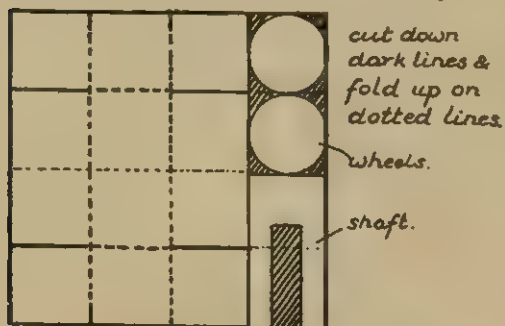
The tiny brown mouse peeped in.

He said, 'Eep! Eep!'

Then the farmer came and chased them all away!"

Here the teacher gets up and chases off all the children. The story, of course, can be altered and made longer or shorter, so that the farmer always arrives unexpectedly.

Paper model—wagon.—Take a square of stiff coloured paper, fold it lightly into

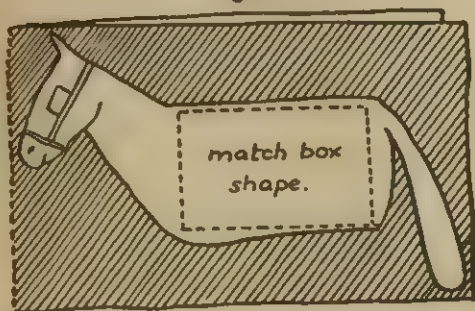
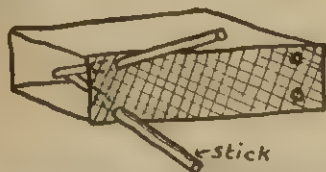
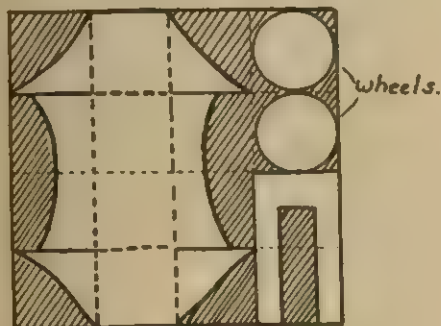
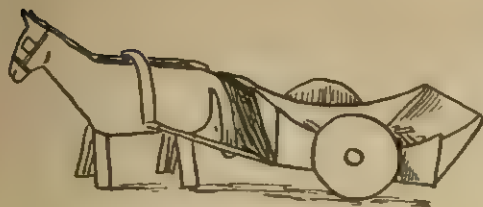


four and then in four across, thus creasing it into sixteen squares. Unfold the paper and cut away one row of squares. On this strip draw two wheels each in a square and a shaft from the two remaining squares, as shown in the diagram. The strip cut out from the shaft of the wagon can be bent down at the ends and pasted into the wagon for a seat. Take the larger piece of paper, cut down the dark lines shown in the diagram and fold at the heavy dotted lines. Paste up the wagon, attach the wheels by paper clips and paste in the seat.

Paper model—haycart and horse.—To make the cart take a square of paper with sides three times the length of a match-box cover. (The match-box cover is used for the body of the horse, see sketch.) Fold the paper into sixteen squares and plan out the cart with the shaft and wheels, as shown in the sketch. Cut down the thick lines, fold on the heavy dotted lines and paste the flaps of the end pieces to the sides, so that the ends are sloping. Paste the shaft under the cart and attach the wheels by paper fasteners.

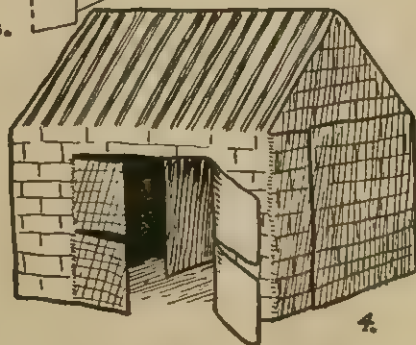
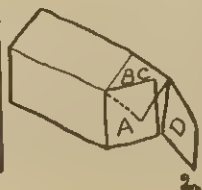
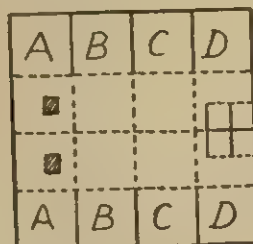
To make the horse, take a match-box cover and make four holes in one side—two at each end—as shown in the sketch. Push four sticks of even length through the holes, crossing each pair inside the box so that they slope outwards. Paste a strip of paper on the outside of each leg. Now take a piece of brown paper, folded double, and draw on it the shape of the match-box cover. Draw out the shape of the horse without legs, round the shape of the cover as shown in the sketch.

Cut out the horse shape from the double paper. Colour each side of the horse with paints or crayons. Paste the inside of each portion, except the bushy part of the tail, and stick the two halves together enclosing the match box. Fringe the two ends of the tail with scissors. Bend a strip of paper over the horse's back and paste the ends to the ends of the shafts.



Paper model—stable.—This stable is made on the same plan as the dog kennel on

page 461. Crease or mark a large square of paper into sixteen squares. Letter two opposite end rows of squares A, B, C, D, and cut down the dark lines shown in the sketch, Fig. 1. Cut out the windows and down the dark lines of the door. To make up the model paste square B over C at each end, as shown in Fig. 2. Next paste A over BC diagonally and paste D to overlap A. Make a partition from a strip of paper with two tabs for pasting, Fig. 3. Paint or crayon the stable, making the roof brown, the bricks red, and the doors green. Bend back the doors along the dotted lines, Fig. 4.



STORIES TO READ OR TELL

FOOLISH NEDDY

THERE was once a man who was very fond of animals. He had two pets, a donkey called Neddy and a dog called Ruff. Neddy lived in a stable

where he had plenty of oats and hay. Ruff was always with his master, who took him for walks, played at ball with him and taught him at meal times to sit up and beg for titbits of food.

Now Neddy grew jealous of little Ruff.



A RIDE ON NEDDY

Drawing in Outline of Picture No. 24 in the Portfolio.

"Why should I stay in my stable all day," he thought, "while Ruff is allowed to run in and out of the house and frisk about and lick my master's face? I will bark and play, too, and behave as Ruff does, and then they will make a fuss of me as well."

So he kicked up his heels and tried to bark. All that he could say was, "Hee-haw," and he looked so funny that everyone laughed. When dinner time came he ran into the house and tried to beg, as Ruff did. He sat up on his hind legs and turned down his forelegs. Then he tried to romp with the children, but they were frightened and ran away. Foolish Neddy thought that this was all part of the game, and he made more noise than ever.

He ran to his master and, putting out his great tongue, licked his face. Then he did the strangest thing of all. He jumped into his master's lap!

The mistress screamed, the master shouted, and the servant ran in with a thick stick. The silly donkey was beaten, taken back to his stable and locked in. There he was left to think how foolish he had been, and to remember that only dogs may behave like dogs, and that donkeys must always behave as donkeys should.

Playing the story.—Let the children mime actions and imitate sounds connected with the story:—1. Pretend to toss a ball. 2. Frisk about like a dog. 3. Talk like a dog. 4. Talk like a donkey. 5. Kick up your heels. 6. Show how a dog begs. 7. Shout like the master. 8. Scream like the mistress.

TRYING TO PLEASE EVERYBODY

A MAN and his son were one day driving a donkey to market to be sold. The father rode on the donkey's back, while his son walked beside him.

Presently they met two men walking along. "Look at that fellow!" said one of the men. "There he sits on his donkey

as comfortably as you please, while his poor son has to walk on the hard road."

"Let us change places, son," said the father. He climbed down from the donkey's back. The son jumped up in his place, and they travelled on.

Presently they met a group of men talking together in the roadway. "Look at that good-for-nothing lad," cried one of the party. "There he sits on his donkey, while his poor old father has to trudge along in the dust."

"It seems hard to please everyone," said the father. "We had better both walk."

They had not gone far when they met some country girls. "Look at those foolish men!" they cried. "Fancy walking when they might both ride! That sturdy little donkey could easily carry them both."

"That is true," said the man, and he and his son both climbed on the donkey's back.

They had hardly settled themselves when a man cried out, "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves—two great fellows like you riding on one poor little donkey!"

"I will tell you what we had better do," said the man. "Let us get a pole, tie the donkey to it and carry him between us."

They found a pole, tied the donkey's legs together and slung him upside down on the pole so that he hung between them. Then they staggered along under their heavy burden till at last they reached the town.

As soon as they entered the streets, a crowd gathered behind them, laughing and jeering. People followed them wherever they went, shouting and throwing stones at the two men who were so foolish as to carry a donkey about.

"I'll tell you what, father," said the son, at length, "if we try to please everybody we shall end by pleasing nobody. Let us only do what we ourselves think is right, and not care what other people say."

Speech training.—In order that the children may fully appreciate the story and to give them practice in speaking, the teacher might ask the following questions:—1. What

does the beginning of the story tell us? 2. Who was riding the donkey the first time? 3. Why did the father get off the donkey? 4. Why did the men call the boy "a good-for-nothing lad"? 5. Why did both the father and the son ride together on the donkey? 6. Why did the father and the son carry the donkey? 7. How did they carry the donkey? 8. Why did they *stagger* along? 9. Why did the people shout and throw stones? 10. What does the end of the story tell us?

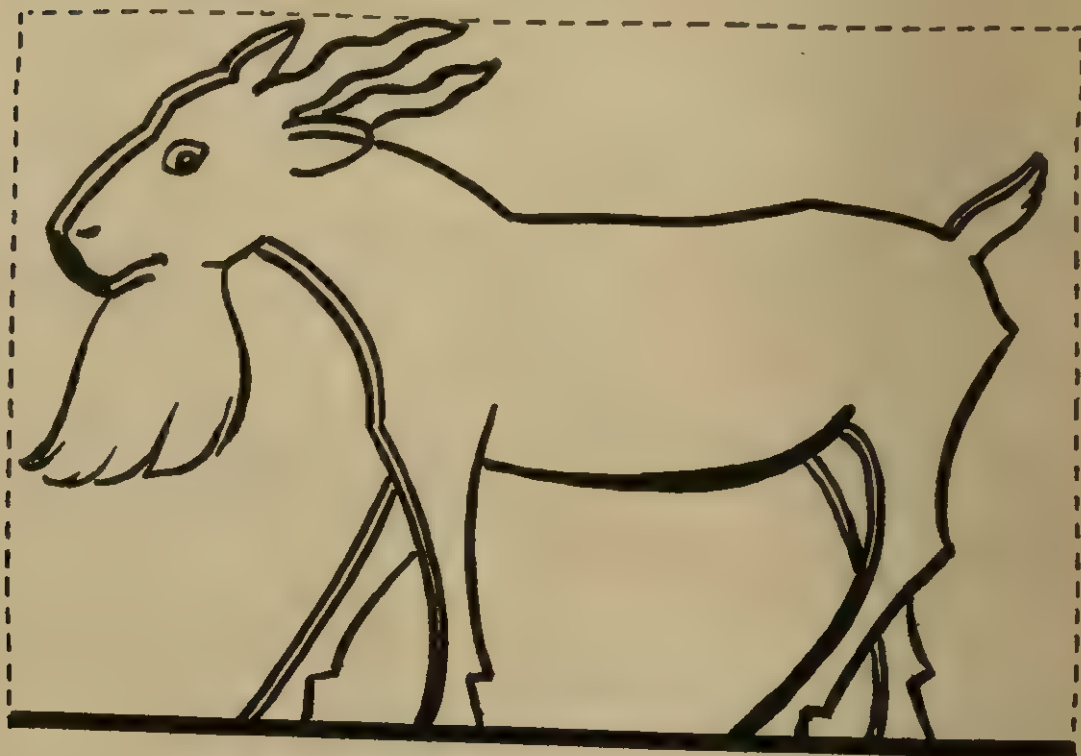
Drawing.—Divide the class into five groups and let each group draw one of the scenes described in the story:—

1. The man riding on the donkey and the boy walking.
2. The boy riding and the man walking.
3. Both the man and boy walking beside the donkey.

4. Both the man and boy riding on the donkey.
5. The man and boy carrying the donkey.

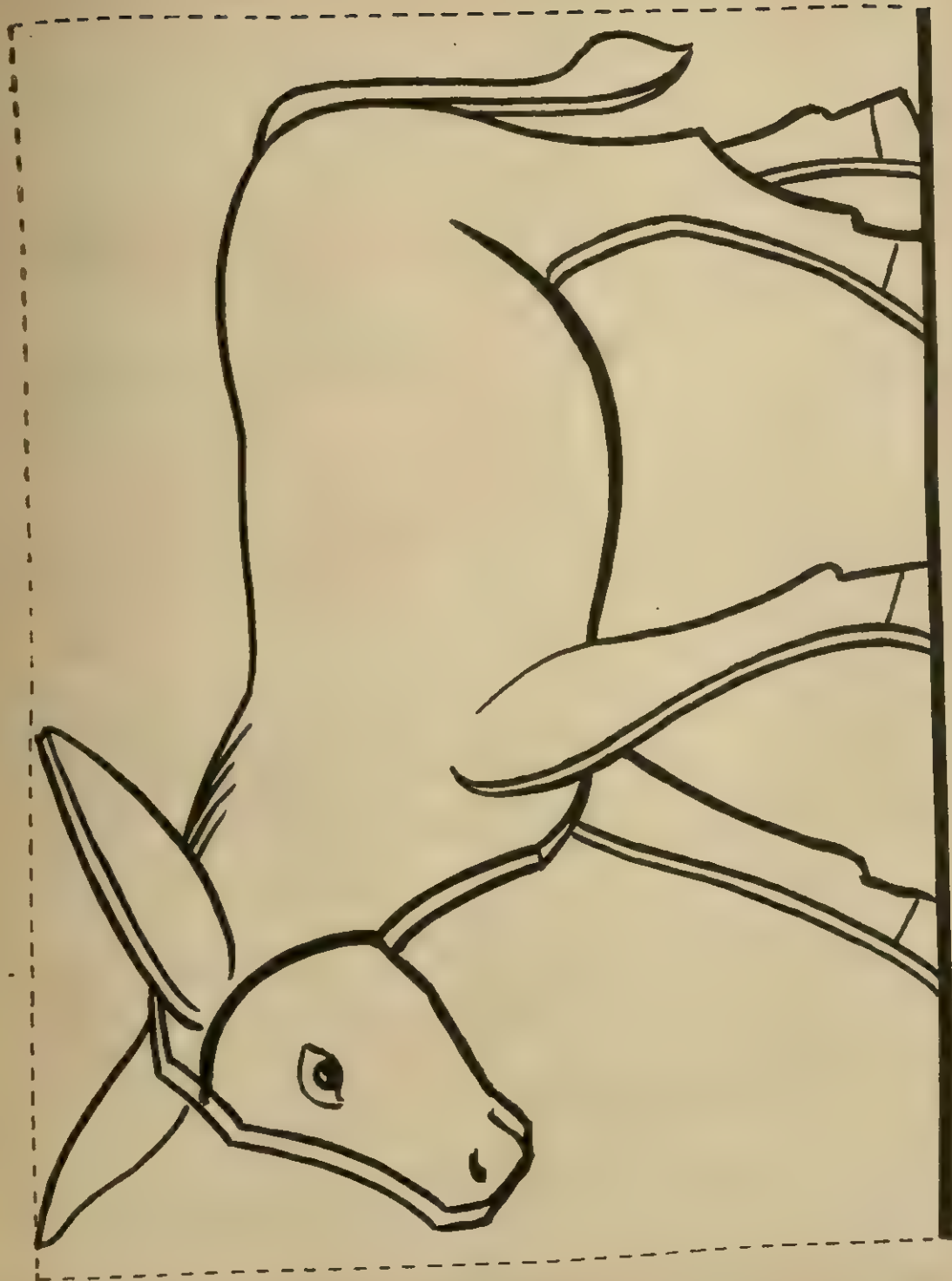
THE DONKEY, THE SALT, AND THE SPONGES

ONCE a man had a lazy donkey who did not like work. One day his master loaded him with large blocks of salt, and began to drive him to market where the salt was to be sold. On the way, they came to a narrow wooden bridge across a stream. As they were going over the bridge the donkey stumbled and fell into the water, which wetted him up to his neck. The water melted the salt and washed most of it away, so that when the donkey scrambled out again, his load was all gone.



TRACE-OUT FOR FRIEZE—GOAT

Trace this Drawing for part of the Frieze, Picture No. 24.



TRACE-OUT FOR FRIEZE—DONKEY
Trace this Drawing for part of the Frieze, Picture No. 24.

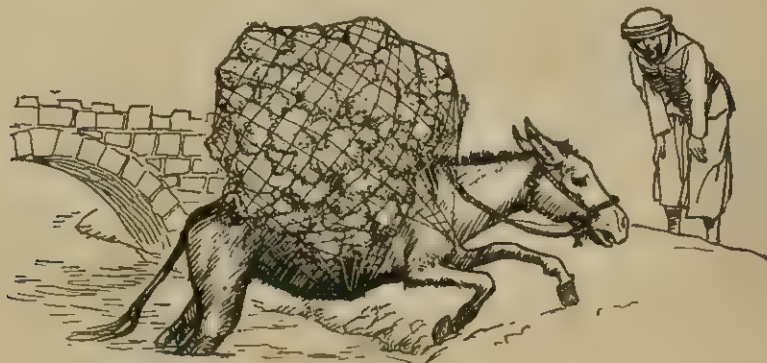
His master took him home and loaded him with salt once more. Then they set out a second time. When they came to the bridge the cunning donkey thought, "I don't want to go to market. I would much rather stay in the green meadow. I will get rid of this load as I did before." So he purposely slipped off the bridge into the stream, waited till the water had melted the salt and then scrambled out again.

"You bad rascal!" cried his master, who saw that the lazy donkey had tricked him. "I will teach you a lesson!" He drove the donkey home again and loaded him this time with sponges. When the donkey came to the bridge, he fell into the stream as before. This time, however, the sponges soaked up the water so that when the

when they reached a bridge? 4. What did the master put on the donkey's back the second time? 5. Why did the donkey fall into the water the second time? 6. What did the master say to the donkey? 7. How did the master teach the donkey a lesson? 8. Why did the donkey say he would never try that trick again?

Put right.—The statements in the following sentences are not given as in the story. The children are required to re-write them correctly:—

1. A man had a lazy donkey who liked work.
2. His master loaded him with blocks of stone.



donkey scrambled out, instead of having lost his load, he found it twice as heavy. This dragging, wet burden he had to carry all the way to market. The water ran along his backbone, and squirted from the sponges as they jolted. He was tired out and wretched when the market was reached. "I will never try that trick again," he promised himself; and that promise was kept.

Speech training.—In order that the children may fully appreciate the story, and to give them practice in speaking, the teacher might ask the following questions:—1. What does the beginning of the story tell us? 2. What did the master put on the donkey's back the first time? 3. What happened

3. The donkey stumbled and fell on the road.
4. The donkey wanted to go to market.
5. The master said "You are a good donkey."
6. The sponges soaked up the milk.

THE DISCONTENTED DONKEY

ONE cold winter's day a donkey was standing in his shed. He was shivering and grumbling to himself. "I wish the weather were warmer, so that I could leave this cold shed," muttered he. "It would not be so bad if only there were fresh grass to eat instead of this dry hay."

By and by the warm spring came. The donkey was taken out of the shed and harnessed to his cart. He had to draw sacks of seed to the cornfield. "This is hard work," he grumbled again. "How I wish that the hot summer had come."

Summer came, and now the donkey had to carry hay to the stacks and vegetables to the barn from morning till night. "I am worse off than ever, toiling along in this heat," he groaned. "Oh for the autumn to come!"

Autumn soon set in, but still the donkey grumbled. Now he had to carry corn to the granary, apples to the storehouse and winter fuel to the woodshed. At last he began to long for the winter again. "For," said he, "even if I do not have much to eat at least I am able to rest."

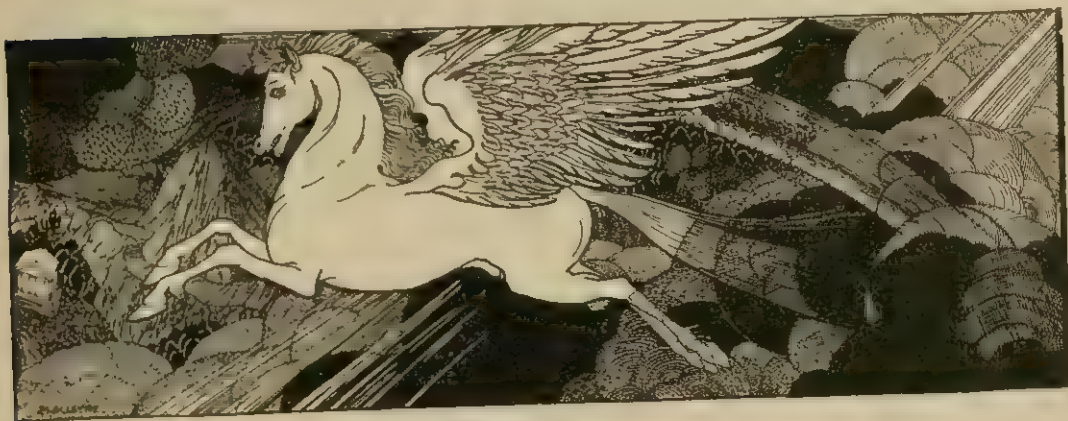
Some folks are never content.

Speech training.—In order that the children may fully appreciate the story, and to give them practice in speaking, the teacher might ask the following questions:—1. What does the beginning of the story tell us? 2. What does the end of the story tell us? 3. Why did the donkey grumble in winter? 4. Why did the donkey grumble in spring? 5. Why did the donkey grumble in summer? 6. Why did the donkey grumble in autumn? 7. Why is the donkey called *discontented*? 8. What have you seen a donkey do?

Describing words.—Point out to the children some of the words used in this story to describe the name-words. Tell them to listen carefully while the story is read again and then let them try to fill the gaps in the following from the story:—

— winter's day; — grass; — hay;
— spring; — work; — summer.

BELLEROPHON AND HIS WINGED HORSE



ONCE upon a time there lived a horrible dragon with three heads and a long, curling tail. One head was a goat's, one was a lion's, and the other a snake's. The dragon breathed out fire from each of its three mouths, enough to burn up a village and roast the people. The dragon was so strong and quick besides, that no one could kill it, and it went about

the countryside burning up everything that came in its way.

At last, a brave young man named Bellerophon, made up his mind to put an end to the wicked dragon. Bellerophon had heard from his grandmother of a wonderful snow-white horse that had, as well as four legs, two beautiful silvery wings, and he thought that this was just

the horse he needed to help him to kill the dragon. The winged horse, his grandmother said, spent most of its days in the clouds, flying through the air like a white eagle. At night it slept on the top of a mountain. But now and again it would come down to drink at a certain fountain on a grassy hillside.

So Bellerophon came to the fountain to watch for the winged horse. In his hand he held a sparkling bridle with a golden bit. This was a magic bridle, which, once it was put on, would make any horse perfectly good and obedient.

Bellerophon waited many days by the fountain for a glimpse of the winged horse. People who came to the fountain for water laughed at him.

"A winged horse!" they cried. "There is no such thing. You are wasting your time, young man."

Only a little child used to comfort him.

"I have seen the winged horse many times, dear Bellerophon," said he. "I will watch with you." So Bellerophon and the little child waited and watched by the fountain together.

One day, after many weeks of watching, Bellerophon looked into the clear pool of water and said, "Look, little one, what a lovely white bird is skimming through the clouds."

"That is no bird," replied the child. "That is the winged horse you are seeking. It may come to drink at the fountain. Let us hide."

So they ran and hid themselves behind a bush, and parted the branches so that they could look through.

Sure enough, the winged horse came flying nearer and nearer, till it dropped lightly on the grassy bank by the fountain. It drank its fill of the clear water, then lay down and rolled on the soft grass. Just as it was about to rise Bellerophon slipped out from behind the bush and jumped on its back.

The winged horse gave a loud neigh and sprang into the air. Up, up, up, they flew. Over hill and dale, over lake and forest, they sped with lightning speed. The winged

horse tossed and reared, but Bellerophon held on to its white mane and would not be dislodged. Finding that it could not get rid of its rider, the winged horse flew to its mountain top and alighted there. In a moment Bellerophon had slipped the magic bridle over its head, and at once the horse became perfectly tame.

Bellerophon then drove the horse through the air to the cave where the dragon lived. They stayed in the air over the cave and the horse gave a loud neigh. Out came the fiery dragon, rearing its three heads, hissing, roaring and bleating all at once. Quick as lightning Bellerophon sped down from the sky on his horse, cutting off the goat's head with his sword as he passed. The dragon roared and stood on its tail, stretching out its last two heads as far as they would go. Again Bellerophon rode down and this time cut off the lion's head. The dragon scratched Bellerophon's arm with its claws and with its flaming breath singed off the curls on one side of his head. Nothing daunted, Bellerophon swooped down for the third time, hoping to cut off the snaky head and make an end of the dragon.

But this time the dragon was ready for him. As the winged horse passed, the monster twined its tail round the horse's body and clung on. Off went the horse into the sky, with the dragon holding on, breathing out from its last head fire enough to burn them all up. It opened its mouth to eat Bellerophon, but just as it turned to him, the brave young man lifted his sword and struck the dragon in the heart.

At once the tail uncurled and the creature let go its hold. It fell down from the sky with a horrid roar and burst into flames. In the morning a farmer found its blackened bones lying in his field.

Then Bellerophon turned his horse's head back to the fountain, where he found the little child waiting for him. Sadly Bellerophon slipped the magic bridle off the winged horse, kissed it fondly, and said, "Thank you, dear horse. Now you are free again to go where you will."



TRACE-OUT OF A BLACKSMITH FOR THE CHILDREN TO COLOUR

But the winged horse had grown to love its master. It laid its head on his shoulder and would not leave him.

So Bellerophon and the little child mounted the winged horse and flew away through the clouds to do more brave deeds.

RHYMES AND POEMS

RIDE A COCK-HORSE

(This rhyme is set to music on page 765).

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady upon a white horse.
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

Old Rhyme.

A FARMER WENT TROTTING

(This rhyme is set to music on page 758).

A farmer went trotting upon his grey mare,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
With his daughter behind him, so rosy and fair,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!
A raven cried "Croak," and they all tumbled
down,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
The mare broke her knees, and the farmer
his crown,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

Old Rhyme.



FOR WANT OF A NAIL

For want of the nail the shoe was lost;
For want of the shoe the horse was lost;
For want of the horse the rider was lost;
For want of the rider the battle was lost;
For want of the battle the kingdom was lost;
And all for the want of a horse-shoe nail.

Old Rhyme.

THERE WERE THREE JOLLY WELSHMEN

There were three jolly Welshmen,
As I have heard say,
And they went a-hunting
Upon St. David's Day.

All the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find;
But a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
The other he said "Nay";
The third he said it was a house
With the chimney blown away.

And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon,
The other he said "Nay";
The third he said it was a cheese
With half o' it cut away.

Old Rhyme.

THE HUNTSMEN

(This poem is set to music on page 763).

Three jolly gentlemen,
In coats of red,
Rode their horses
Up to bed.



FOX, GOAT AND DONKEY

Three jolly gentlemen
 Snored till morn,
 Their horses champing
 The golden corn.

Three jolly gentlemen,
 At break of day,
 Came clitter-clatter down the stairs
 And galloped away.

Walter de la Mare.



FAN THE FILLY

(This poem is set to music on page 760).

Bumpety, bumpety, bump.

The horses run down the green hill.
 There's Fan the wild filly again at her
 tricks!

She rears at the fence and she knocks
 down the sticks

To get at the hay at the base of the ricks.

Bumpety, bumpety, bump.

Bumpety, bumpety, bump.

The horses run down the green hill.

They're all of them wanting a share of
 the hay,

The Roan and the Dapple, the Black and
 the Bay,

They follow the filly and gallop away.

Bumpety, bumpety, bump.

Bumpety, bumpety, bump.

The horses run up the green hill.

For old Farmer Brown has come out with
 his man

To halter the mischievous filly called Fan,
 And sell her for gold at the Fair if he can.
Bumpety, bumpety, bump.

Bumpety, bumpety, bump.

The horses run up the green hill.

But where there were five there are now
 only four,

For Fan the wild filly will gallop no more,
 She stands in the shafts at a gentleman's
 door.

Bumpety, bumpety, bump.

Wilfrid Thorley.

DAN THE COLT

When over the hill-top the red sun is drop-
 ping,

And fowls to their perches fly up in a row,
 The horses look up from the fields they are
 cropping

To hear the glad sound of a voice that
 they know,

Hallo! and Hallo!

*Bay, Roan, Black and Dapple, it's home-
 ward you go!*

The gate will swing open and there he'll be
 leaning,

And calling aloud on the dusky night air;
 And all the old horses will know what he's
 meaning,

And hurry to pass by the stableman there.
 But, Johnny, beware!

Of Dan the young colt with his flying black
 hair.

For Dan the young colt isn't fond of the
 stable,

He knows that the morning means harness
 for all,

And surely he'll swerve by the gate if he's
 able,

And laugh at poor stableman John and
 his call

To stand in the stall

With dry hay and oats from the bin by the
 wall.

Bay, Dapple and Roan lead the way, but
 young Blacky
 Half-way to the gate will remember, I
 know,
 The halter that's hidden by sly Master
 Jacky,
 And over the field like an arrow he'll go,
 With a neigh saying *NO!*
*I'll lie all night long where the clover-buds
 grow.*

Wilfrid Thorley.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under the spreading chestnut-tree
 The village smithy stands;
 The smith, a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands;
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
 His face is like the tan;
 His brow is wet with honest sweat,
 He earns whate'er he can,
 And looks the whole world in the face,
 For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
 You can hear his bellows blow;
 You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
 With measured beat and slow,
 Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
 When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school,
 Look in at the open door;
 They love to see the flaming forge,
 And hear the bellows roar,
 And catch the burning sparks that fly
 Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

H. W. Longfellow.



SONGS

A FARMER WENT TROTTING

OLD RHYME

Arranged by
PERCY G. SAUNDERS

Doh = G || : : | : : | : : | s, :- :- |

|| d :r .m | d :r :m | d :r :m | s :- :- |

farm - er went trot - ting up - on his grey mare,
daugh - ter be - hind him, so ro - sy and fair,

|| d :-d s, | d :-d :s, | *1st time* d :- :- | s, :- :s, | *2nd time* d :- - | s :- :- |

Bump - et - y, bump - et - y bump! With his
Lump - et - y, lump - et - y lump! A

||m r .m ld . r .d | t, :l, .t, |s, :- :- }

ra - ven cried "Croak," and they all tum - bled down,

||s :- .m :r |t, :- .l, :t, |s, :- :- |s, :- :- }

Bump - et - y, bump - et - y, bump! The

||d :r :m ld :r :m | f :s :l |s :- :- }

mare broke her knees, and the farm - er his crown,

||l :- .s :f |m :- .r :s |d :- :- | : : ||

Lump - et - y, lump - et - y, lump!

FAN THE FILLY

WILFRID THORLEY

Tune by WALFORD DAVIES

Arranged by
PERCY G. SAUNDERS

Doh=C { : | : : | : : | : : | s :-l :s | s :-l :s | d' :-d' }

1. Bump - e - ty, bump - e - ty, bump. The
2. Bump - e - ty, bump - e - ty, bump. The

||t :l :s | f :m :r | d :- :d | r :- .m :f | s :l :s }

hors - es run down the green hill. There's Fan the wild fil - ly a -
hors - es run down the green hill. They're all of them want - ing a

||f :m :f | m :- :s | r :- .m :f | s :l :s }

-gain at her tricks! She rears at the fence and she
share of the hay, The Roan and the Dap - ple, the

knocks down the sticks To get at the hay at the
Black and the Bay, They fol - low the fil - ly and

base of the ricks. Bump - e - ty, bump - e - ty,
gal - lop a - way Bump - e - ty, bump - e - ty,

bump.
bump.

3. Bump - e - ty, bump - e - ty, bump. The hors-es run up the green hill. For
4. Bump - e - ty, bump - e - ty, bump. The hors-es run up the green hill. But

old Far - mer Brown has come out with his man To
 where there were five there are now on - ly four, For

halt - er the mis - chie - vous fil - ly called Fan, And
 Fan the wild fil - ly will gal - lop un more, She

sell her for gold at the Fair if he can.
 stands in the shafts at a gen - tle - man's door.

Bump - e - ty, bump - e - ty, bump.
 Bump - e - ty, bump - e - ty, bump.

THE HUNTSMEN

WALTER de la MARE

PERCY G. SAUNDERS

Doh = G {

Three jol - ly gen - tle - men, In coats of red,

Rode their hor - ses Up — to bed.

Three jol - ly gen - tle - men Snored till morn, Their

hor - ses champ - ing The gol - den corn.

Three jol - ly gen - tle - men, At break of day, Came

clit - ter - clat - ter down the stairs And gal - loped a - way.

RIDE A COCK-HORSE

Arranged by
PERCY G. SAUNDERS

OLD RHYME

Doh = D || : : | : : | : : | : : | m :-r :m ld :- :d }

Ride a cock-horse to

|| m :-r :m ld :- :s | d' :-t :d' | r' :t :s }

Ban-bu-ry Cross, To see a fine la-dy up-

|| l :s :m ls :- :- | d' :-t :d' | m :f :s | l :-s :l | r :- :- }

- on a white horse. Rings on her fin-gers and bells on her toes,

|| s :- .l :t | d' :s :m | r :-d :r ld :- :- ||

She shall have mu-sic where-ev-er she goes.

BLACKBOARD DRAWINGS

HOW TO DRAW THE HORSE

THE three drawings at the top of the full plate on the opposite page show three stages in drawing the horse. The squared background makes it a simple matter to secure the correct proportions of the animal. The second sketch shows the shaggy little Shetland pony with its long, thick mane and tail. The last drawing shows an Arab on his prancing steed. An Arab horse is conspicuous for its small head and graceful appearance. The thin, muscular legs and round "barrel" denote its powers of speed and endurance.

The half plate below shows details of the body of the horse:—

1. The long-haired tail which may reach to the ground.

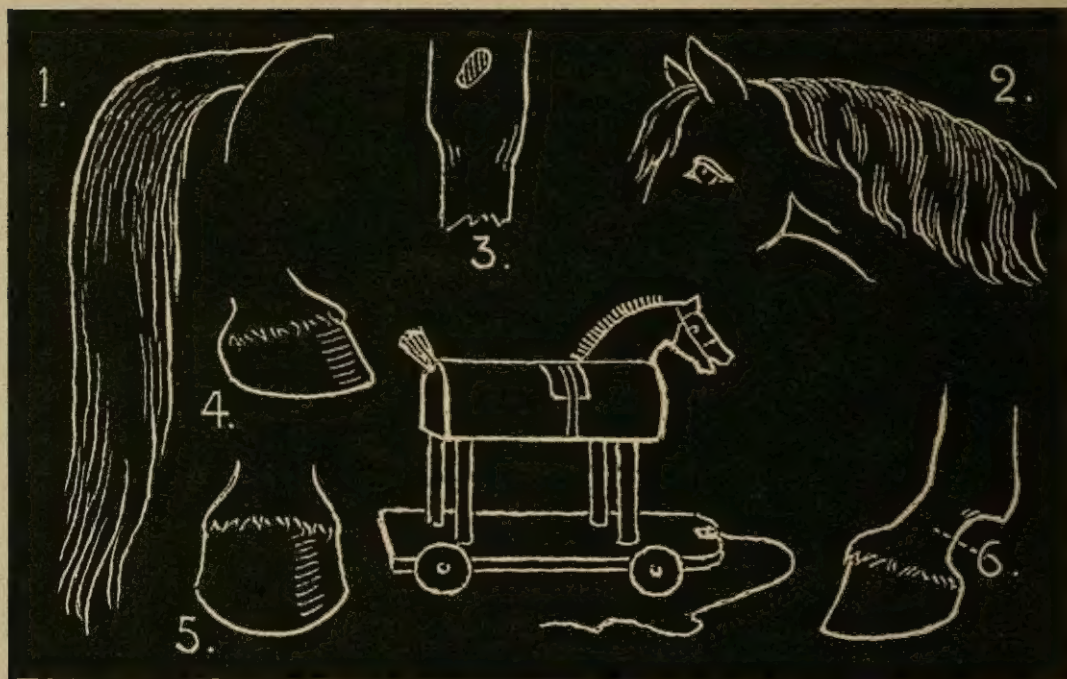
2. The forelock and the mane, the latter of which extends along the neck from the ears to the withers.

3. The wart or "chestnut" on the inner side of the foreleg just above the knee. On each hind leg the "chestnut" occurs just below the hock.

4. The hoof in side view.

5. The hoof in front view. The hoof is rounded, and composed of a single toe, a feature which is peculiar to the horse.

6. The foot with its thin, elastic pastern, which looks too delicate to support the whole weight of the body.



1. THE TAIL

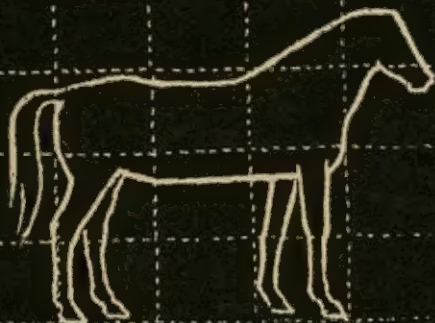
2. THE FORELOCK AND MANE

3. THE WART ON THE FORELEG

4. SIDE VIEW OF HOOF

5. FRONT VIEW OF HOOF

6. FOOT SHOWING PASTER

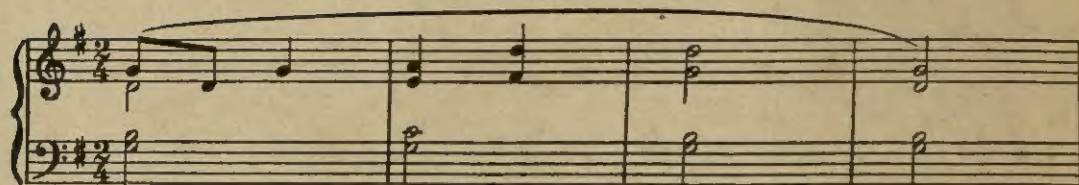


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LITTLE WIND

Tune by WALFORD DAVIES

Arranged by
PERCY G. SAUNDERS



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